The Saturday Evening
POST
September 13, 1958 — 15¢

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A SUPERB NEW NOVEL:

SO LOVE RETURNS

By Robert Nathan

I CALL ON ZSA ZSA GABOR

By PETE MARTIN

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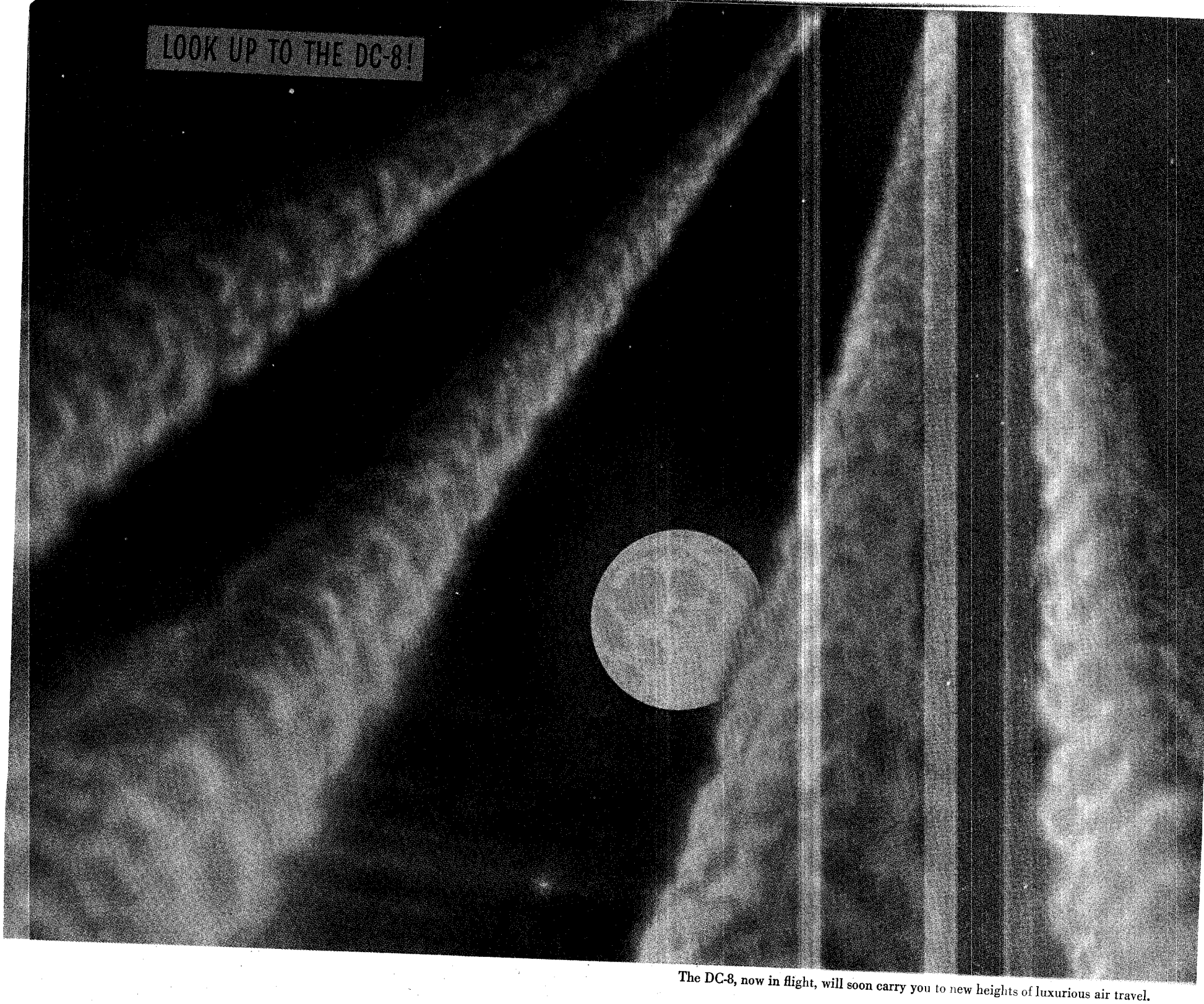

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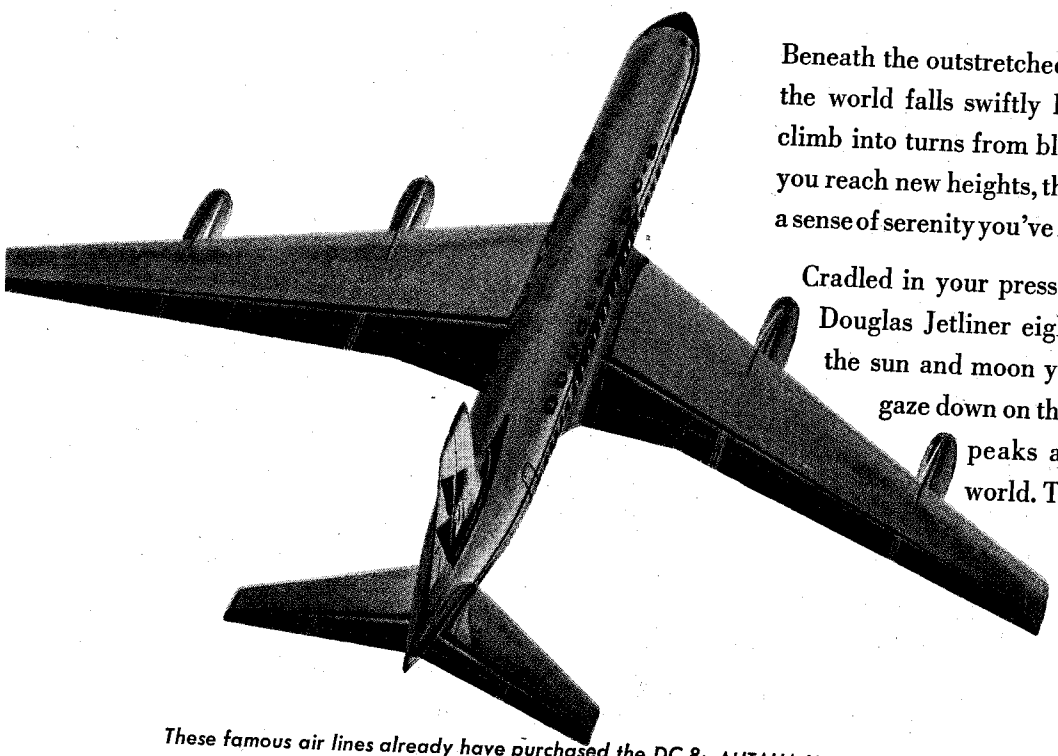

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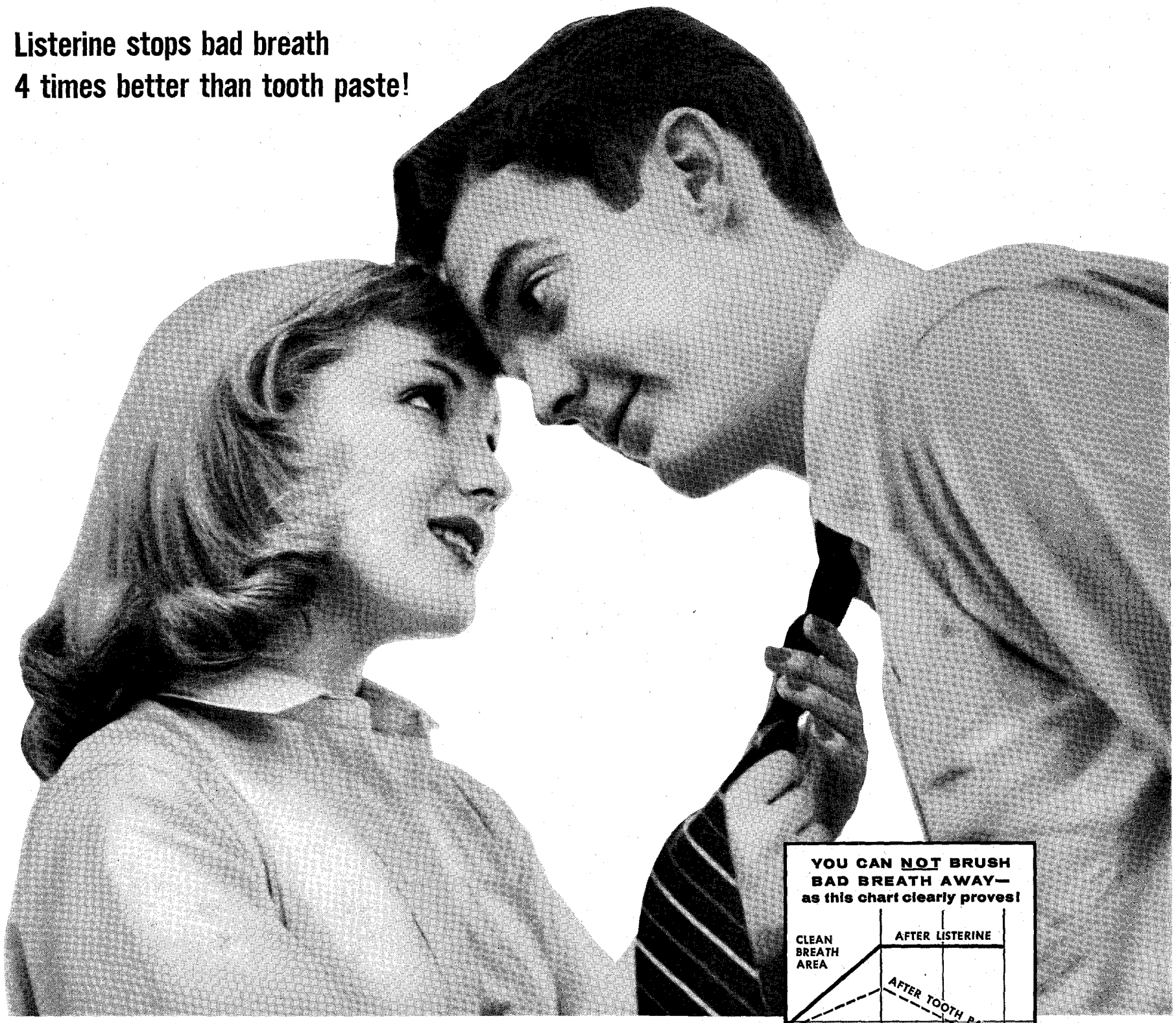

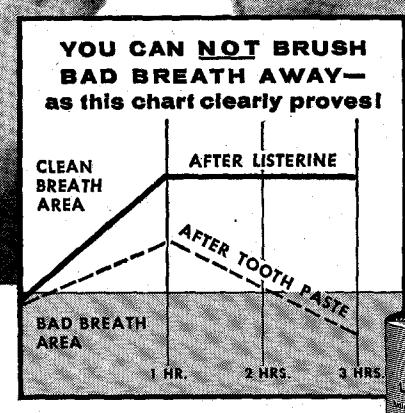

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THE COVER

James J. Broiler may or may not be hot stuff as a cook (clothes don't make the man), but he's quite a dog catcher. His quadrupedal guests are saying with their eyes and tails, "Come on now, human, you invited us over here by hanging smell signals on the air; so let's eat. Medium rare, please." Since Mrs. B. has no cans of dog food on the table, the chef, if he has a soupçon of sympathy, will serve a few steak-morsels to man's best friends, and if more friends keep coming, he might wind up with a dandy dog fight. Well, it's Broiler's party—let him worry about it. Artist Ben Prins, using switch thinking, got this cover idea from his children's three cats; it seems that when the cats are fed (their dining room is outdoors), dogs drop around to pass the time of day.

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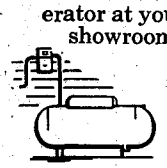

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Letters

Gassers and Goons

Dear Sirs:

Enjoyed your article on surnames [You're on This List, by Robert M. Yoder, Aug. 9] as names have always interested me. At one time I thought a girl friend named Gergle had the funniest name in the world. Then my brother-in-law introduced me to his friend named Gasser. I roared with laughter at that one and wondered what it would be like to go through life with a name like that.

I am finding out since I married him fourteen years ago. Isn't that a gasser?

MRS. RICHARD R. GASSER
West Reading, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

My recent associate, Mr. Roger T. Hurtt, and I occupied offices next to a firm of attorneys—Paine, Lowe and Coffin. The combination of names produced a pathetic story, viz: Hart, Hurtt, Paine, Lowe and Coffin.

ARTHUR B. HART
Spokane, Wash.

Dear Sirs:

You left out my name.

HENRY SKOTCHDOPOLE
Albuquerque, N. Mex.

Dear Sirs:

One of the picture captions mentioned that there were 593 Goons in the United States. Please be informed that the number of Goons should be 588. My surname, and the surnames of four of my relatives, is pronounced "Go-on," not "Goon."

JOHN C. GOON
Ithaca, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Though somewhere there's a Mr. "Ape,"
A "Slob" and scores of "Goons,"
They should not fret—there's goodly chance
Somewhere there are "Spittoons."

H. O. SMITH
McLean, Nebr.

● *There may be a Spittoon family "somewhere"—but no one who spells it that way holds a Social Security card.* —*ED.*

Dear Sirs:

I read breathlessly Robert Yoder's entire story about names, anxious to know at long last how many Smiths there were in the country.

But not a word!

JOHN H. SOLTMANN
Auburn, Wash.

P.S. I wonder how many Soltmanns there are.

● *There are approximately 2,310,000 Smiths in the country—60,000 of them named Mary and more than 50,000 named William. Total Soltmanns: 55.* —*ED.*

Birth Control

Dear Sirs:

William Vogt, Director of the Planned Parenthood Federation of America, Inc., in commenting on your July 5th article on "'Hopeless' Families," equates the prevention of new life with the prevention of delinquency [Letters, Aug. 9]. . . .

Does the Planned Parenthood Federation envision a day when a board of experts examines the backgrounds and current achievements of applicants for marriage licenses, and decrees whether they will be allowed to have children, and how often?

Human genes are not that predictable. There are geniuses who have arisen from the most wretched beginnings. . . .

We are not cattle, to be bred for our healthy physiques or superior IQ's. We are children of God—every one of us—and we each have a destiny.

MRS. FREDERICK A. THULIN, JR.
Mount Prospect, Ill.

● *Mr. Vogt's reply: "Planned Parenthood opposes family size control by the State or any other organization, believes parents should decide birth of children freely and responsibly. As to delinquency, it is far more environmental than genetic. Obviously, however, if the potential delinquent is unborn, there will be no delinquency."* —*ED.*

Dear Sirs:

The reason there are so many "families so incompetent, socially and economically," is because they are without what is most essential in family life—the grace or help of Almighty God, who is the Author of all life. For this Mr. Vogt would rather substitute artificial birth control.

WALDEMAR A. ROEBUCK
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

If Mr. Vogt had been around in the year 1706, he would have felt sorry for poor Mrs. Franklin, with her thirteenth child, little Benjamin.

MARY A. MC CARTHY
Hartford, Conn.

● *He certainly was way down the list—eighth, thirteenth or fifteenth, depending on how you look at it. Josiah Franklin's seventeen offspring (Nos. six and seven died in infancy) were produced by two wives. His first wife died of her seventh child. His second wife bore him ten more, of whom Benjamin was the eighth.* —*ED.*

What It's Like to be "on Relief"

Dear Sirs:

Carl T. Rowan's article in the July 5 issue of the Post, Is There Hope for "Hopeless" Families?, is informative but incomplete and serves to increase social prejudice against "the other half" of people receiving welfare funds, people who are neither criminals nor hopeless. . . .

I am "on welfare." I receive aid for my two children and myself under the Aid to Dependent Children program. . . . I am not the present generation of a long

(Continued on Page 6)

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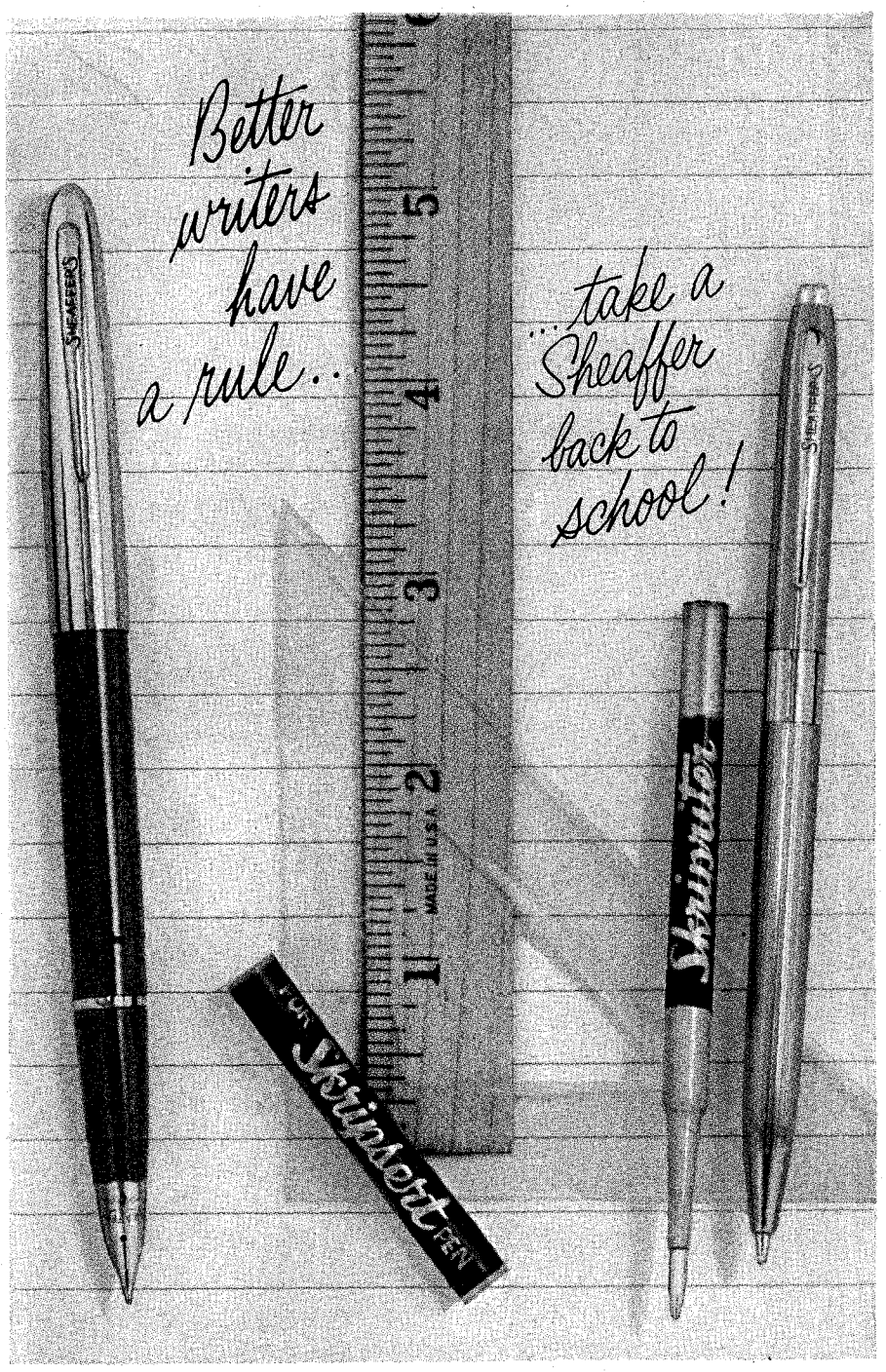

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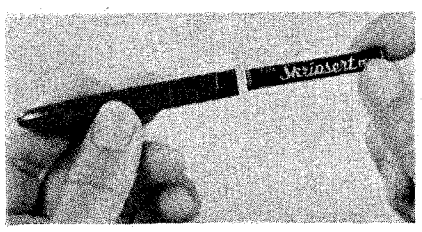

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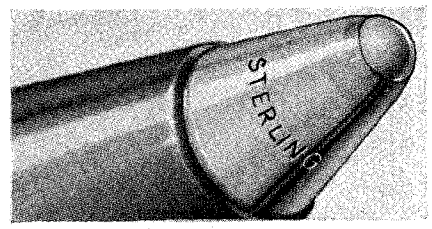

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Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

line of Jukes, Kallikaks or O'Kasicks, nor do I consider myself hopeless, lazy or faint of heart. I have never stolen, murdered, molested or perjured. . . .

I am the daughter of a retired preacher. . . .

My husband decided that the responsibilities of marriage were too heavy for him several years ago. When this happened, I went back to my job as a secretary at a salary of $65 per week. I worked eight hours a day at the office and six to seven hours in the same day at home. I spent several years this way until I found that what my children had for a mother was a tired, inadequate grouch with a waning sense of humor and enthusiasm and no money in her pocket for decent clothing, medical bills and many other essentials. . . .

I had several choices for rearranging our lives. I could put the children in a foster home until they were old enough to take care of themselves, give them up completely, go on as we were as an increasingly unhappy family unit, or swallow my pride and apply for aid from local welfare funds. I did the latter. My house is calmer and cleaner. My nerves are mending. My children are healthier and happier. But I have found that welfare is a dirty word in this society. The same people who criticized me for leaving my children with one baby-sitter after another . . . soon began to criticize my having gone "on relief". . . .

I don't like being on relief. But I keep my chin up and make the most of it. We are churchgoers. I believe in God and teach my children the same. . . .

Dr. Benjamin Spock, in his book, "Baby and Child Care," has the following to say about the working mother: "It would save money in the end if the government paid a comfortable allowance to all mothers of young children who would otherwise be compelled to work. . . . It doesn't make sense to let mothers go to work making dresses in a factory or tapping typewriters in an office, and have them pay other people to do a poorer job of bringing up their children". . . .

Why doesn't Mr. Rowan visit several welfare families and write another article about the deserving half?

RUTH FRIES STAFFORD
Syracuse, N.Y.

Alas

Dear Sirs:

I am a young mother of six children. My other love is writing. Recently I was able to purchase a car. One evening while attending a writers' meeting, one of the members asked me how I could afford a new vehicle. Jokingly, I said, "I sold to the Post," never dreaming that anyone would take me seriously.

A few days later, the phone began ringing. Two women's groups asked me to speak at their monthly luncheons. Congratulations were coming from everyone, including my creative-writing professor. While attending a church gathering, I overheard, "That's Mrs Schafer. She's a writer who recently sold to the Post". . . .

In each case, I reluctantly had to explain that it wasn't true and that the rumor was started in jest.

I may never sell to the Post, but I have had the pleasure of knowing what it would be like.

ANN SCHAFER
Omaha, Nebr.

Our Absent-Minded Cartoonists

Dear Sirs:

Jack Tyrrell is surely going to make it hard for the people on the outside of the window to read the lettering "HEALTH BAR" on his cartoon of August 2nd, page 59 [below].

DICK GROSS
Baltimore, Md.

"Frankly, Mr. Beeler, you're giving the place a bad name."

Dear Sirs:

I think Mr. Beeler's condition resulted from his difficulty in reading the sign.

DOUG PURINGTON
Greeneville, Tenn.

Dear Sirs:

The cartoon makes me wonder if the painter of the window had visited some *other* bar.

DENNIS GUENTHER
Iola, Kans.

Dear Sirs:

Jack Tyrrell should have added another line to the caption. . . . Mr. Beeler might say in return, "What do you mean, a bad name? It's already got a bad name."

ALLEN DOREMUS
Los Angeles, Calif.

12,060 Windows to Wash

Dear Sirs:

Your "Face of America" on August 9 [photograph by H. Landshoff] showed Lever House with 1404 windows to wash. The New York Hospital has 12,060 windows. Are we the grand-daddy of all windowed buildings?

L. G. PAYSON, *Secretary*
The Society of the New York Hospital
New York, N.Y.

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Reading across pages, then down:

23–Sid Avery. • 24, 25–J. Frederick Smith. • 26, 27–Gus Pasquarella. • 28, 29–Harry Saltzman. • 30–Larry Kritcher. • 31–CBS; two from Wide World; United Press International; two from Wide World. • 32–Eugene Kammerman. • 33–Eugene Kammerman; Wide World; European; United Press Int.; Intercontinentale from Gillon. • 34, 35–Arthur Lidov. • 36–Gene Lester. • 37–Amos Sewell. • 38–Ivan Dmitri; Jack McCormick (Am. Museum Natural History). • 39–Ivan Dmitri. • 40, 41–Norwegian Archaeological Expedition to Easter Island and the East Pacific. • 42, 43–Peter Stevens. • 44–Sid Avery; Globe. • 45–Two from Wide World; Gene Lester; two from Wide World. 48–Smithsonian Inst.; Underwood and Underwood; Bettmann Archive; Culver. 49–Smithsonian Inst. • 108–United Press Int.; Wide World; United Press Int. • 124–Norwegian Archaeological Expedition. • 134–Earl Rogerson; Anonymous; United Press Int.

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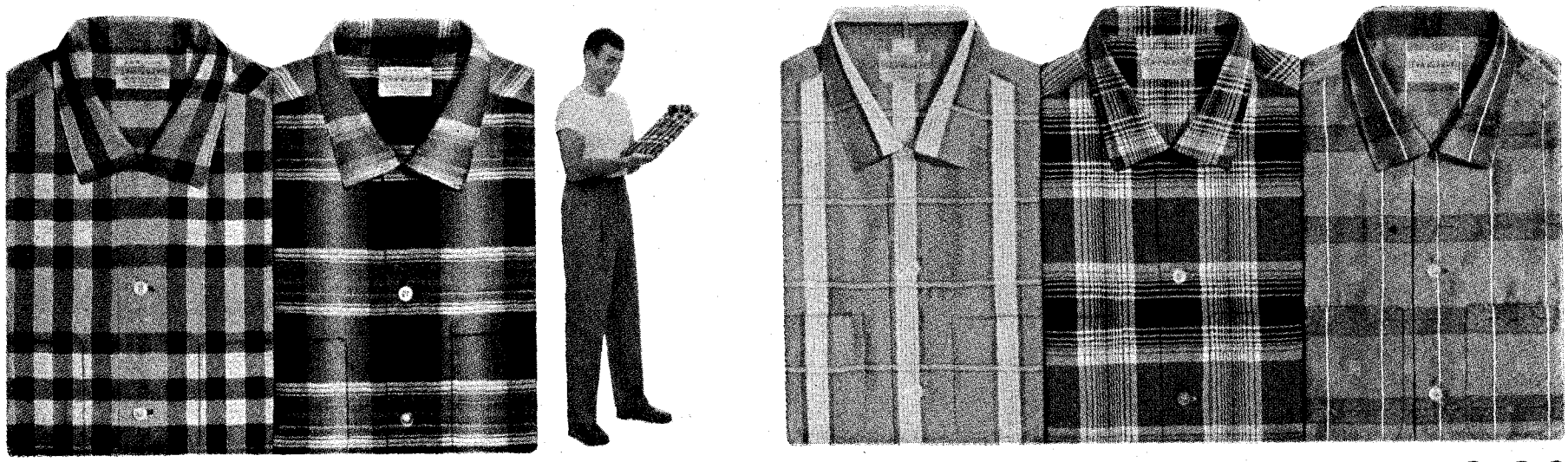

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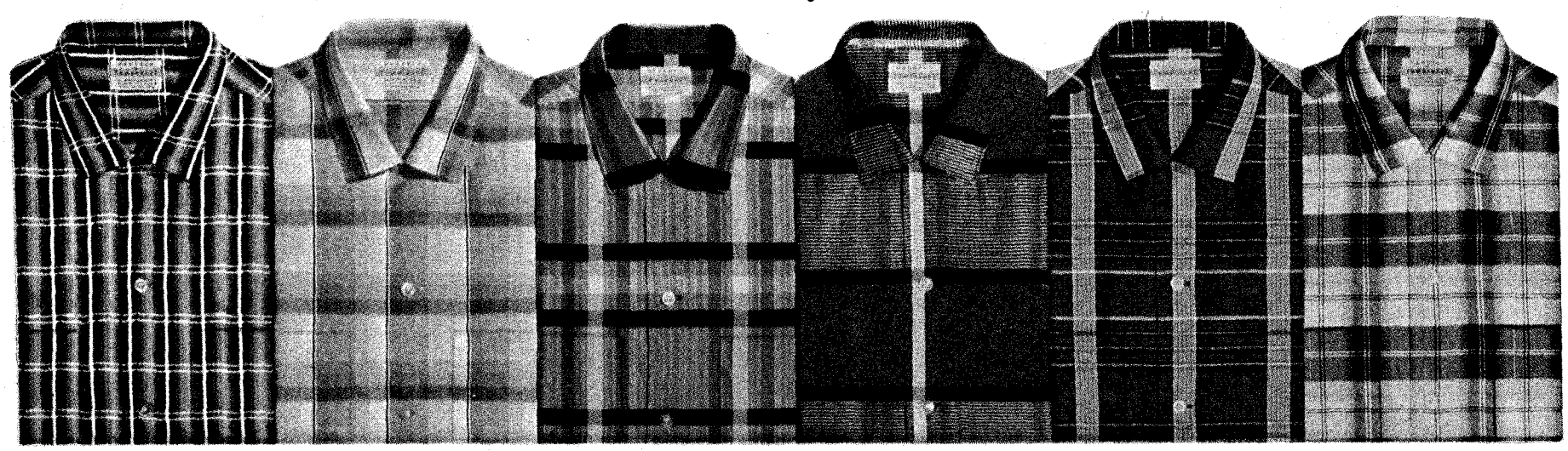

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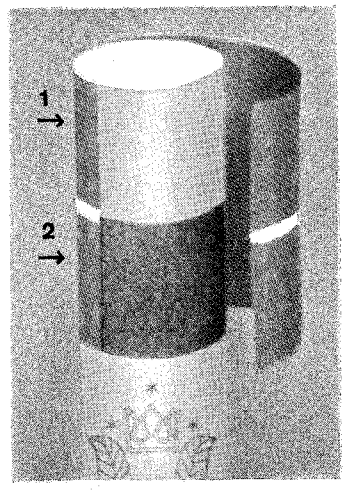
You'll discover smoking that's really to your liking when you light your first *Dual* Filter Tareyton! For the *Dual* Filter does *more* than just give you high filtration. Because of the remarkable filtering properties of Activated Charcoal in the exclusive inner filter, it actually brings out the *best* in fine tobacco taste —selects and balances the flavor elements in the smoke—as never before possible.

You get the full range of flavor—plus a special kind of *mildness* that makes a wonderful difference, pack after pack, day after day. For the smoothest, most satisfying smoking you've ever known, ask for new *Dual* Filter Tareyton today—in the bright new pack!

THE TAREYTON DUAL FILTER
filters as no single filter can, because . . .

1. It provides the efficient filtering action of cellulose-acetate in a pure white outer filter . . .

2. plus the additional filtering properties of ACTIVATED CHARCOAL in a unique inner filter. The extraordinary purifying ability of Activated Charcoal is widely known to science. It has been definitely proved that it makes the smoke of a cigarette milder and smoother.



Product of The American Tobacco Company — "Tobacco is our middle name"
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Editorials

Any Faults We Lack the Reds Will Invent

"All our talk about juvenile delinquency," declared a social worker, wringing her hands, "makes delightful reading for the Russians. It gives them a perfect excuse for sneering at American culture."

"The worst aspect of this corruption," wrote a columnist, pontificating on the Senate's revelation of stolen union funds, "is the effect it will have on the Soviets. How the Kremlin must be chuckling! How they must welcome this weapon with which to beat us over the head!"

"If the Russians read these dreadful things," said a Hollywood actress, referring to the magazines that "expose" our film idols' off-camera activities, "they've got fine material for their anti-American propaganda."

This cringing before the specter of Russian opinion was always ridiculous, and repetition has made it downright boring.

There's good reason, of course, to deplore our delinquency, juvenile or otherwise; all of us must blush for the Becks and the Hoffas; and everyone will join the Hollywood enchantress in denouncing the smut magazines.

But let's not kid ourselves. Let's remember that there is no relation between what we do and what the Russians tell the world about us. The Soviets don't depend on us to supply them with horrible examples of American shortcomings. They have long demonstrated their self-sufficiency in this respect.

Example: For many years, with a straight face, Russia has been blanketing the world with the charge that Uncle Sam is a ruthless warmonger, plotting to conquer other countries and enslave the people.

Example: Russian newspapers once reprinted a United States photograph of men standing in line. The men shown—and the Red editors knew it—were queued up to buy tickets for a World Series game. These exploited victims of capitalism had the necessary money and leisure. How did the Soviet newspaper captions describe this queue? As starving, jobless American workmen in a bread line!

No government that deals out such preposterous frauds need slow down its propaganda mills for lack of anti-America material. What Russia needs, Russia will cook up.

So let's be ashamed of ourselves, when we must, but also let's quit cocking a fearful eye toward Moscow.

To Revive Europe: More Competition and Fewer Cartels

By ROBERT M. BURR

As a nation we have been spending much time and money to increase living standards throughout the world. Our ability to defend democratic institutions against the spread of Communism and other types of authoritarianism depends in large measure upon the success of this effort.

But what has made it possible for the United States in the last fifty years to outstrip all other nations in productivity and living standards? A number of authorities say: "Competition." The British Specialist Team on Industrial Engineering of the British Productivity Council, after an extended tour of the United States in 1953, stated that "more than any other factor, competition provides the drive for the more frequent analysis of costs and the application of industrial-engineering techniques in the United States."

For more than fifty years we in the United States have been developing and perfecting a very uncomfortable form of capitalism for producers and sellers, but a very satisfactory one for consumers.

We have had our ups and downs, as has every other economy. But no other economic system thus far created has developed as potent and effective motivations for the achievement of maximum distribution of wealth as have been nurtured under our system of competitive capitalism. It is these strong motivating forces that need to be "exported" and "sold" throughout the world.

Restrictive trade practices are rampant abroad. For example, at the end of last year, an official count showed more than 1900 restrictive agreements in existence in Great Britain. More than 650 cartels exist in Switzerland, and virtually every industry operates under such agreements. In a few countries, tentative, cautious, creeping steps have been taken toward overseeing or limiting such practices. A West German anticartel law, passed in July, 1957, is the boldest act so far. Great Britain requires the registration of various types of agreements. But Great Britain exempts agreements affecting export and international trade, and Germany is seeking authority to re-establish its cartels in international trade. The Swiss rejected by a substantial margin (191,934 for and 549,842 against) a constitutional amendment which would have made illegal all agreements intended to limit competition. Four years ago, Japan announced that it was going to re-establish its cartels. Nowhere in the world is there even a resemblance to competitive capitalism as practiced here.

The margin between living standards abroad and in the United States has shifted very little in the last ten years. It is going to take much more than foreign aid, foreign investments, technical assistance and tariff reductions to change this situation. What is needed is the establishment of a dynamic society throughout the world comparable to our own.

We must rework our foreign economic policy so that the advancement of competitive capitalism throughout the world becomes one of its major planks. We should adjust our administration of foreign aid, the trade-agreements program and the Tariff Act to encourage the spread of competitive capitalism abroad and safeguard its practice here.

Editors' Note: Mr. Burr is a consultant to industry groups on public relations and trade problems.

The U.S.A. Isn't the Only Country That is Taking Immigrants

It is only natural that many, if not most emigrants who leave the heavily overpopulated countries of Europe should want to come to the United States. Our high standard of living has a tremendous appeal and, in addition, a great number of fellow countrymen, neighbors, relatives and friends have already come here. But there are other countries which accept immigrants, countries with far more room than ours and with opportunities which in the long run may prove even greater.

One of the world's real problems is to bring about more of an equilibrium between its overcrowded and undermanned countries, and that is exactly what the Intergovernmental Committee on European Migration, commonly known as ICEM, has been doing since its organization in 1951. ICEM handles only those migrants who need international financial assistance to move, a total of 732,519 up to April of this year.

These people have gone to ten different countries, as follows: Argentina, 84,421; Australia, 212,303; Brazil, 67,230; Canada, 135,990; Israel, 28,615; New Zealand, 5377; South Africa, 4756; United States, 155,012; Uruguay, 7780; Venezuela, 31,035.

At the start, ICEM's difficulty was one of transport, with the world's ship tonnage still handicapped by the effects of war. But now the problem is increasingly one of better selection, of providing advance language and vocational training and of skillful resettlement. Nowadays receiving countries want technical skills, not common labor, and these ICEM tries to supply. In other words, the effort is to carry on a sound program of population transfer.

True, the United States picks up the lion's share of ICEM's expense account, but it is encouraging that there are twenty-seven other contributing member countries, including not only those with too many and too few people but those whose only interest is to help in the redistribution of population.

This is the kind of effort, the kind of approach to a serious problem, that American citizens should know about. It is the kind of work that needs to go on, this finding of new openings for immigrants in Latin America and Africa, as well as in the United States, Canada and Australia, which have so long taken them. It provides some hope that migration, both emigration and immigration, may in time be handled on a more scientific and less emotional basis than has so often been the case in the past.

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Why did you buy a house?

When you decided to buy a house, you were probably thinking primarily of your wife and children.

You wanted to be sure that they would have a nice home to live in—one that suited the family needs. Another concern was for the environment in which your children would grow up. You wanted good schools . . . plenty of play space . . . nice neighbors.

These are fine reasons for buying a house, and they're just as good for making sure that your family can keep it if something should happen to you.

Metropolitan offers several ways for you to make sure that your family will be left with a deed instead of a debt.

A Metropolitan Mortgage Term Plan is one way. It is designed to cover the usual type of home mortgage, which decreases each year as payments on the principal are made. The face amount of the insurance also decreases, so that the level premium is relatively inexpensive.

Another way, more satisfactory for most younger men, is a Metropolitan Whole Life policy. This is permanent insurance.

In addition to assuring that funds will be available for payment of the mortgage in the event of death, it also builds cash and loan values which furnish a nest egg to help take care of payments in case of illness or other emergency.

And because the face value does not decrease, it can be used for continuing protection or be fitted into your retirement plans after the mortgage is paid off.

Your Metropolitan Representative will be pleased to explain these plans to you, and help determine which type is best for you. Call him . . . let him show you that . . .

Metropolitan service is
as local as Main Street . . .
as close as your phone

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

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When grandma wed her lover true
Conveniences were all too few

But things looked up in mother's day
Appliances were on the way

The modern bride now says with pride
"Appliances have multiplied
Full HOUSEPOWER helps my home today
The modern, all-electric way."

Better living begins with full HOUSEPOWER

To enjoy today's electrical living at its best, you need full HOUSEPOWER—enough wiring, outlets, and switches. Otherwise your modern electrical appliances and your lighting are "starved" and cannot do their best job for you.

Today, 4 out of 5 homes actually suffer from *low* HOUSEPOWER. This includes new homes as well as old . . . perhaps even *your* home. It's easy to find out: Just call your electrical contractor for information about a HOUSEPOWER Rating. If the Rating shows you need additional wiring, your electrical contractor can install it quickly and neatly—economically, too.

With the growing trend toward the all-electric home, now, more than ever, full HOUSEPOWER increases the value of your home. Don't postpone this important matter—call your electrical contractor *today*.

your electrical industries sponsoring

HOUSEPOWER
TRADE MARK

to help you live better . . . electrically

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WHAT A DIFFERENCE

America's NO. 1 polisher does your floors right!

REGINA
Custom
the RIGHT brushes
2 sets – Regina made, Regina patented – buffing pads included too
the RIGHT speed
600 rpms
the RIGHT weight
17 pounds – all metal but weightless in motion

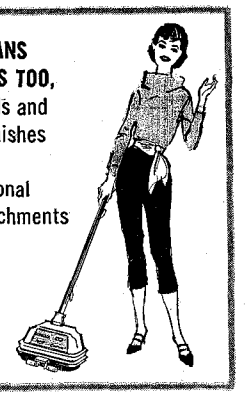
THE FLOORS SHINE,

THE SHINE LASTS,

AND IT'S SO EASY

WITH

Two sets of *twin* brushes! One set scrubs and waxes quickly and easily, the other polishes bright and clean. They fly over floors in 12″ sweeps, revolve in opposite directions, spin at a perfect speed synchronized with perfect weight for necessary friction. That's the secret of a hard, bright, jewel finish that lasts and lasts, with occasional buffing. You hardly ever wax or work! And remember, Regina packs in the power to sand and refinish floors, to dry or wet-clean carpet *just like professionals do.* Compare! No other polisher gives you so many uses. It's the best! Modestly priced too.



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The home polisher for professional results. Thousands still giving trouble-free service after 25 years of use.

Made by the world's largest manufacturer of twin-brush polishers . . . makers of famous Regina Electrikbroom, world's most unique vacuum cleaner.

Find your Regina dealer in the YELLOW PAGES under "Floor Machines" If not listed—mail coupon

FREE! Send today for informative booklet!

The Regina Corporation
30 Regina Avenue, Rahway, N. J.

Please send free "Bulletin 44 — Care of Floors" and name of nearest dealer.

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IN CANADA: Send coupon to Switson Industries, Ltd., Welland, Ont.

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Newest guide for home buyers–th

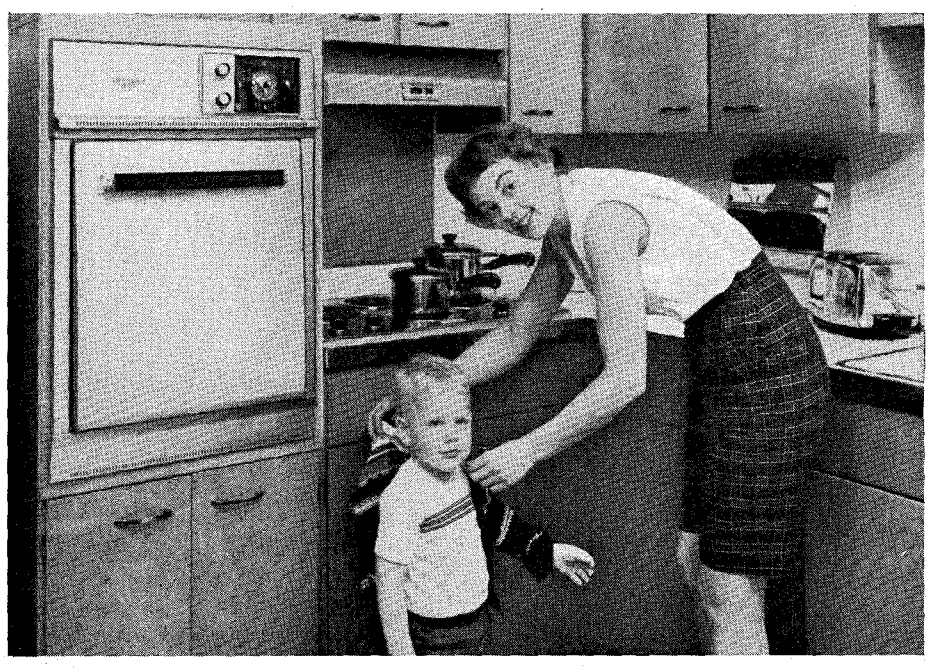
You'll get more news to help you Live Better Electrically on these popular TV shows:

Westinghouse-Desilu Playhouse (beginning Oct. 6)—CBS Network—Monday—10 P.M. (N.Y.T.).

General Electric Theater —CBS Network— Sunday—9 P.M. (N.Y.T.).

Whirlpool—Perry Como, Bob Crosby, The Investigator and Today Is Ours—NBC Network

YOU GET WONDERFUL FEATURE



ELECTRIC APPLIANCES. Mrs. Stanley Johnson, Arlington Heights, Ill.: "I just love our Medallion home – especially the kitchen. All these electric appliances that came with it – like this wall oven – sure make my job much easier. And my husband says they're easier to buy this way, because we pay for them on the mortgage."

LIGHT FOR LIVING. Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. McCarty, Greensboro, N. C.: "We never knew you could do so many beautiful things with lighting until we bought a Medallion home. Valance lighting, for example, makes our furniture and drapes look wonderful – and at the same time gives our son a well-lighted place to practice the piano."

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.ive Better Electrically MEDALLION

This new Medallion assures you a home has been inspected by the local electric utility...meets modern standards for wiring, appliances and lighting. Look for the Medallion. It means a wonderful new way of life for you and your family!

What Sterling is to silver...that's what this Medallion is to a new house! It's the new national symbol of the finest in electrical living. Let these three top TV stars, speaking here for the electrical industry, tell how you save trouble, time, and money by choosing a home that wears the new Live Better Electrically Medallion.

BETTY: In a Medallion home, you start right off with a modern electric range, plus at least 3 additional major appliances, maybe more. They're installed, ready to go to work the day you move in! Appliances are easier to pay for this way.

RONNIE: The lighting in every Medallion home is specially planned, too. It provides better light for better sight, plus new beauty for your home. You also get full Housepower. This means enough power, wiring, circuits, switches, and outlets to handle all the appliances you want to use.

FRAN: You'll be glad all your life you bought a Medallion home. Read below what a few of the thousands of new Medallion home owners think of them. Then go see the Medallion homes in your neighborhood. Your electric utility will tell you where they are.

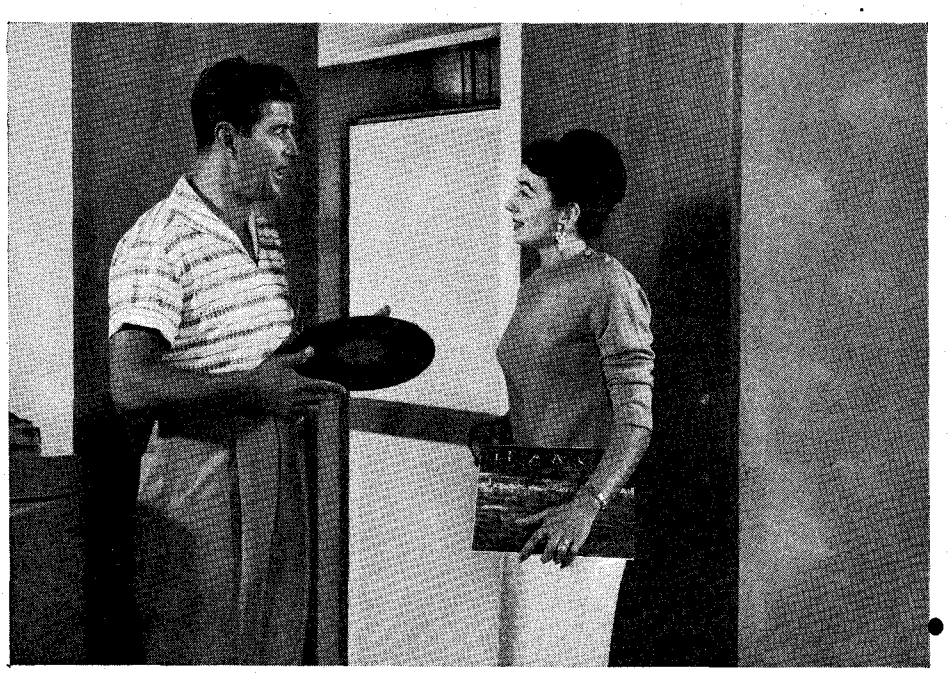
New Ideas for Better Living

The new Medallion is backed up by home builders, electric utilities, and electrical manufacturers (Frigidaire, General Electric, Hotpoint, Kelvinator, Thermador, Westinghouse, Whirlpool, and others). This year, utilities will award Medallions to 100,000 new homes — in every style and price range across the country. You can see lots of new ideas for better living in the Medallion homes on display now!

NATIONAL HOME WEEK
SEPTEMBER 6-14, 1958

IKE THESE IN MEDALLION HOMES!

FULL HOUSEPOWER. Mrs. Nick Piscopiello, Meriden, Conn.: "One of the things I like most in my Medallion home is all the handy outlets. I can plug in my portable cooking appliances wherever I want and use them – even with the washer going – without ever blowing a fuse. And I can cook a meal anywhere in the house – and outdoors, too."



ELECTRIC HEATING. Many Medallion homes feature electric heating, too. These are awarded a special Gold Medallion. The all-electric heat pump, shown here in the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Isaac of Beverly Hills, California, provides year-round comfort from a single unit which automatically heats or cools as the weather requires.

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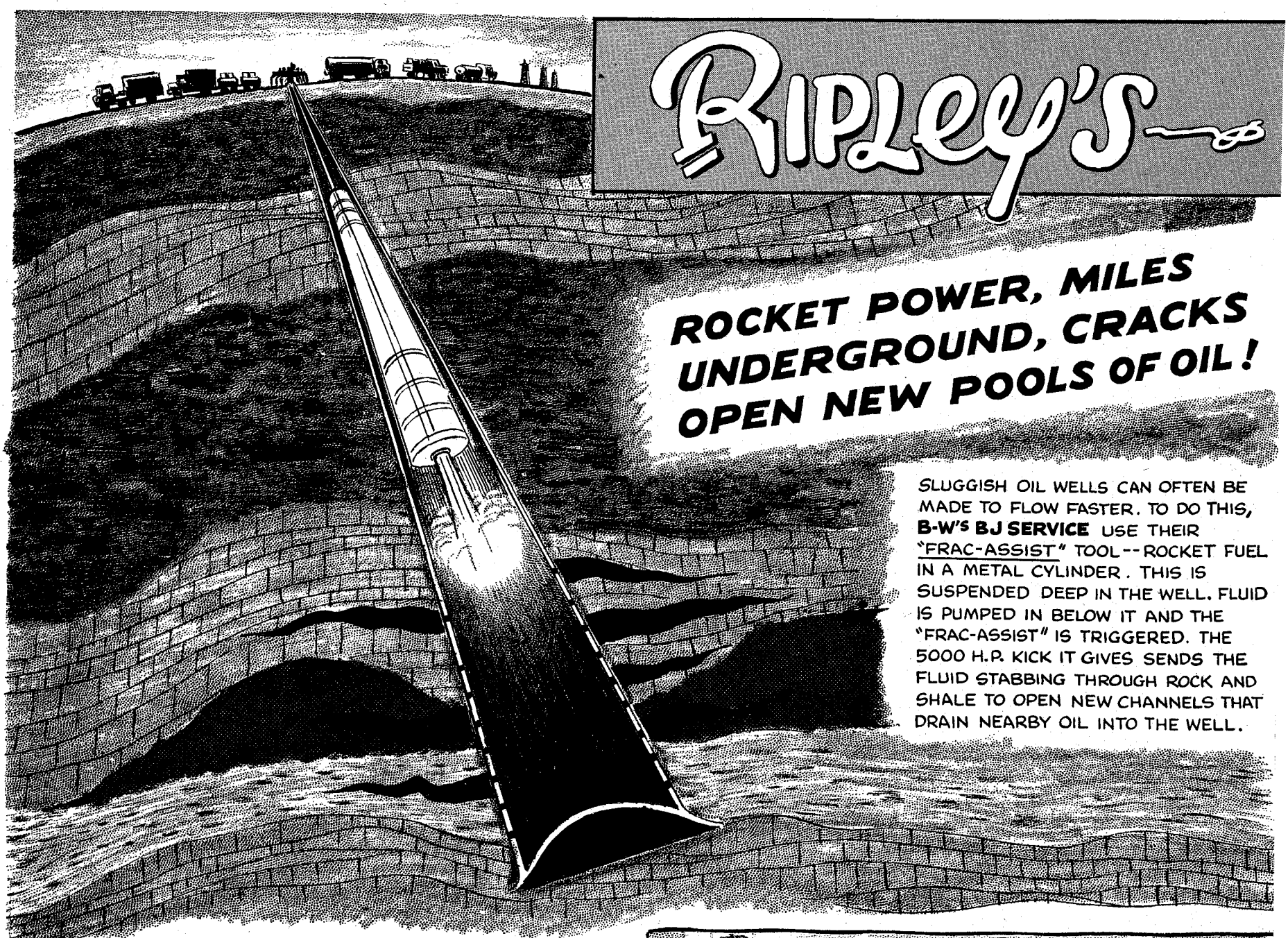


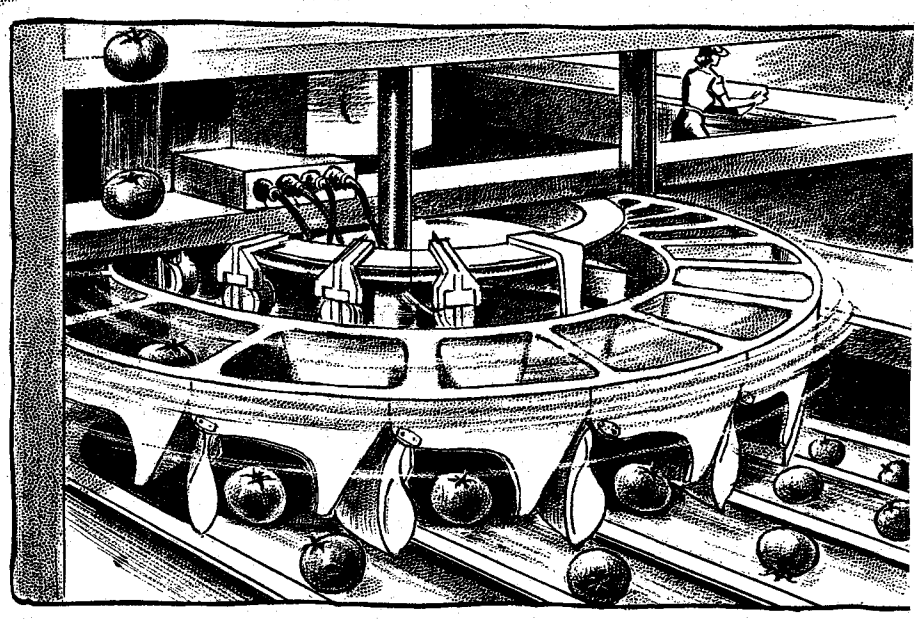
RIPLEY'S—

ROCKET POWER, MILES UNDERGROUND, CRACKS OPEN NEW POOLS OF OIL!

SLUGGISH OIL WELLS CAN OFTEN BE MADE TO FLOW FASTER. TO DO THIS, **B-W'S BJ SERVICE** USE THEIR "FRAC-ASSIST" TOOL--ROCKET FUEL IN A METAL CYLINDER. THIS IS SUSPENDED DEEP IN THE WELL. FLUID IS PUMPED IN BELOW IT AND THE "FRAC-ASSIST" IS TRIGGERED. THE 5000 H.P. KICK IT GIVES SENDS THE FLUID STABBING THROUGH ROCK AND SHALE TO OPEN NEW CHANNELS THAT DRAIN NEARBY OIL INTO THE WELL.

NEWEST ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR NEVER RUNS OUT OF ICE CUBES!

THE NEW **B-W NORGE** REFRIGERATOR "SENSES" IT THE MOMENT YOU USE A FEW ICE CUBES. AUTOMATICALLY IT STARTS MAKING MORE. YOU ADD NO WATER, PULL NO LEVERS. HANDY CRESCENT-SHAPED ICE "CUBES" ARE EJECTED INTO STORAGE DRAWERS THAT HOLD THE EQUIVALENT OF 10 TRAYS FULL. ICE IS CRYSTAL CLEAR, AND IT'S ALWAYS DRY SO THERE'S NO STICKING TOGETHER.



HIGH-SPEED FRUIT SORTER IS GENTLE AS HUMAN HANDS!

IT GRADES FRUIT 200,000 A DAY -- CAN EVEN HANDLE TOMATOES WITHOUT BRUISING. FRUITS DROP INTO INDIVIDUAL PADDED POCKETS ON A WHIRLING WHEEL AS POCKETS PASS CONVEYORS FOR 5 DIFFERENT GRADES, TRAP DOORS RELEASE FRUIT ONTO THE PROPER ONES. EVERYTHING MUST SYNCHRONIZE PERFECTLY. SO THE CHAIN DRIVES USED ARE FROM **B-W'S MORSE CHAIN**. PRECISE, NON-SLIP, THEY MAINTAIN SPLIT-SECOND TIMING.

DESIGN IT BETTER
...MAKE IT BETTER

Borg-Warner®

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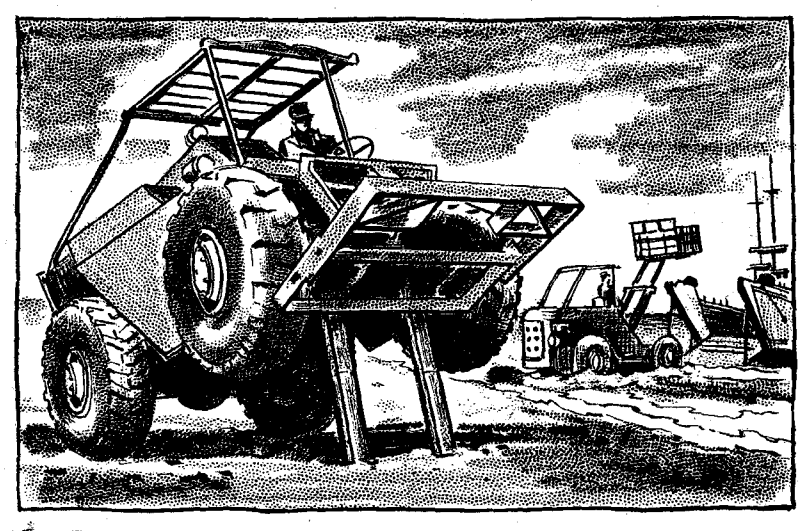
Believe It or Not!

ENGINEERING **B-W** PRODUCTION T.M.

GHTING LIFT TRUCK AN STAND ON ITS HANDS!

E MILITARY'S NEWEST LIFT TRUCK IVES RIGHT INTO THE WATER TO LOAD LANDING CRAFT. SHOULD IT G DOWN, THE FORK TRUCK DROPS S LIFTING ARMS AND PUSHES ELF FREE. THE ARMS GET THEIR EMENDOUS STRENGTH FROM A NGLE HYDRAULIC PUMP **B-W'S OOSTER DIVISION** SUPPLIES. MPACT, POWERFUL, IT GIVES 2 TONS OF LIFT--OR PUSH.



46 MILLION AMERICANS ARE STILL GAMBLING WITH POLIO!

THE NEW POLIO VACCINE HAS CUT PARALYTIC POLIO CASES BY 80%. YET, DESPITE THE PROVED PROTECTION IT OFFERS, 46 MILLION PEOPLE UNDER 40 YEARS OF AGE HAVE NOT EVEN HAD ONE OF THE THREE SHOTS NEEDED FOR IMMUNITY. THEY ARE RISKING DISABILITY, EVEN DEATH. **DON'T TAKE CHANCES WITH POLIO!** SEE YOUR DOCTOR--START YOUR SHOTS TODAY!

Borg-Warner has long been serving the American home with building materials, equipment and appliances. These include:

- Insulation
- Plumbing fixtures
- Air conditioners
- Furnaces
- Washers and Dryers
- Water heaters
- Ranges
- Refrigerators and Freezers
- KoolShade* screen

Borg-Warner skill and ingenuity also benefit almost every American every day through many other fields, including:

Automotive. 19 *out of the 20 makes of* cars contain essential B-W parts.

Nucleonics. B-W designed parts are at work in almost every U. S. reactor.

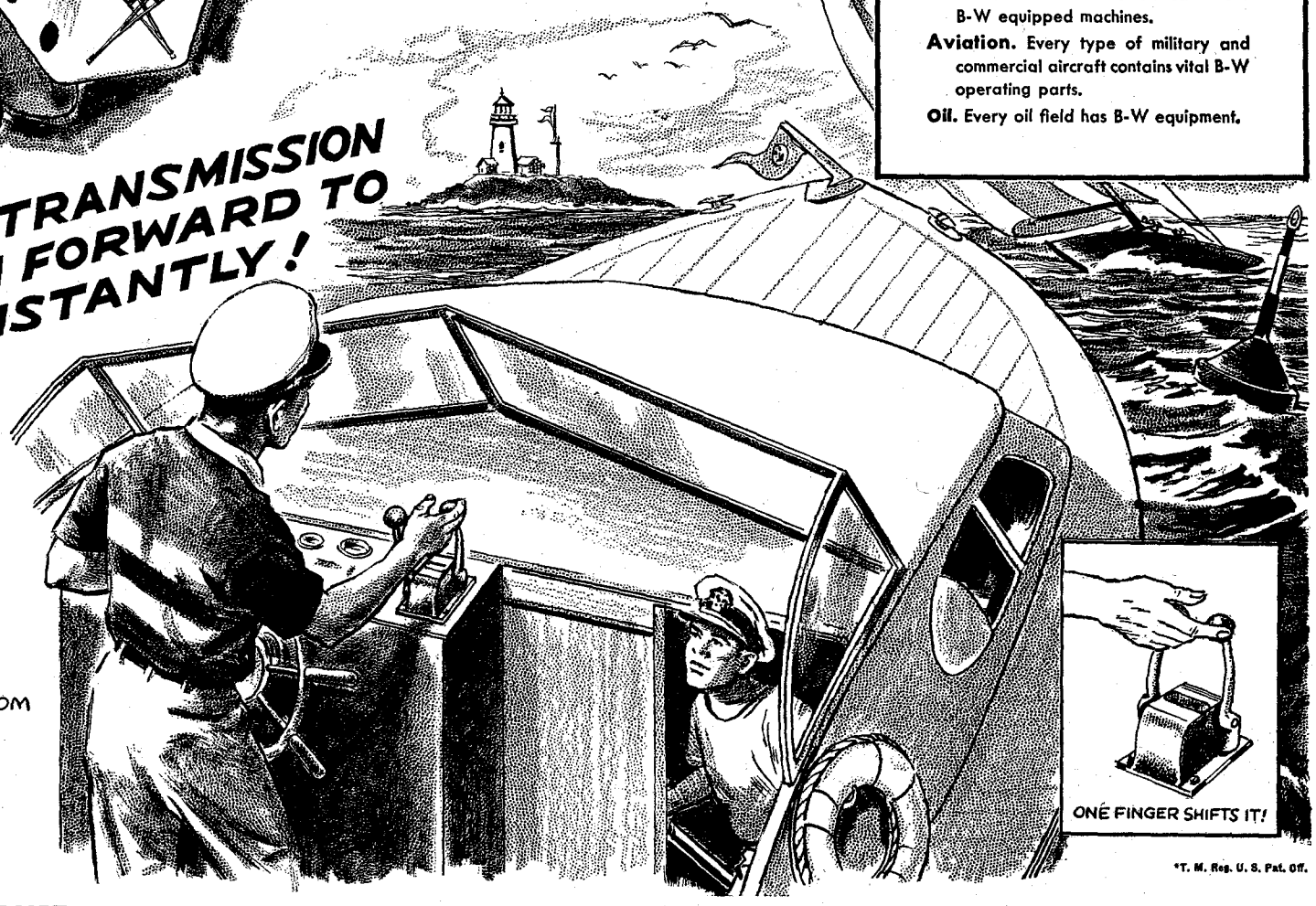
Farm. 9 out of 10 modern farms use B-W equipped machines.

Aviation. Every type of military and commercial aircraft contains vital B-W operating parts.

Oil. Every oil field has B-W equipment.

EW MARINE TRANSMISSION HIFTS FROM FORWARD TO EVERSE INSTANTLY!

TO PUT ON THE "BRAKES" IN A POWER AT, THE SKIPPER MUST IFT THE PROPELLER O REVERSE -- THE ICKER THE BETTER IN OIDING COLLISIONS AND DOCKING PRECISELY. THE IFT IS INSTANT WITH E NEW VELVET DRIVE* RINE TRANSMISSION FROM **W'S WARNER GEAR.** A FINGER FLICK ON A VER, THE PROPELLER ANGES DIRECTION IN SPLIT SECOND.



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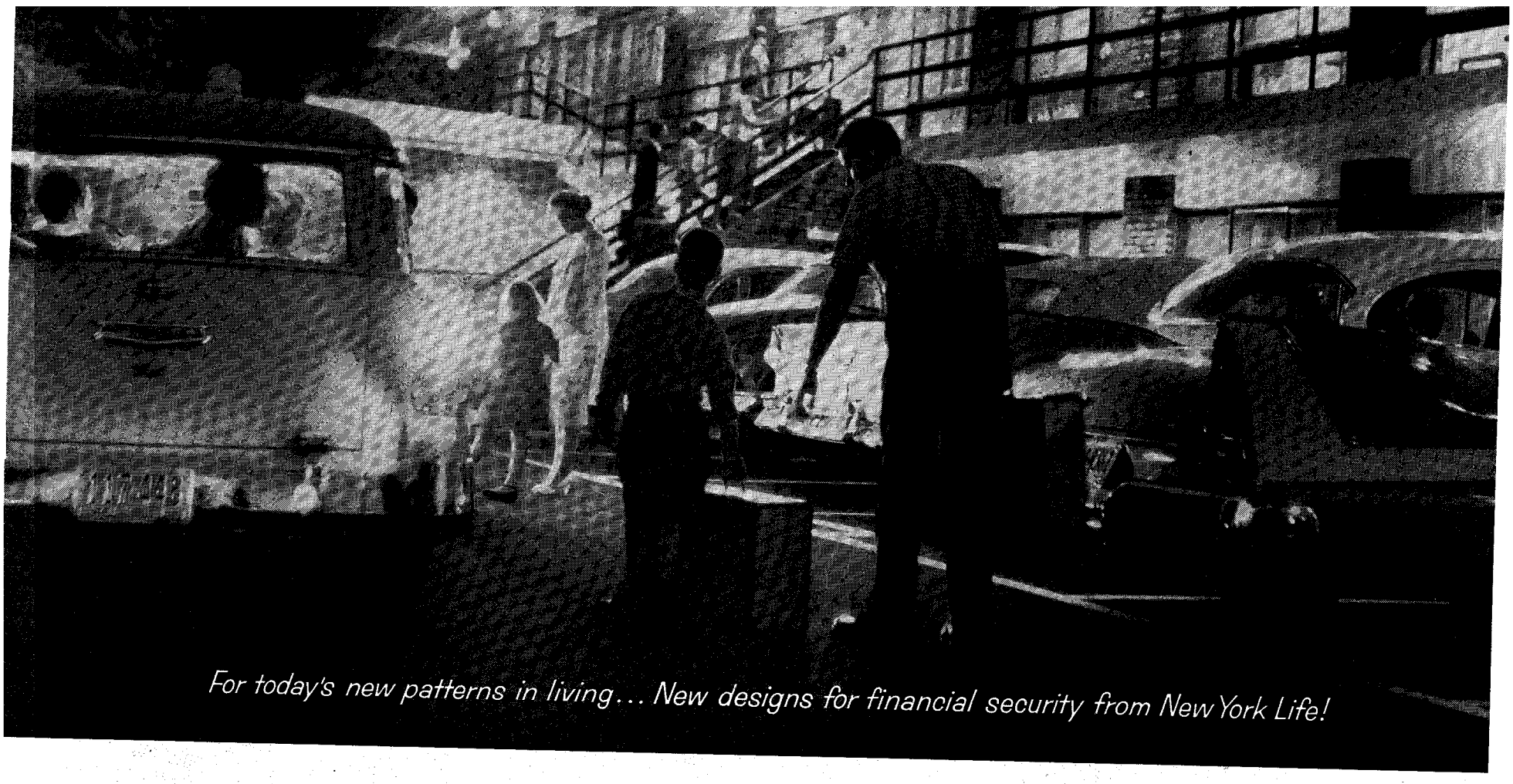

New Life Insurance Plan helps families accumulate money for a fuller life!

Modern families enjoy living in ways undreamed of not long ago. But the times have also created a difficult problem: how to budget income to enjoy living today, yet set aside substantial funds for possible emergencies or future retirement. New York Life's new Assured Accumulator policy was designed to help meet this important problem.

This new plan covers you with a minimum of $10,000 life insurance to protect your family if you should die before its endowment date. If you live, you can receive the face amount in cash on the endowment date. Or you can use it to provide a regular monthly retirement income. Meanwhile, the growing cash value is available in an emergency. Thus, the Assured Accumulator combines the security of life insurance with a systematic program for accumulating money.

In addition, your policy offers you four valuable options—any one of which you may use to broaden the program to fit changes in your needs. So take advantage of this opportunity to invest in your future. Ask your New York Life agent for details. Or write to the address below.

The New York Life agent in your community is a good man to know

nylic

New York Life Insurance Company

Dept. EP-37, 51 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y. • (In Canada: 320 Bay Street, Toronto, Ontario)

Life Insurance • Group Insurance • Annuities • Accident & Sickness Insurance • Pension Plans

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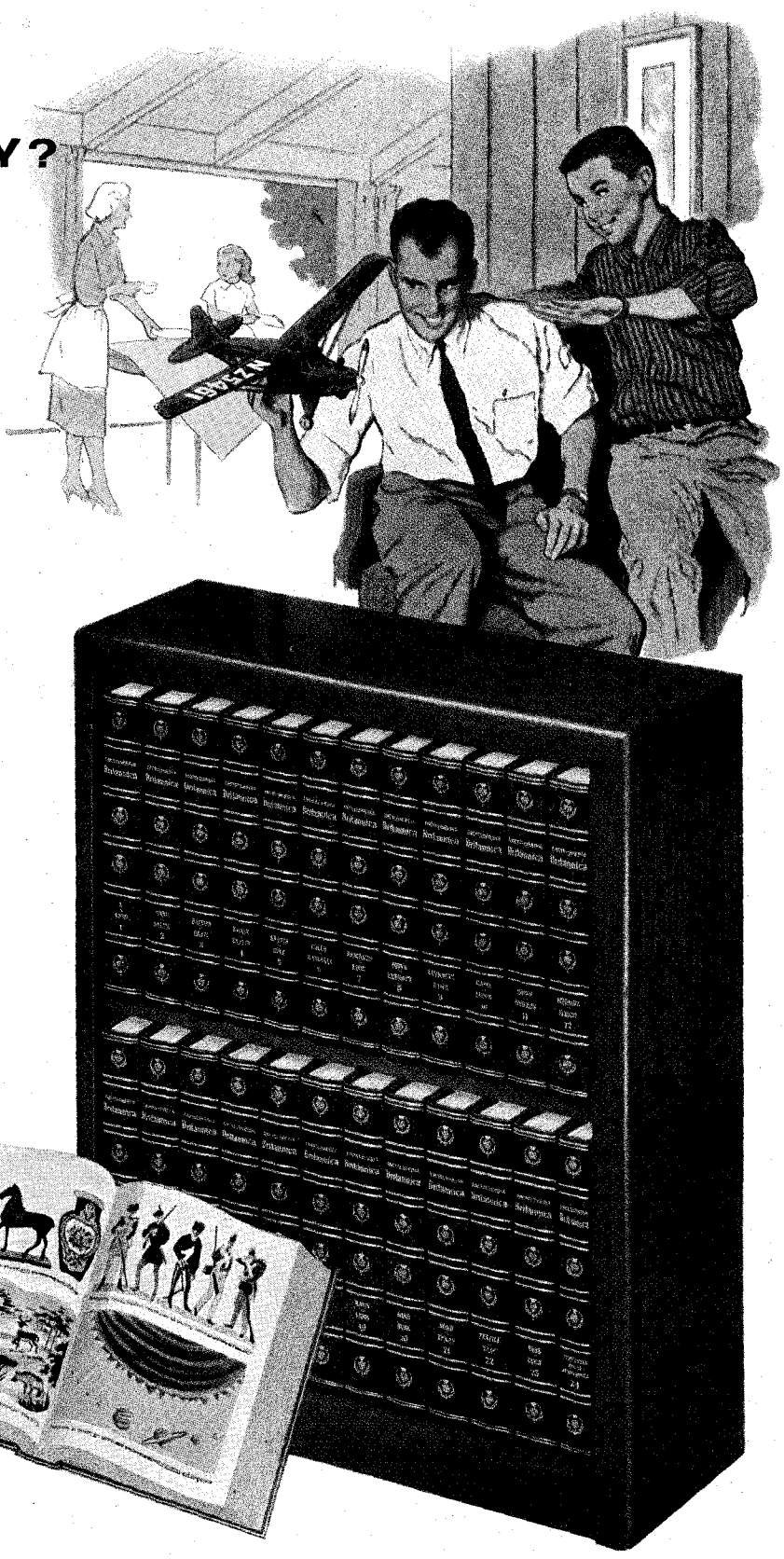
WHY ARE THE ANDERSONS SUCH AN OUTSTANDING FAMILY?



You probably know a family like the Andersons—perhaps you are one of them. Without any of the advantages of money, college, or unusual talents, the Andersons are known, liked, and respected throughout the community. Mr. Anderson was even picked for the school board even though his formal education was not great. Mrs. Anderson is known for her clever ideas when the PTA puts on its big bazaar. The children aren't brilliant—but they are alert, good students busy with a dozen different hobbies. One has even rigged up a laboratory in the basement and won the science award at the high school last year. But busy as the Andersons are—they always seem to have time for each other. You just have to set foot in their house to know it is a happy house.

It was Mr. Anderson's very lack of formal education that is largely responsible for their home atmosphere. Since he was never in a position to take education for granted, he determined that he was going to do what he could to give his family the priceless gift of knowledge. It was then he decided to buy a set of the Encyclopaedia Britannica—and he has never regretted the decision. The whole Anderson family has caught the habit of "looking it up in Britannica"—a habit that will have a lifelong effect on their success and happiness.

If you, like Mr. Anderson, want to give your family every educational opportunity, it will pay you to glance through the plan described below that will allow you to have a set of the world-famous Encyclopaedia Britannica in your home easily and inexpensively.

ESSENTIAL IN EVERY HOME
WHERE EDUCATION IS RESPECTED

ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA

Brand new edition
now available direct from the publisher on

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you get all 24 volumes now—pay later!

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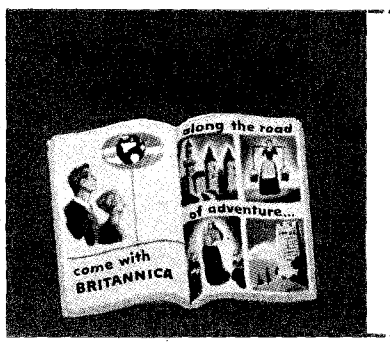

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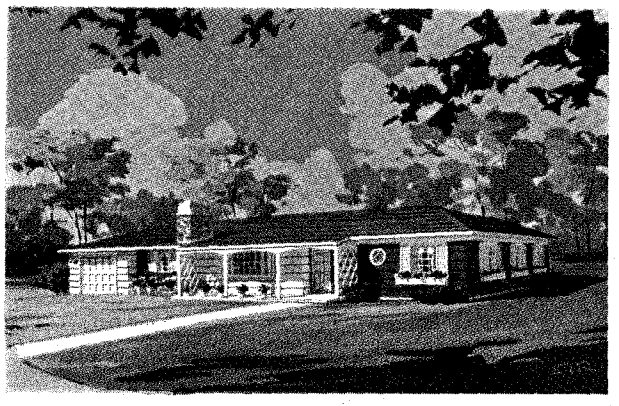
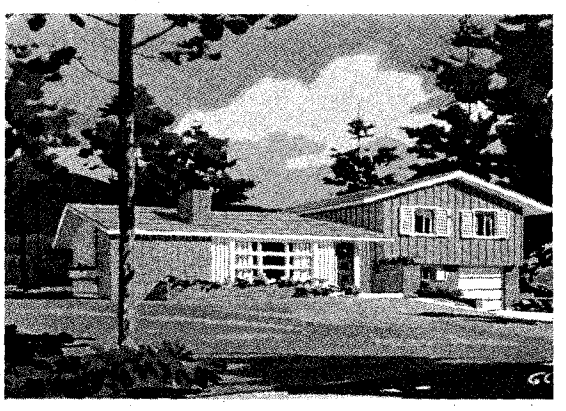
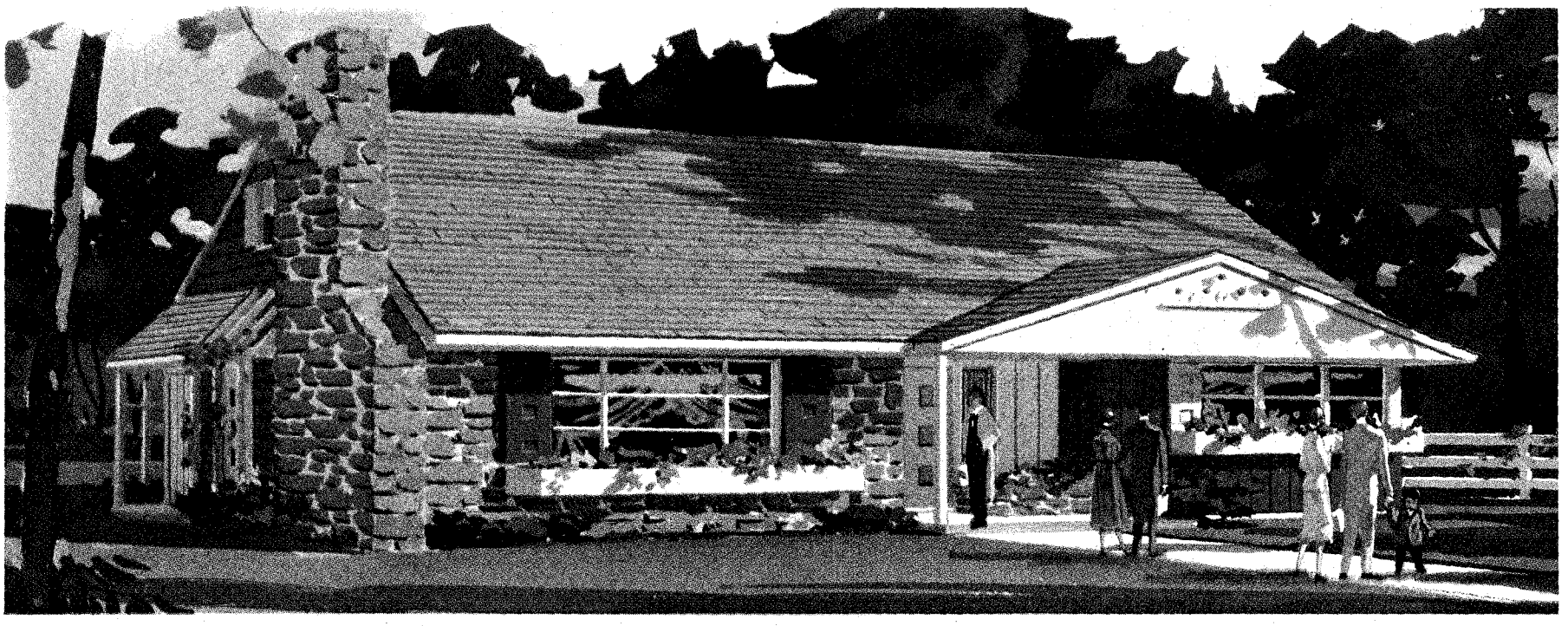




Ranch styles and split levels • All have separate living areas • Masonite panels for lowest upkeep

Each a showcase of famous brands • Each has expandable "Living Core"

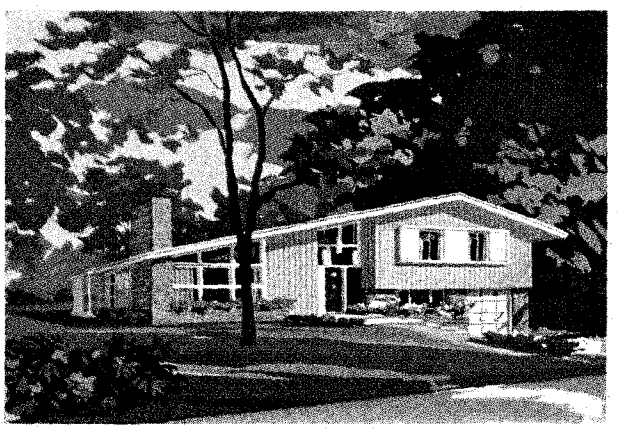


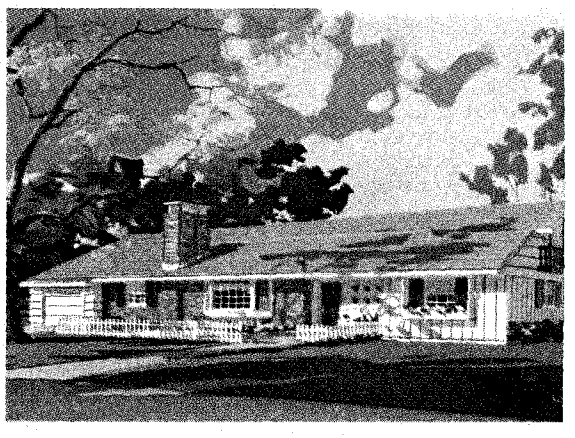
Masonite's "Showcase of Famous Brands" model homes

You're invited to the grand opening...to see and go through the very latest in model homes...erected coast to coast in cooperation with leading lumber dealers.

These homes were built as a showcase to show you the wonderful, *expandable* way of living made possible by "Living Core" construction—and the dramatic use of famous brand materials such as Masonite® panel products. You'll see new ideas at every turn!

See these Showcase Homes beginning Sept. 6. Just look to the right for the home nearest you. Ask your Masonite "Showcase" lumber dealer for free booklet of plans or write Masonite Corporation, Dept. SEP-913, Box 777, Chicago 90, Illinois.





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RKANSAS

ope—Hope Builders Supply Co.
l & La.
. Walnut St.

uttgart—Sparrow Builders Supply, Inc.
l N. Buerkle Rd.
oker Hampton Addition

OLORADO

ɔma—H. C. Hoch & Sons Inc.
? S. Main St.

ONNECTICUT

nsonia—Ansonia Lumber Co.
l Canal St.

awleyville—Platt Lumber Co.

ORIDA

adenton—Zoller Lumber Co.
arbor Hills

lkeland—Joyner Lbr. Co., Inc.
l W. Lemon St.
nshine Acres Sub.

niversity Park—Carolina Lbr. Co.
i Phelps St.

EORGIA

ecatur—Dial Hardware & Supply
., Inc., 4767 Memorial Dr.

INDIANA

Salem—Tarr Lumber Co.
400 S. Main St.
*Charles E. Tarr Addition

Whiting—Northern Indiana Lumber & Coal Co., 1000-114th St.

IOWA

Cedar Rapids—Lbr. Supply, Inc.
737 First Ave., S.W.

Davenport—H. O. Seiffert Lbr. Co.
923 W. Second St.
*Hillandale Addition

Donahue—Rohlk Lumber & Grain Co.
2500 E. Lombard
*West Columbia Court-Davenport

Keokuk—Taber Lumber Co.
1002 Main St.

Nevada—J. F. Anderson Lbr. Co.

Sioux City—Walensky Lumber Co.
4626 Country Club Blvd.
*Buckwalter Addition

KANSAS

Wellington—Hangen-Gibson Lbr. Co.
306 N. Washington
*West Ridge Addition

MASSACHUSETTS

Adams—R. T. Arnold Lbr. Corp.
44 Spring St.
*Towncrest Village

Sudbury—Massachusetts Lbr. Co.

Taunton—Mozzone Bros., Inc.
137 Hart St.
*Raynham Terrace, Raynham

MICHIGAN

Auburn Hts.—Auburn Lumber Co.
70 S. Squirrel Rd.
*Union Lake Sub.

Mt. Pleasant—Mt. Pleasant Lumber Co., North Mission St.

MINNESOTA

Austin—Crane Lumber Co.

Marshall—J. F. Taylor & Sons, Inc.
105 S. First St.
*Eatros Addition

Mound—Minnetonka Lumber Co.
*Halstead Acres

Spring Park—Minnetonka Lbr. Co.
*Maple Hill Sub.

MISSISSIPPI

Meridian—Acme Building & Supply Co.
8th Ave.—A St.
*23 Ave—25th St.

NEBRASKA

Cozad—Howell Lbr. Co.

NEW JERSEY

Berkeley Heights—U. S. Building Products Co., 700 Springfield Avenue

NEW MEXICO

Roswell—Pecos Valley Lbr. Co.
200 South Main
*Rio Seco Sub.

NEW YORK

Cohoes—Welsh & Grey Lbr. Corp.
115 Saratoga St.

Delmar—F. F. Crannell Lumber Co.

Dryden—Baker Lumber Co.
Highland Dr.
*Highland Park Sub.

NORTH CAROLINA

Mount Airy—Foy Lumber Co.
541 Pine St.
*124 W. Poplar St.

OHIO

Alliance—Robertson Lbr. & Const.
126 E. Grant
*Crestwood Hts. Allotment

OKLAHOMA

Tulsa—Henshaw Lbr. Co.
1621 North Peoria
*Eagle-Henshaw Addition

OREGON

Ontario—Boise Payette Lbr. Co.
512 South Oregon St.

PENNSYLVANIA

Athens—H. M. Hair & Son
116 Walnut

Bloomsburg—Robinson Lbr. & Supply Co.
*Sherwood Village

Carlisle—H. W. Castles
290 E. Pomfret St.

Greenville—Oakes & McClelland
*Valley View Drive

Pottstown—Merritt Lbr. Yards, Inc.

Reading—Merritt Lumber Yards, Inc.

Philadelphia—Scholtz Lbr. Co.
85th and Tinicum Ave.
*Leamy Ave. Estates-Springfield

SOUTH CAROLINA

Lancaster—Builders Supply Co.
501 S. French St.

SOUTH DAKOTA

Rapid City—Knecht Reco Homes
307 8th St.
*2005 Selkirk Place
*2015 Selkirk Place

Sioux Falls—H. W. Ross Lbr. Co.
535 E. 6th St.
*204 E. 34th St.

TENNESSEE

Knoxville—John H. Schaad & Sons
2500 Western Ave.
*Cumberland Estates

TEXAS

Amarillo—W. C. Roberts Lbr. Co.
3906 Georgia
*Paramount Addition

Bellaire—Menefee Lumber Co.
5506 Bellaire Blvd.

Electra—Foxworth-Galbraith Lbr. Co.
217 E. Front St.
*Hillcrest Addition

Fort Worth—Jefson Lbr. Co.
3300 W. Seminary Dr.
*South Hills Addition

Huntsville—City Lumber Co.

Marshall—Harrison County Lbr. Co.
512 S. Washington
*Mockingbird Hills Sub.

Orange—Circle Lbr. Co.
McArthur Rd.
*Greenway Park

Paris—Clyde Parham Lbr. Co.
2429 Clarksville St.
*Parham Park No. 2

San Antonio—Westbrook Lbr. Co.
1727 Ave. B
*Woodlands Addition

Texarkana—Temple Lbr. Co.
1402 New Boston Rd.

Waco—AAA Lumber Co.
5600 West Waco Dr.
*Lake Air Village Addition

West Vernon Hts.—H. G. Leonard Lumber Co., 4207 Maple Ave.
*McDonald Sub.

VIRGINIA

Roanoke—Hodges Lbr. Corp.
528 Shenandoah Ave.
*Sugar Loaf Estates

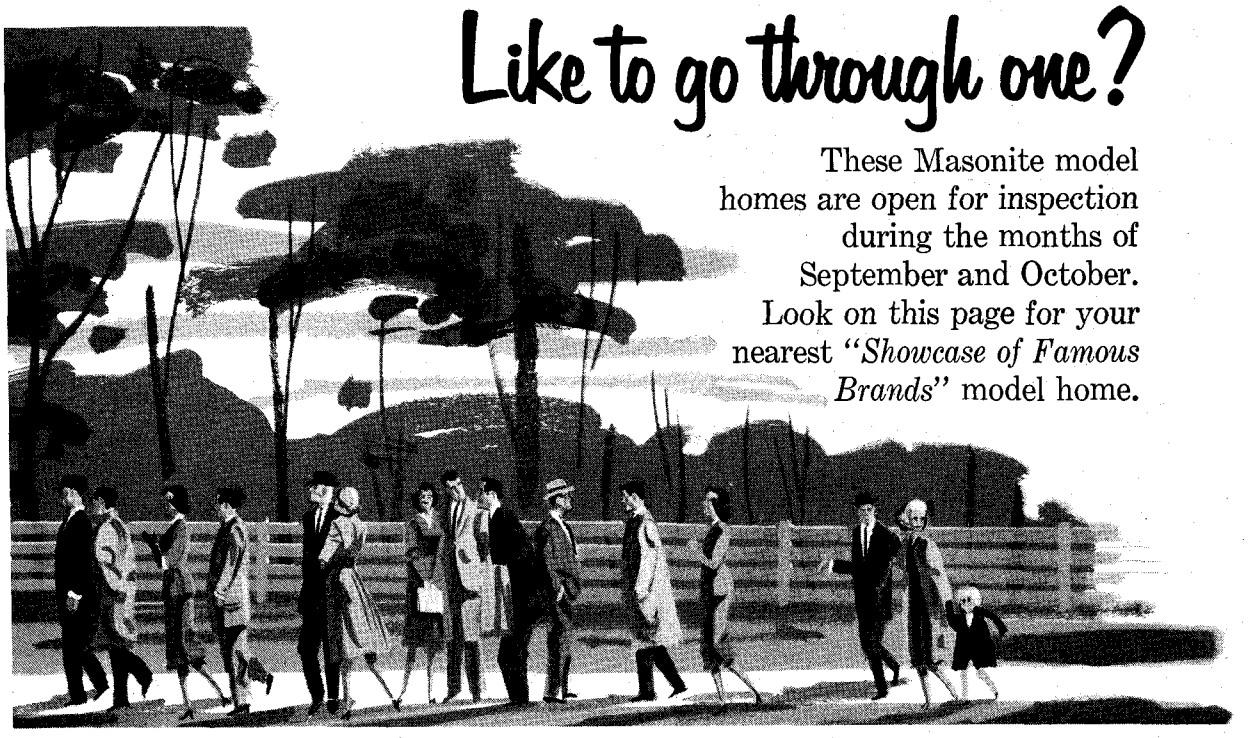
WISCONSIN

Madison—McCormick Lbr. & Fuel Co.
7 N. Bryan St.
*Hill Farm

Milwaukee—Paulsen Lbr. Co.
2837 W. Stark St.
*Clearview Acres Sub.

Two Rivers—Schmitt Lbr. Co.
1812 19th St.
*Schmitt Bros. Sub.

*Denotes location of Model Home



Like to go through one?

These Masonite model homes are open for inspection during the months of September and October. Look on this page for your nearest *"Showcase of Famous Brands"* model home.

con—McNair Lbr. & Sup. Co.
Fifth St.

ıdy Springs—Sandy Springs
ers Supply
Roswell Rd., N.E.

dosta—J. N. Bray Co.
Westwood Drive
stover Sub.

NOIS

incy—Baker Lumber Company
S. 9th St.

:k Island-Moline—Swan &
ısen Lbr. Co., Route U.S. 150

KENTUCKY

Corbin—F. B. Heath Lbr. Co.
Fourth & Lynn Ave.
*Tanglewood Sub.

Madisonville—Jones Building Service
150 N. Ky. Ave.
*East View Acres

LOUISIANA

Alexandria—Koncinsky Bldrs. & Supply
621 N. 3rd St.

West Monroe—T. A. Sanders Lumber Co.

MISSOURI

Cape Girardeau—L. H. Landgrof Lumber Co., 1459 Independence
*Meadow Lane

St. Joseph—St. Joseph Lbr. Co.
1401 Frederick Ave.
*1813 Lovers Lane Heights

Sikeston—Home Materials Co.
823 Ruth St.
*Lee Hunter Sub.

MONTANA

Great Falls—Grogan Robinson Lbr. Co.
*Sunrise Terrace Add.

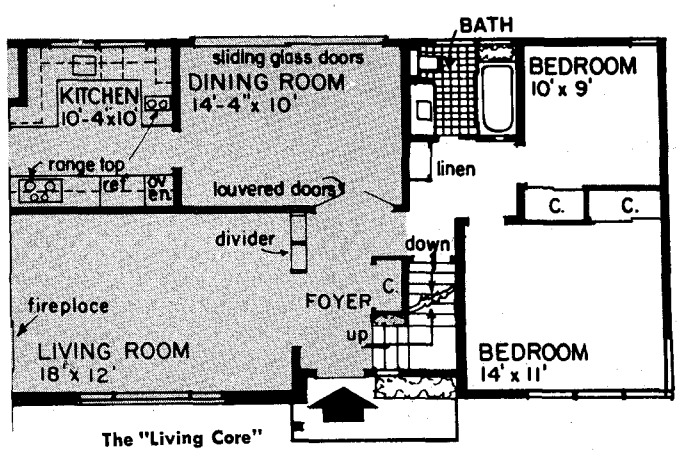
Bryan—Stine Lumber Co.
316 W. Bryan St.
*Pleasantwood

Kenton—Root Lumber Co.
S. Ohio and S. Market Sts.
*Tall Timbers

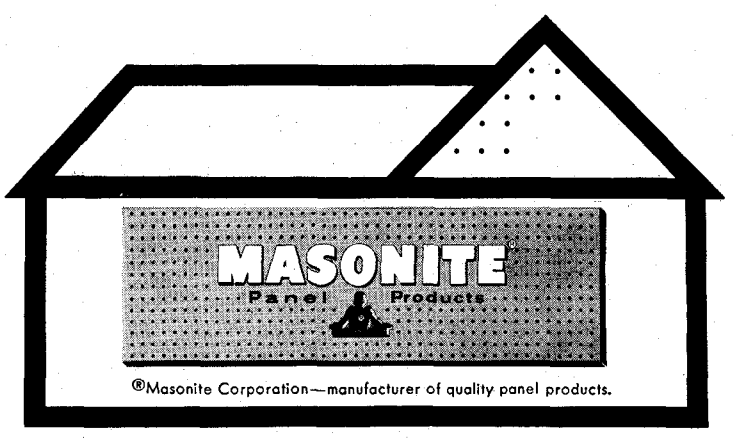
Maumee—Maumee Lbr. & Supply Co.
707-717 Conant St.
*Phillips and Colwell Sts.

Oxford—Mahany Coal & Lbr. Co.

Wooster—D. C. Curry Lbr. Co.
331 W. Henry St.
*Fairview



The "Living Core"



®Masonite Corporation—manufacturer of quality panel products.

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"That's why more mothers give their children Borden's Milk" *said Elsie, the Borden Cow*

A LONG TIME AGO—when today's mothers were children themselves—the people at Borden's made a solemn pledge...

...and mothers who have watched their youngsters thrive on Borden's Milk know how well that promise has been kept.

Today Borden's Homogenized Vitamin-D Milk *more than meets* the highest standards of wholesomeness and purity. And it's the *best tasting milk* there is. That's why more

mothers give their children Borden's Milk...and that's why you'll want to make sure the milk your family drinks is Borden's. Get it at your food store or from your Borden man.

If it's **Borden's** *it's got to be good!*

BORDEN'S MILK • FINE CHEESES • ICE CREAM • STARLAC • See Borden's TV show, "Fury" over NBC.

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The Saturday Evening
POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY
Benj. Franklin

A New American Classic

The Post is Proud to Present an Extraordinary Novel By

ROBERT NATHAN

Author of

ONE MORE SPRING,
PORTRAIT OF JENNIE
and other best sellers

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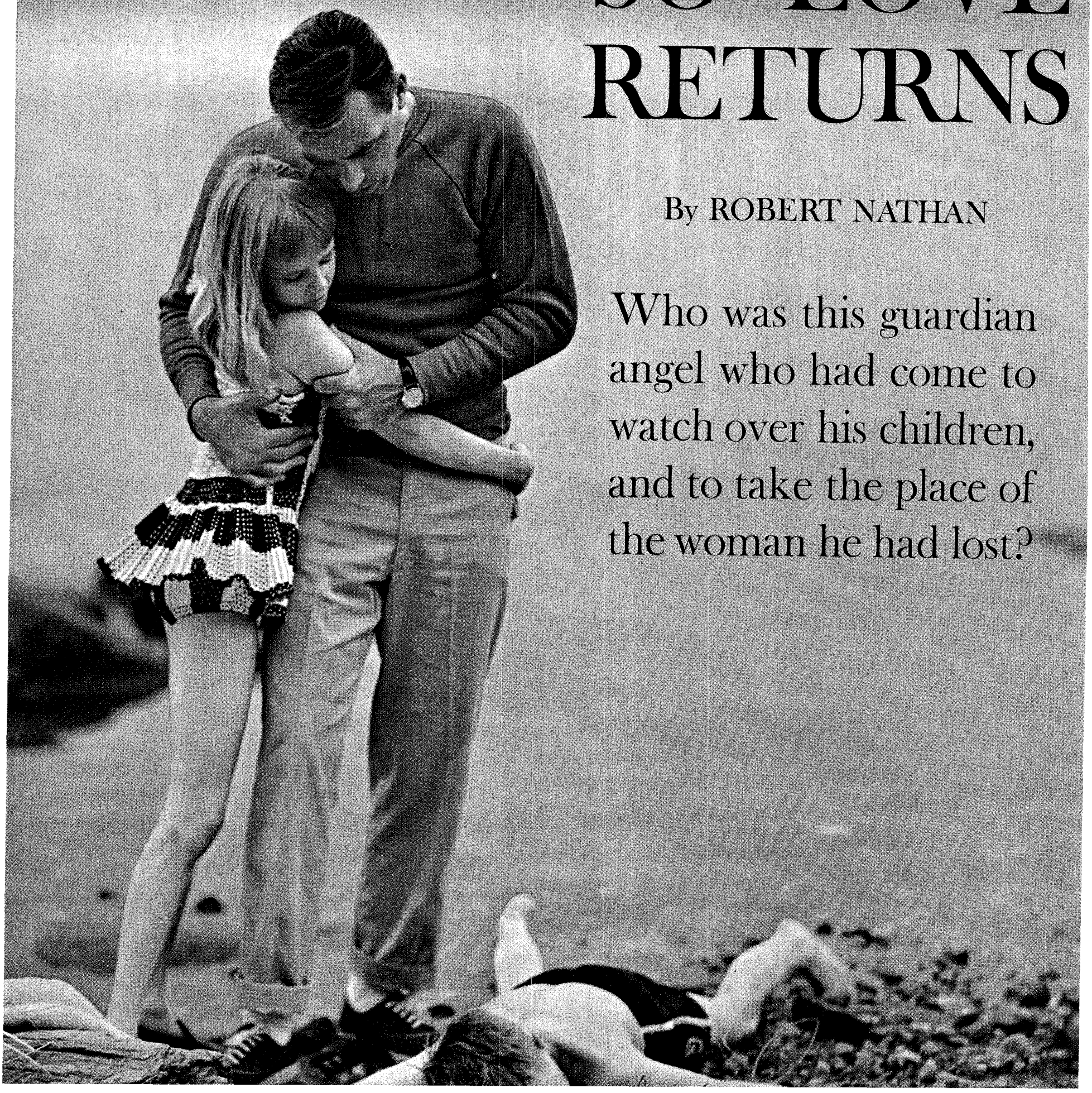
SO LOVE RETURNS

By ROBERT NATHAN

Who was this guardian angel who had come to watch over his children, and to take the place of the woman he had lost?



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I

Now blue October, smoky in the sun,
Must end the long, sweet summer of the heart.
The last brief visit of the birds is done;
They sing the autumn songs before they part.
Listen, how lovely—there's the thrush we heard
When June was small with roses, and the bending
Blossom of branches covered nest and bird,
Singing the summer in, summer unending.
Give me your hand once more before the night;
See how the meadows darken with the frost,
How fades the green that was the summer's light.
Beauty is only altered, never lost,
And love, before the cold November rain,
Will make its summer in the heart again.

Reprinted from THE GREEN LEAF:
The Collected Poems of Robert Nathan
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The house stood on a shelf above the sea; the empty moorlands, the desert-colored California hills, already brown in July, rose up behind it toward the sky that was clear and pale like a mountain sky and blue as a cornflower. It was bare, gaunt country, beyond Trancas, with a few dusty eucalyptus trees in the canyons. The fogs would come in until noon, and the sea would rise and fall in slow, oily motion in the kelp, and then the sun would come out and the water and the air would shine with light.

Trina, my wife, was dead. The first grief, the breathless grief you can't live with, was over and I was settling down to work again. Our two children played on the beach below the house; they built sand castles and gave shrill cries like sea gulls when the waves ran up the sand at them. They seemed to have accepted the summer as they found it, without their mother; otherwise it was like other summers, except that they were older.

Trisha was not quite five when her mother died, and Chris was going on four. We had always been a warm family, close-knit and happy, and poor, the way most writers' families are. We had our own way of doing things, and after Trina died we went on doing things that way. Trisha had a little desk in my study, next to my own, and she kept her paper dolls there and worked at her cut-outs while I wrote. It wouldn't have been good for most writers, but it was good for me; I liked to have Trisha sitting there next to me, her dreamy little face bent over her work, her little blunt scissors in her hand.

Chris was different. He liked to play in the bare, sandy yard behind the house, where there were lizards to look at and treasures to find in the ground—stones and sometimes a shell or an old bottle cap.

Lunch was a peanut-butter sandwich and a glass of (Continued on Page 87)

Illustrated by J. Frederick Smith

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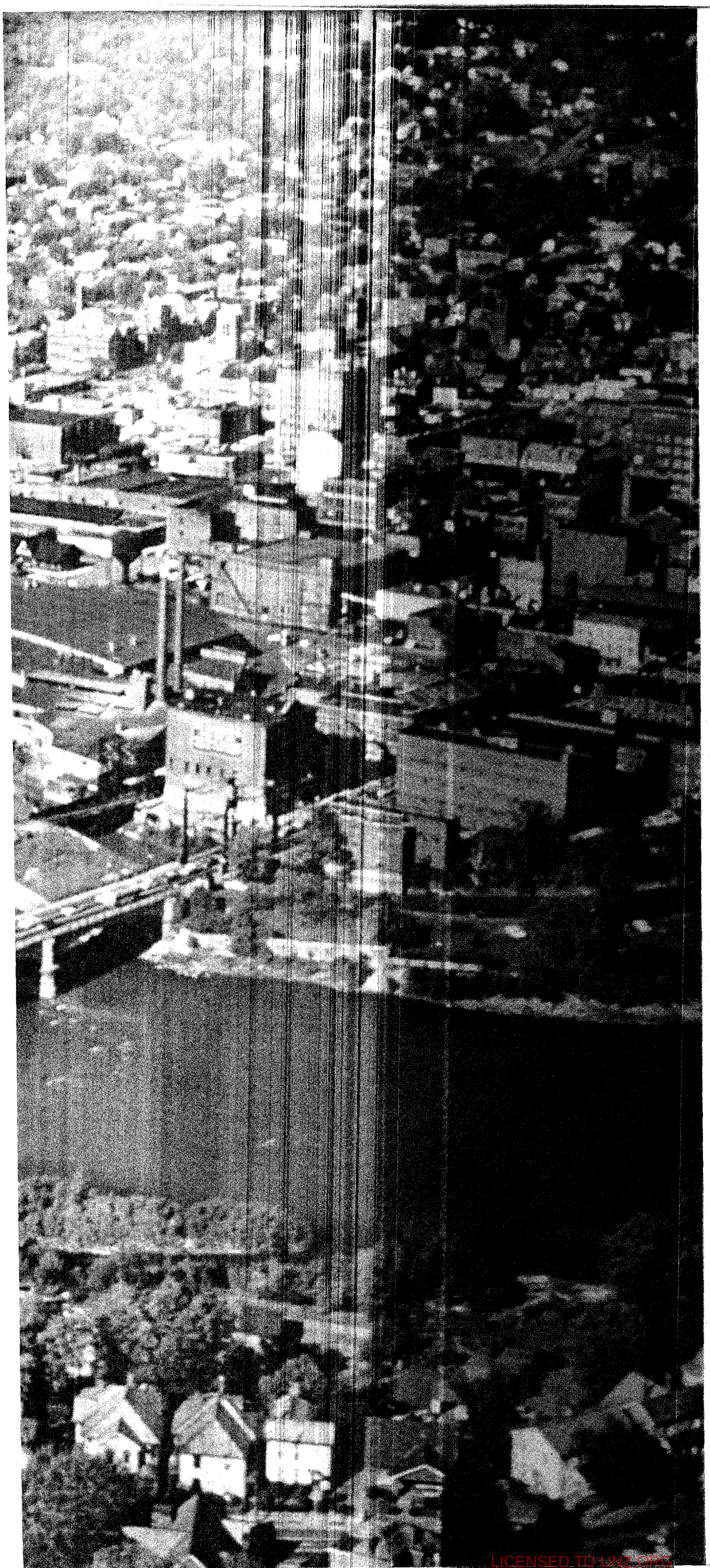
The Face of AMERICA

Y Bridge



"Go to the middle of the bridge
and turn left," they tell you
in Zanesville, Ohio, when you ask
the route to Columbus. And they aren't
kidding. This Y bridge carries
U.S. 40 on two of its arms (center
and right in the picture) over
the confluence of the Muskingum
(upper left) and Licking rivers.
It is the fourth Y bridge to
be erected on the same site since
town fathers decided almost 150 years
ago that such a structure was the
best way to unite three settlements
separated by the two rivers.
The present structure was a symbol
of more than a community's union
to one Zanesville couple: Ida Gatewood
chose the newly completed bridge
as the place for her wedding
to Ray Steele, a member of the bridge
construction crew, in January, 1902.
It was a bit chilly for everyone
except the skaters who witnessed
the ceremony from the frozen
surface of the rivers below.
● Photograph by Gus Pasquarella

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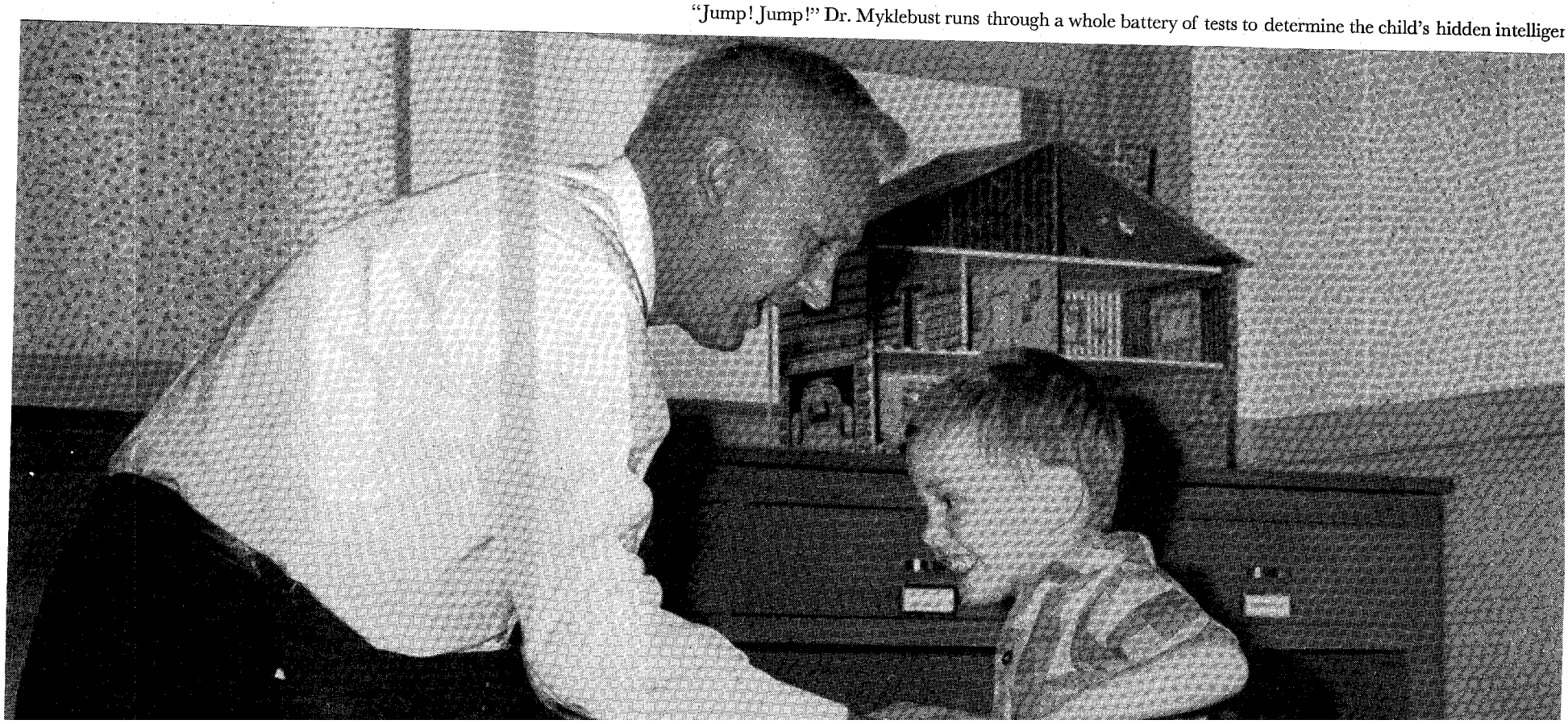
The boy above is afflicted with aphasia, but if Dr. Myklebust's diagnosis is favorable, he may be saved.

CHILDREN of the EMPTY WORLD

"Jump! Jump!" Dr. Myklebust runs through a whole battery of tests to determine the child's hidden intelliger



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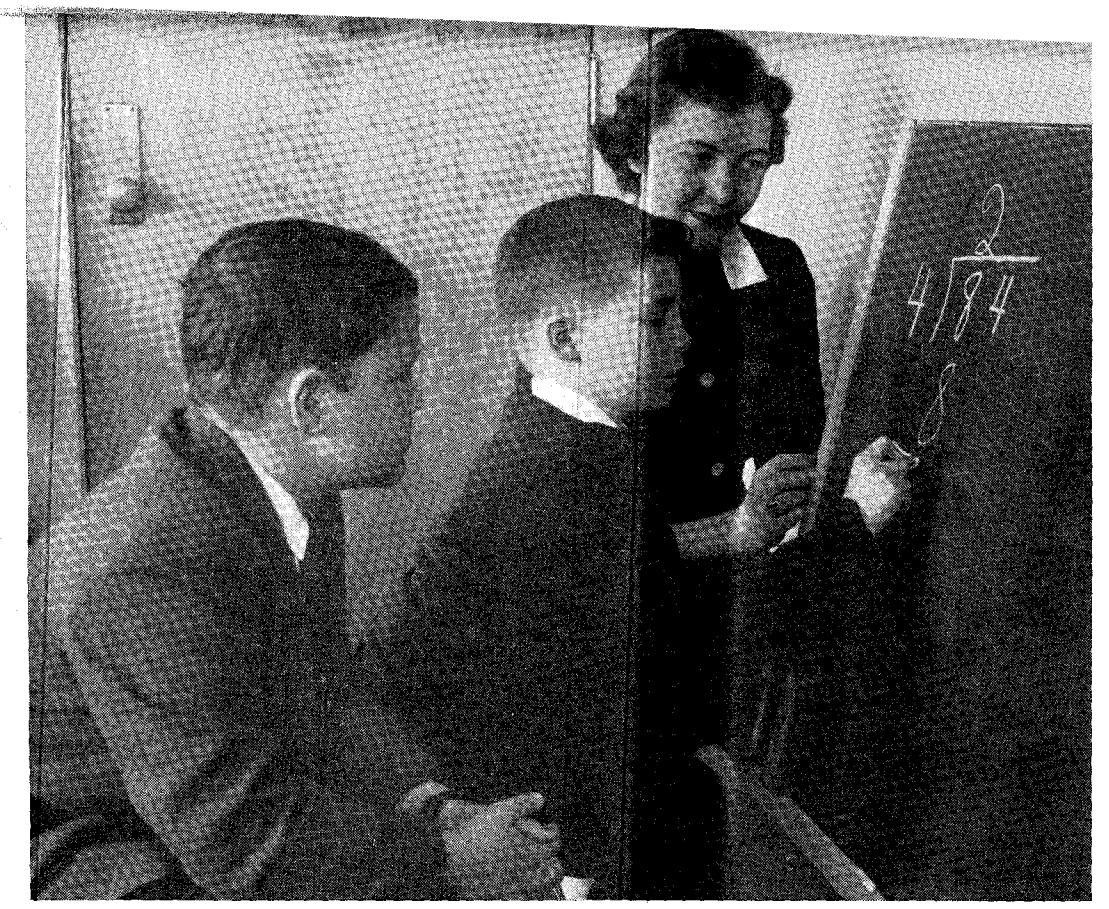
By DON MURRAY

Nearly 500,000 U.S. youngsters suffer from aphasia—brain damage which makes an intelligent child act like a panicked animal. Here's how a quiet scientist at Northwestern University is treating them with remarkable success.



Above, teacher Doris Johnson tries to help pupils "think" numbers. Although aphasia damages the brain area that usually learns, sometimes unused areas can be trained to take over.

The Jacksons sat quietly tense while the soft-spoken psychologist called their son into his office at Northwestern University, in Evanston, Illinois. In a minute Bobby entered, hesitantly, a second-grader with a butch haircut and the anxious look of a confused old man.

Dr. Helmer Myklebust unrolled a huge fire-prevention poster which showed a home ablaze, complete with yellow-orange-red flames, and asked the youngster what he saw.

Bobby studied the picture carefully, and then answered, "A little man walking through a gate."

Indeed there was a man in the lower left-hand corner, running through a gate, yelling for help, but Bobby's parents were horrified at their son's bizarre concept of the whole poster. Bobby, however, turned in surprise at their gasp. What was wrong? He'd told them what he'd seen. Before he could get upset the psychologist sent the boy back to play. Then, after the door was firmly shut, he began to tell the parents what could be done to help their boy.

Bobby is one of half a million youngsters in the United States who, because of brain damage, have less than normal ability to use or understand words and other symbols of communication. This condition is loosely described as aphasia. In children, aphasia is usually the result of a prenatal deficiency or illness, a birth injury or a high fever in infancy. In adults it usually comes from a head injury, and in the elderly it is generally caused by what is called a stroke. The slight speech impediment President Eisenhower developed after his stroke was a mild aphasia.

Aphasia takes various forms, depending on the part of the brain injured. Bobby had receptive aphasia. He had difficulty receiving language—in understanding what he heard and saw—although his eyes and ears were jet-pilot quality. Other aphasic youngsters have trouble speaking or writing or using figures. For most of them, there is little hope.

As recently as ten years ago, medical authorities thought aphasia was limited to adults who had lost language ability because of brain injury. Children were not diagnosed as aphasics. Now a Chicago study under Doctor Myklebust's direction has indicated that one in twenty school children suffers some aphasia in one form or another. If their cases are slight they may plod through school. Those with more serious aphasia, unless they receive help, are likely to sink into the depths of mental and emotional disturbance, either retreating from a world they cannot understand or going to war with society, becoming juvenile delinquents. The worst cases are generally institutionalized as seriously mentally retarded or insane, although they may have near-genius intellects.

Bobby was lucky. His folks live near Northwestern, where Doctor Myklebust operates the Institute for Language Disorders in Children, one of the few places in the country concentrating on the problem of aphasia in children.

Bobby didn't know, when he was taken to see Doctor Myklebust, that it was just about his last chance for a normal life. He was at the end of the line. His private-school principal had told the Jacksons, "If Doctor Myklebust says 'keep him,' we will. If he says 'no,' he'll have to go."

You couldn't blame the principal. Bobby was more monster than boy. He would slink away from his (Continued on Page 77)

Aphasia robs its victims of the ability to associate words with meaning; many of "Dr. Myke's" patients have never really communicated with another person. It is a wonderful moment when he reaches a child's locked mind.

Photographs by Harry Saltzman

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"I won't tell you again," barked Holcomb. "Just watch your step!"

Heroes Don't Sound Off

By WILLIAM CHAMBERLAIN

No one at West Point knew Joe's battle record. And he wouldn't tell them, not even to save his own skin.

Requirements for admission to the United States Military Academy at West Point are stern and immutable. One such requirement states: ". . . an applicant shall have reached his seventeenth but not his twenty-second birthday on the date of admission." Joe Andrade made it barely by the skin of his teeth. He celebrated his twenty-second birthday just a week after he had put on his first plebe gray.

As a matter of course, Joe would be "Dad" to the rest of his classmates. Not that that bothered him. He had a what-the-hell-boys sense of humor that went with his homely face and his red hair, and he didn't bother easily. That was just as well, because it was a rough road that finally brought Joe here to the austere school on the Hudson. At a time when most of his classmates had still been going to high school, playing football and dating girls, Joe had been learning of war in Korea. It had been at a place called Mincemeat Ridge that the West Point road had begun.

Just after dark, Able Company—reinforced with two machine-gun squads from Dog, the heavy-weapons company of the battalion—had left the MLR along Mincemeat Ridge to take its turn at outpost duty. Able had marched glum and unhappy, for the grapevine, accurate in these matters, had it that the Chinese meant to attack during this period of the full moon. Nobody was enchanted with the prospect of a fight when a truce might come up from Panmunjom any day now.

From Mincemeat a subridge poked a finger down into the valley to where a knob, known as Harry's Hat, had been trenched and bunkered and wired in as an outpost uncomfortably close to the enemy positions which glowered down from across the way. Four hundred yards in front of Harry's Hat was a still lower knob, dubbed Land of Jubilee by some unknown poet, which formed an outpost to the outpost. To Jubilee went Sgt. Joe Andrade with his heavy-machine-gun squad. His mission was to (Continued on Page 112)

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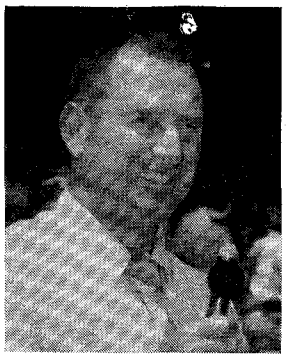
Do Managers Make Much Difference?



Author Kell: "The manager's job is to call on the right guys in the right spots."

By GEORGE KELL as told to Harry T. Paxton

Not even Casey Stengel could win until he got the Yankees, so aren't players what really count? A great third baseman gives the low-down on managers he has known—the smart ones, the hotheads, the soft ones and the slave drivers.

At right is Connie Mack, Kell's first manager in the big leagues. With Mack in this 1911 picture is John McGraw.

When a ball club has a bad year, a lot of people blame the manager. Yet when the club has a good year, many of the same people will take the position that the ballplayers were responsible and the manager really didn't make much difference.

"Look at Casey Stengel," they'll say. "He never could get out of the second division when he was managing at Brooklyn and Boston back in the 'Thirties and 'Forties. Now he's with the Yankees and has the best ballplayers, so he wins."

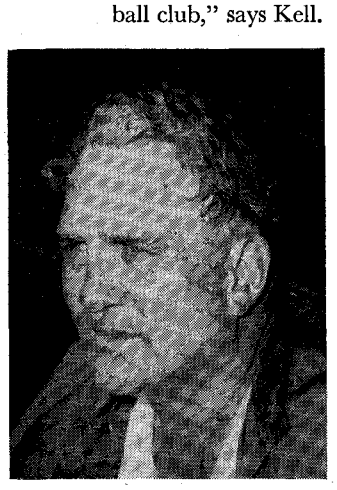
Believe me, there's more to it than that. I played in the major leagues for nearly fifteen years before retiring last winter, and I've kept in touch this season doing the pregame shows on the C.B.S. Game-of-the-Week telecasts. I've seen many cases where the manager was a definite factor in the performance of a ball club. To give you a quick example, I don't have to go any farther back than the last manager I played for—Paul Richards at Baltimore. I saw him take mediocre talent and turn it into a club that, while not a pennant contender, made a very respectable showing.

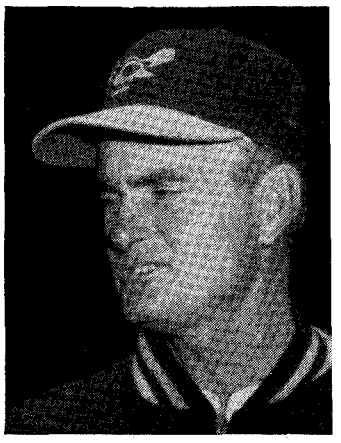
Of course, no manager can develop a bunch of second-division ballplayers into a winning club. On the other hand, it's very easy to take a bunch of good ballplayers and manage them right into the second division. With Casey Stengel, I have no doubt that during his second-division years, he was doing the very best he could with what he had. And I know for sure that he's been doing it in New York. There was nothing automatic about his winning eight pennants and six World Series in the last nine years.

A ball club will win at least half a dozen more games a year under a good manager than under a bad manager. The difference today is greater than it used to be. Baseball in the major leagues has become smarter and more scientific. Since I started out fifteen years ago there has been a great change.

The change began right after World War II, when so many (Continued on Page 99)

Orioles manager Paul Richards: "He's a genius at handling pitchers, and that's the most important single item in the day-by-day running of a ball club," says Kell.

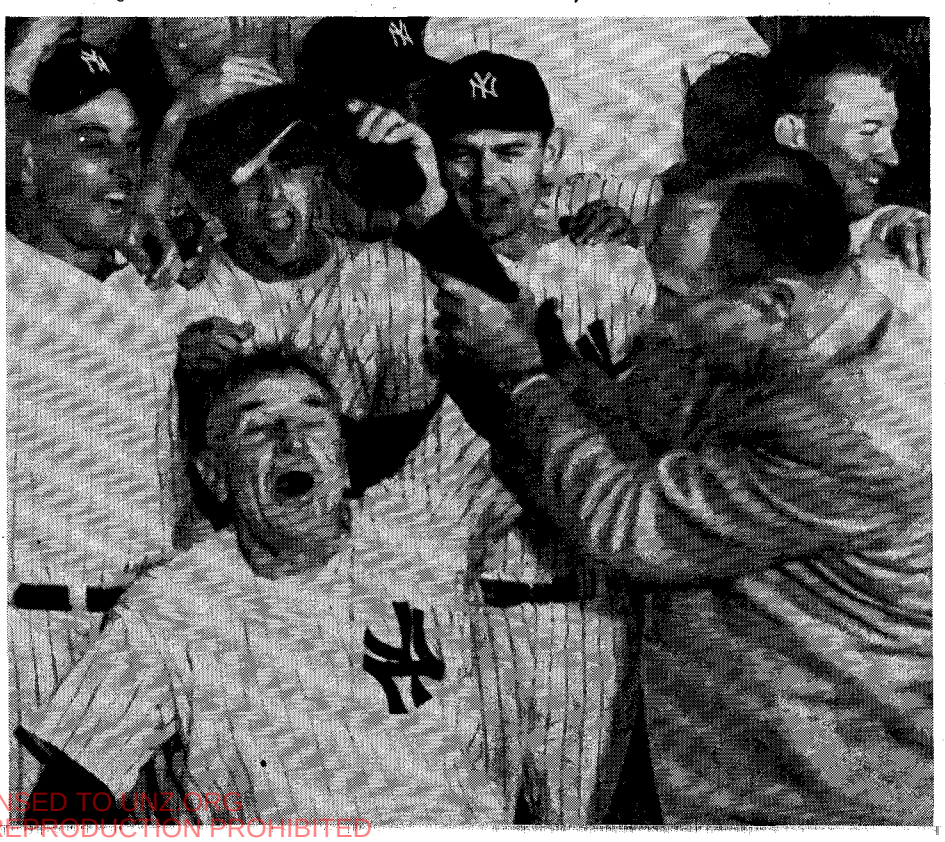




Steve O'Neill (left), Kell's manager at Detroit. "One of the finest fellows I ever played for—and his own worst enemy, because he wanted to be like a father to everybody."

As Boston Bees manager in 1939, Casey Stengel did his best with what he had.

When he joined the talent-rich Yankees in 1949 Casey won five World Series in a row.



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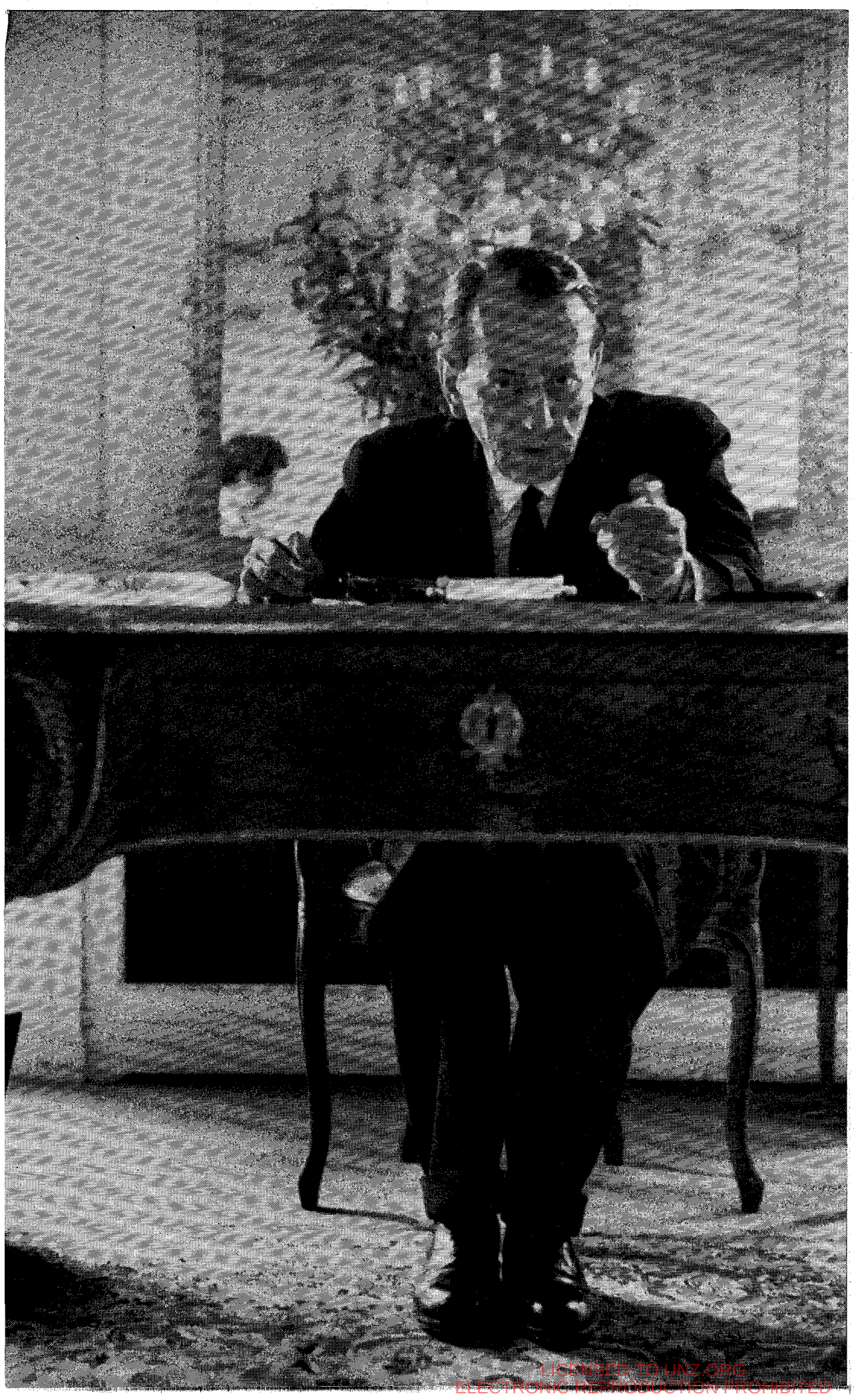
De Gaulle's One-Man Brain Trust

A Post editor reports on an amazing genius whose career reads like an adventure story: André Malraux. Can he bring back the lost glory of France?



"Before I die," says Malraux,
"I want to see the rebirth
of my country."

By Ernest O. Hauser

PARIS.

Because André Malraux has no exact American equivalent, it is difficult for us to grasp the full significance of his appointment, last June, as General de Gaulle's cabinet-ranking chief adviser. To imagine that the President of the United States had given such a post to Ernest Hemingway would only be a dim approximation of the thing. A brilliant intellectual and famous writer, Malraux is also something more—he is glamorous. His singular career, a headlong rush through high adventure, makes him an idol of the younger generation, which sees in him *l'homme engagé*—the man engaged in, or committed to, a cause. He has been called the world's last great romantic, and it is, possibly, as a romantic figure that he can best be understood.

For was it not, essentially, a deep, romantic longing for lost grandeur that made the French, last spring, turn to De Gaulle for their salvation? And is not this same longing best formulated by Malraux when he cries out, "France was sick, all these years, because she had no mission. France is France only when she stands for what is noble in the world!" Spotting a poster, recently, which invited Frenchmen to buy government bonds, Malraux was pained to see France represented as a little woman knitting a sock. "Just when we want to show the world how great she is!" he moaned.

"I'd never been much of a nationalist," he told me. "But I espoused my country when I fought in the Resistance. France was dying then. And she was dying, too, under the bankrupt 'system' of the Fourth Republic." He smiled. "I don't shout, '*France über alles!*' to be sure. I am not out to make her powerful. But she was noble once, and I am here to help her find her old nobility."

We were surrounded by the faded, eighteenth-century elegance of his uncluttered ministerial office whose windows face, across the narrow street, the Hotel Matignon—official residence of Prime Minister Charles de Gaulle. Now fifty-six years old, the author of Man's Fate remains the quick-moving, chain-smoking, nervous aristocrat the public knows. His sharply cut, pale face reflects his changing moods with motion-picture accuracy; and, as he talks, the perfect formulations come clinking out like new-struck coins. He has no small talk, and the interlocutor remembers an anecdote told by a friend who, meeting him for the first time in a German prisoner-of-war camp, was

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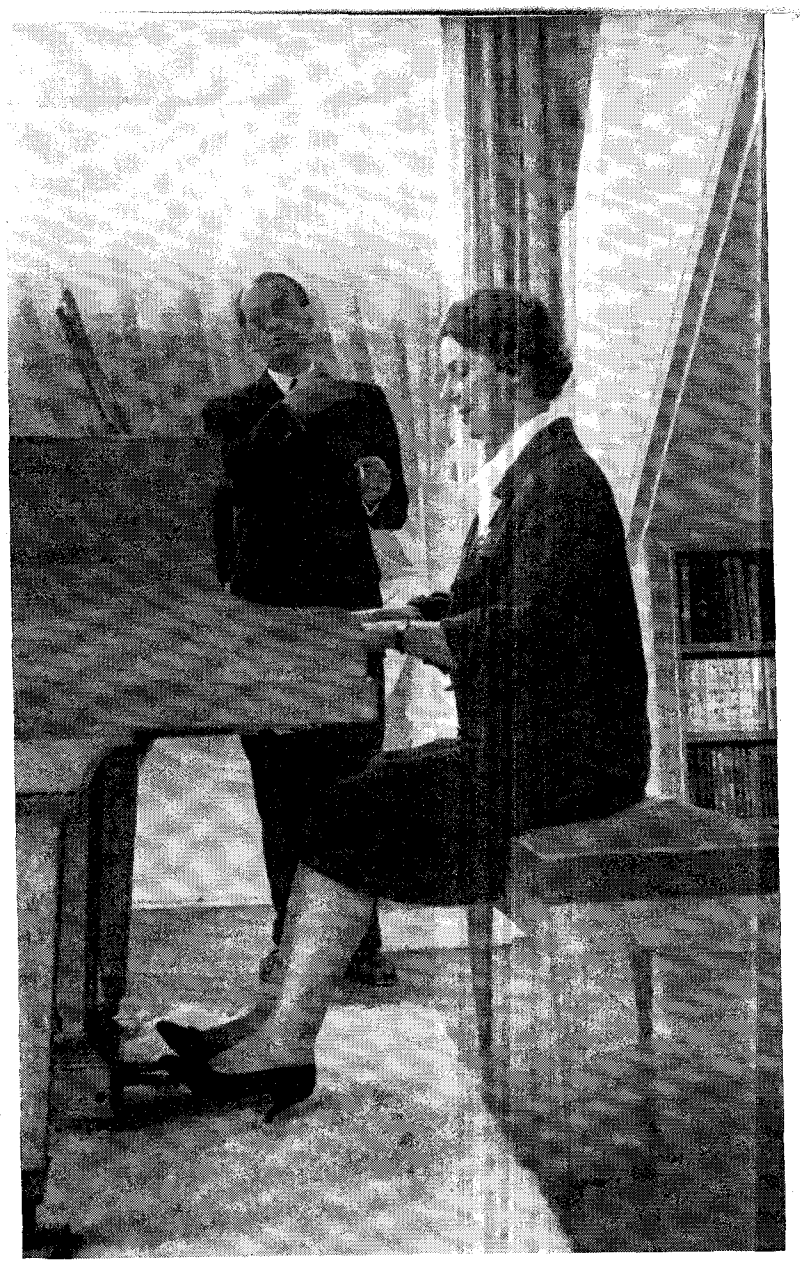

Madeleine Malraux, who was once a concert pianist, is the minister's third wife and the widow of one of his half brothers. They have four children.

De Gaulle (center) and Malraux (front row, far right) at a ceremony at the Arc de Triomphe. They share an intellectual bond in a "heroic world where noble men do noble deeds."

greeted by Malraux with an abrupt "Why has France lost the war?"

As minister attached directly to the Prime Minister's office, he may, from time to time, be charged with varying chores and projects, according to the exigencies of the situation. The tricky business of information, which was among his responsibilities at the beginning, has since been handed to a proper Minister of Information, the controversial Jacques Soustelle. Malraux, who had been plainly ill at ease as government spokesman, was probably as happy to be parted from this chore as were the French and foreign press to see Malraux replaced. His routine press briefings on the transactions and results of cabinet meetings were fine excursions into rhetoric, but tended to give more of Malraux than of the facts and figures everyone was waiting for. As always, he was interested mainly in "great issues" and, in explaining them, talked merrily over reporters' heads.

Once, when he had just finished telling the press that "nothing of importance" had transpired, a correspondent innocently asked whether De Gaulle had made no new appointments—whereupon spokesman Malraux pulled from his pocket a list of several new key appointments to government posts, by far the most important news item that day. Another time, when asked why the day's cabinet meeting had been so brief, he laughingly explained it was "like in Napoleon's time" when cabinets, as every Frenchman knows, were rubber stamps. None of this made French government circles very happy.

Hence, when De Gaulle was looking for a job for Jacques Soustelle, considered an exponent of the extremist wing of French opinion in Algeria, the Ministry of Information seemed a fine solution. Malraux, who had been hired neither as a politician nor as a technician, and who is temperamentally ill-suited for the precision work connected with the running of a full-blown ministry, has since devoted all his time to the production of ideas.

As General de Gaulle's chief confidant and brain truster, he is, in fact, the second most important member of the team.

"De Gaulle has his own mind," one close observer said, (Continued on Page 102)

1933: Young Novelist Malraux autographs copies of his novel, Man's Fate, which won the *Prix Goncourt*.

1937: Adventurer Malraux, on a visit to New York, tells how he was shot down while flying as a volunteer for the Spanish Loyalists.

1942: Patriot Malraux was a leader of underground *maquis* in occupied France.

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Test-Tube Terror

By ROBERT STANDISH

They created a formula which could destroy the world. And now someone wanted to put it to use.

The brief description of myself given here has little or nothing to do with my story. I give it in order to create a "climate of credibility." My name is Mark Harrowby. I am a bachelor, aged thirty-six, a patent lawyer by profession. You will find my name listed in the London telephone directory at 149, Woolpack Street, Westminster. Among my various clients are numbered several immensely rich, internationally known corporations, the kind which don't entrust their secrets to blabbermouths. In short, I am a responsible citizen. Just remember that, if, while reading this story, your credulity becomes strained.

Three days after the Russians launched Sputnik No. 1, I received a letter bearing a Geneva postmark. It was written by Giselle Duclos, who, I may say, is responsible for the fact that I am still a bachelor. Giselle is twenty-seven years of age, Swiss by nationality and a willowy, blue-eyed blonde by Nature's favor. I fell in love with her ten years ago. Her brother, Pierre, is my oldest and closest friend, two years younger than I am. Madame Duclos, their mother, widow of a minor Swiss civil servant, ran a boardinghouse in Geneva for students. I spent some months there in 1939, which is how my life became entangled with theirs.

Every summer since 1946, Giselle, Pierre and I have gone on long walking tours, in the Swiss and French Alps, in the Dolomites, the Pyrenees and, once, in the Snowdon region of North Wales. We like walking and, although not mountaineers in the accepted sense of the word, we like best to walk among mountains.

Briefly, Giselle's refusal to marry me is due to her belief that Pierre's work is more important than marriage. I find this strangely inconsistent, bearing in mind that Pierre is a biologist and geneticist and Giselle is his assistant. A biologist who shirks marriage!

Like most Swiss, Giselle and Pierre are sober-minded, down-to-earth people. That is why the tone of Giselle's letter shook me. Here it is:

Dear Mark: I know how busy you are and how difficult it will be for you to get away from London, but you may believe me when I say that nothing—nothing you are doing can be as important as your coming to Geneva at once. I dare not explain more in writing. Let me know very casually when and where to meet you. *Do not telephone.* Love,

GISELLE

There it was, laid on the line. Had I not been sure that she would not have written in this strain without good cause, I would have put my own affairs first. As it was, I booked on a flight two days ahead, sending Giselle a post card to say when I arrived and, casually as requested, mentioning that I was passing through Geneva and hoped to see her.

Giselle's appearance shattered me when she met me at the airport. She was thin, haggard and—I know no other word—hunted. She talked a lot and said nothing, using a torrent of words as a kind of safety valve.

We took the lakeside road toward Nyon and Lausanne, after driving twice round a quiet city block to make sure that we were not being followed. I will confess to being somewhat irritated by all this; it seemed that Giselle was out of character.

"We've rented a small furnished chalet in the mountains," she explained to me, "and so far, I'm almost sure, they haven't located us yet. But it's only a question of time."

"Who is They?" I asked bluntly.

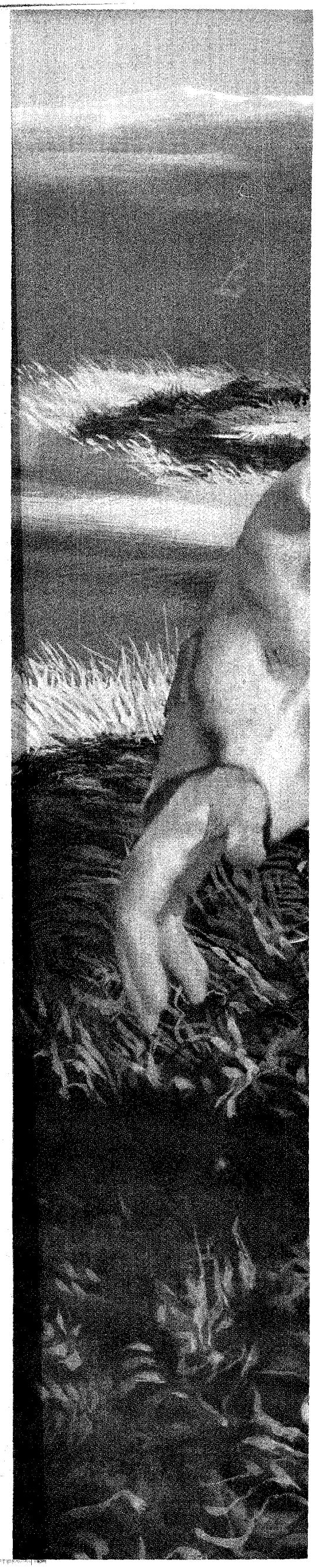
"We don't know, Mark; that's what makes it all so frightening."

The chalet stood at one end of a vast alpine meadow at about five thousand feet above sea level. It took us three hours of hard driving to reach it. There was no other human habitation in sight. Even the cows had been taken down to lower pastures, for snow was imminent. Two huge, ferocious-looking Alsatians prowled round the chalet, creating an uproar as we approached. Then Pierre emerged to quieten them.

He had a bad case of the jitters—worse even than Giselle. He looked as though he had not slept for a week.

"Thanks for coming," he said with a warm handshake, leading the way into the warmth of the chalet, where the savory smells of a stew cooking reminded (Continued on Page 53)

Illustrated by Arthur Lidov



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The sniff test: Fred Johnson uses his sensitive nose to judge a batch of sweet marjoram, a popular seasoning. If it makes the grade, he may buy it in quantity.

The Uses of Vinegar and Herbs

Fred Johnson spends his days sampling such strange objects as orchid seeds and juniper berries. As head of a $3,000,000-a-year food-seasoning business, this 240-pound gourmet has some tempting recipes.

By FRANK J. TAYLOR

Anyone calling on Fredric Horner Johnson, of San Francisco, should be alerted for gastronomic adventure. A precise, soft-spoken, six-foot gourmet with a discriminating palate, Johnson is that rare find, a man who quit punching the time clock and parlayed a hobby into a million-dollar enterprise. Johnson's odd pastime was making vinegar. And the money-making venture that has grown out of it is a seasoning business called the Spice Islands Company.

Unimaginative folk may consider vinegar making a queer enthusiasm for a dignified former engineer and ex-stockbroker. Johnson doesn't. He explains it this way. All men like to show off, particularly when there are women around. Johnson did it by tossing salads for weekend guests at the family country home at Los Gatos, fifty miles south of San Francisco. For his finicky taste, store vinegar was too sharp. It spoiled the salad. So Johnson experimented with fermenting mellow vinegars from choice wines he selected at nearby wineries.

He did this with such gusto that the day came when he had nearly a hundred kegs and barrels of vinegar mellowing away in the barn. He also had a couple hundred pounds of herbs—tarragon, thyme, eschalots, garlic, to mention only a few—that he had grown in his garden and dried in the attic and basement of his home. His family took a dim view of this aromatic mess, so Johnson decided to market his vinegars and herbs to gourmets. It was as simple as that, except that Johnson had to jump some hurdles.

One was that there were too few vinegar-and-herb gourmets. (Continued on Page 130)

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Little Joe vs. the Blackmailer

By R. ROSS ANNETT

Uncle Pete was shiftless, but he wasn't a thief. Now they needed the evidence to prove it.

When the policeman's car turned in the gate, Babe and Little Joe were out by the corral. They were, in fact, down on their hands and knees, busily searching in the long grass for Uncle Pete's rodeo-champion belt buckle. They had been at it all morning in the hot June sunshine, spurred on by the promise of a one-dollar reward if they found the buckle.

The buckle was a massive silver ornament with an engraving on it of a cowboy on a bucking horse. It was now old and battered, but you could still make out Uncle Pete's name on it and a brief statement to the effect that it had been awarded to him as the champion rider at the Willow Creek rodeo in 1935. The leather loops that held it to the belt had worn so thin that the buckle must have torn loose. And Uncle Pete was naturally upset about losing it.

Babe and Little Joe were doubly eager to find it because the reward would really amount to two dollars on account of their pop's standing offer to match, dollar for dollar, every amount that they earned and saved.

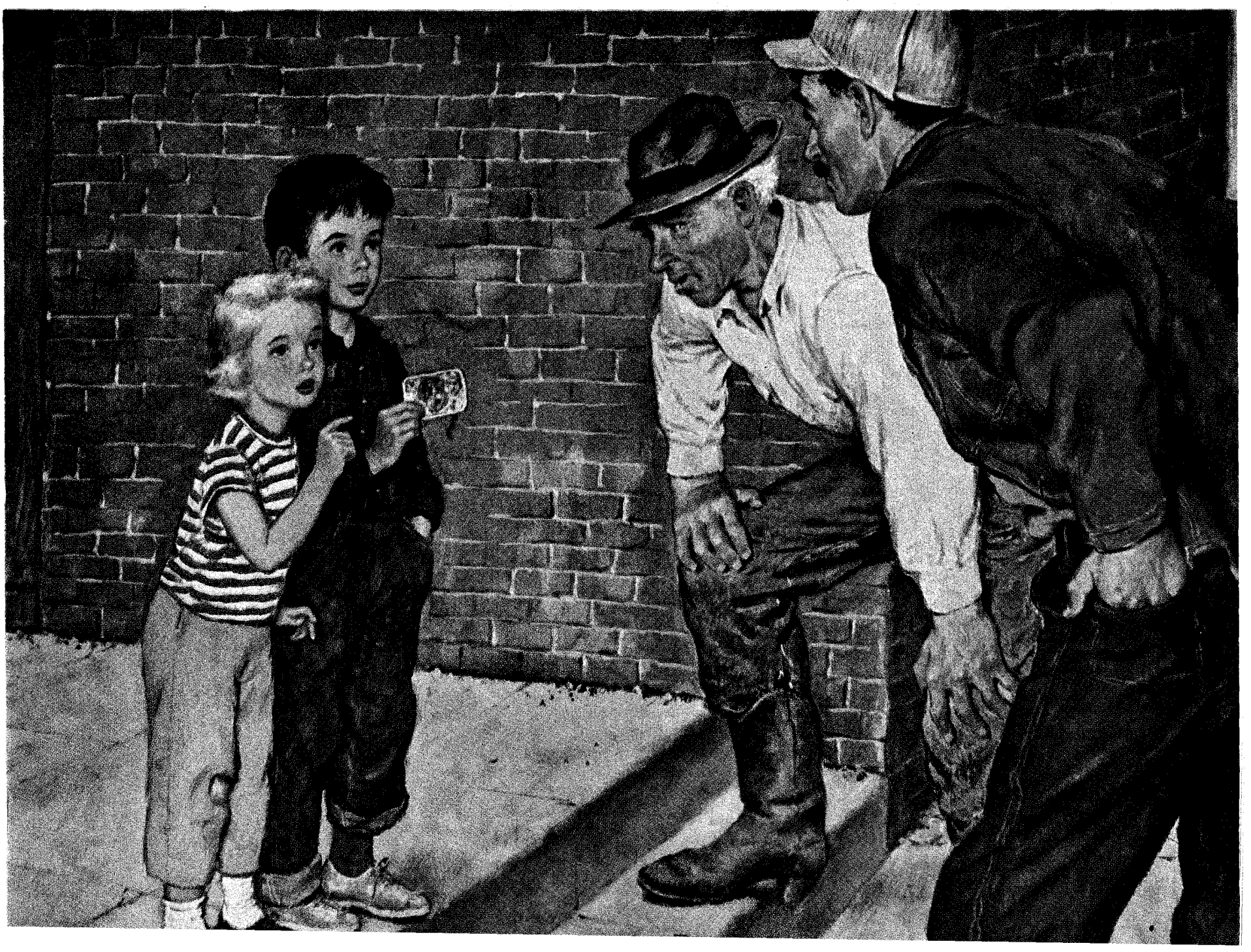
Big Joe's purpose in making the offer had been to encourage habits of thrift. "You kids gotta learn not to spend every cent you get hold of," he had told them. "Like the Scotchman says, 'Many a mickle makes a muckle.' A little here an' a little there soon amounts to a lot. So, every dime you save, I'll match it an' put it in the bank for you. Whenever it builds up to enough we'll buy you a gover'ment bond. Then, by the time you're growed up, you'll have a pretty good stake."

Joe had been pleased at the enthusiastic way the kids took to the scheme. At least, Little Joe took to it, and he dragooned his small sister into going along with it. Once Little Joe took hold of a thing he carried it through with a singleness of purpose which never wavered.

Babe was less serious-minded. She was just a little kid, of course; little and fair and blue-eyed, like the way her mom had been. And this, in itself, made her the apple of her father's eye.

(Continued on Page 60)

"We found Uncle Pete's buckle," Babe piped up shrilly.



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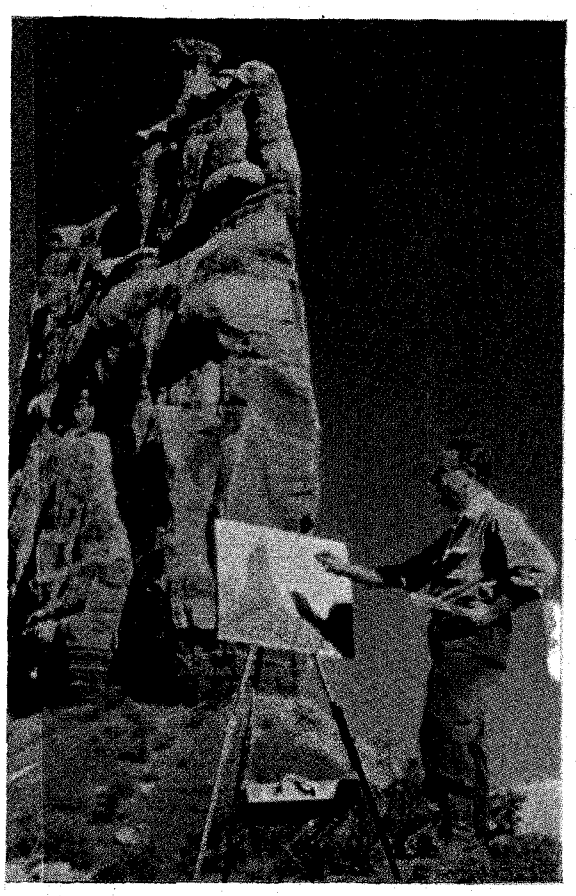
Above: The Piñon-Juniper forest diorama. Below: Artist Matthew Kalmenoff making field sketches in Colorado for the exhibit above.



BIG CITY'S PRIMITIVE FORESTS

By MILTON MACKAYE

Nature lovers are fascinated with this New York museum's exhibit of North American forests. It is so true to nature that one housewife asked, "How do you water your plants?"

The American Museum of Natural History in New York recently opened at its curious, turreted building at 79th Street and Central Park West, a new Hall of North American Forests. This magnificent exhibition, eight years in preparation, has been created at an approximate cost of $500,000. It brings the big woods to the biggest city. And, for those with travel even vaguely in mind, it provides a colorful, exciting preview of the glories to be encountered at highway's end.

The forest story, from East to West, from Northern Mexico to Central Canada, is told pictorially in twelve so-called "habitat groups." The scenes vary from bucolic sugar-mapling in the Catskills to the grandeur of the Olympic National Forest in the state of Washington. There, in our rainiest area, the Douglas fir, the Pacific silver fir, the Western hemlock grow densely and to great heights. In the Ozarks exhibit, the oak-hickory timber so familiar to Middle Westerners climbs steeply from a green ravine to the summit of a limestone slope; across the exhibition hall wind-blown piñon and juniper cling to Colorado rocks and ledges, and the spiky saguaros of Mexico and Arizona bake in an unrelenting desert sun.

Each exhibit re-creates artificially a real geographic location. The site of the Olympic group is Lake Quinault, and snowy Mount Olympus is visible (Continued on Page 66)

A black-tailed deer heightens the realism of the museum's majestic Olympic Rain Forest exhibit.

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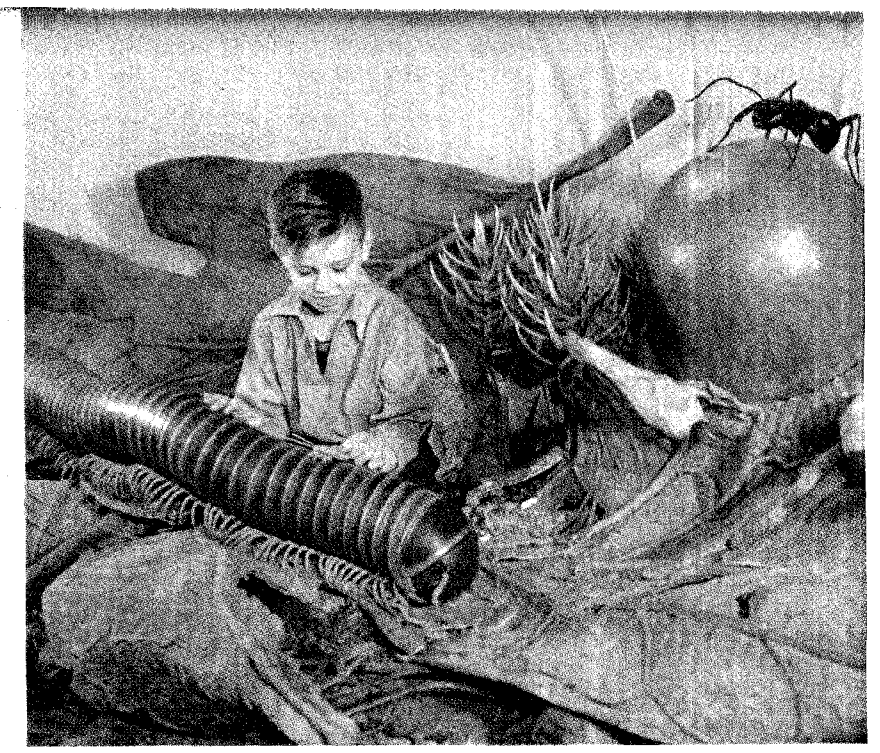

A young visitor makes friends with a six-foot, 164-legged millipede, built 24 times life-size to show how forest wastes are decomposed.

Ecologist Jack McCormick (right) gathered field data for the huge vegetation map in background designed by Luther Williams (left.)

This 9-ton section from the Mark Twain sequoia shows 1342 annual rings. Two lumberjacks chopped for 13 days in 1891 to fell the tree.

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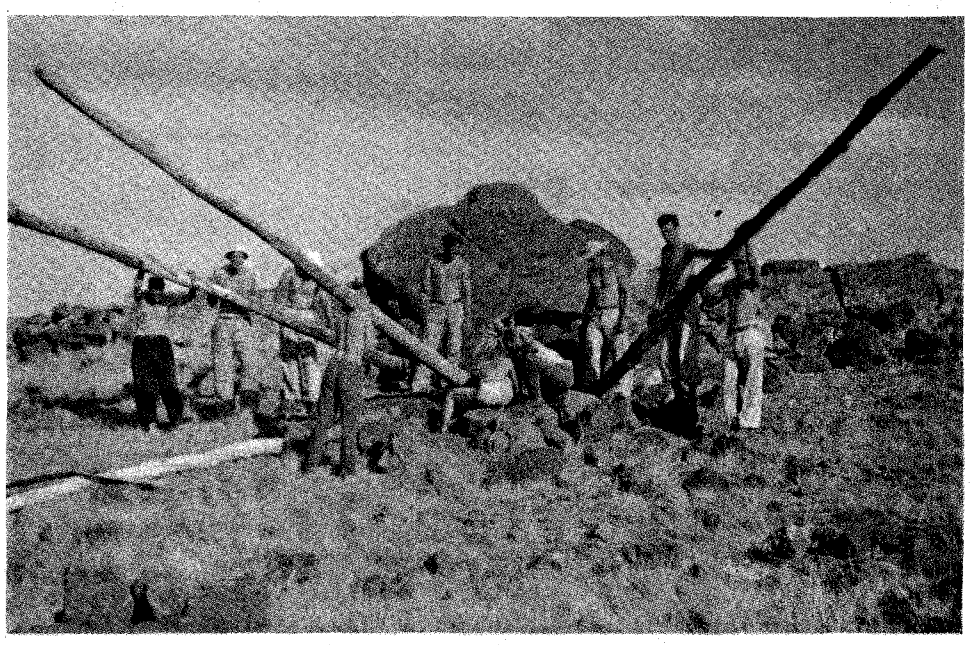
Aku-Aku: The Secret of Easter Island

By THOR HEYERDAHL

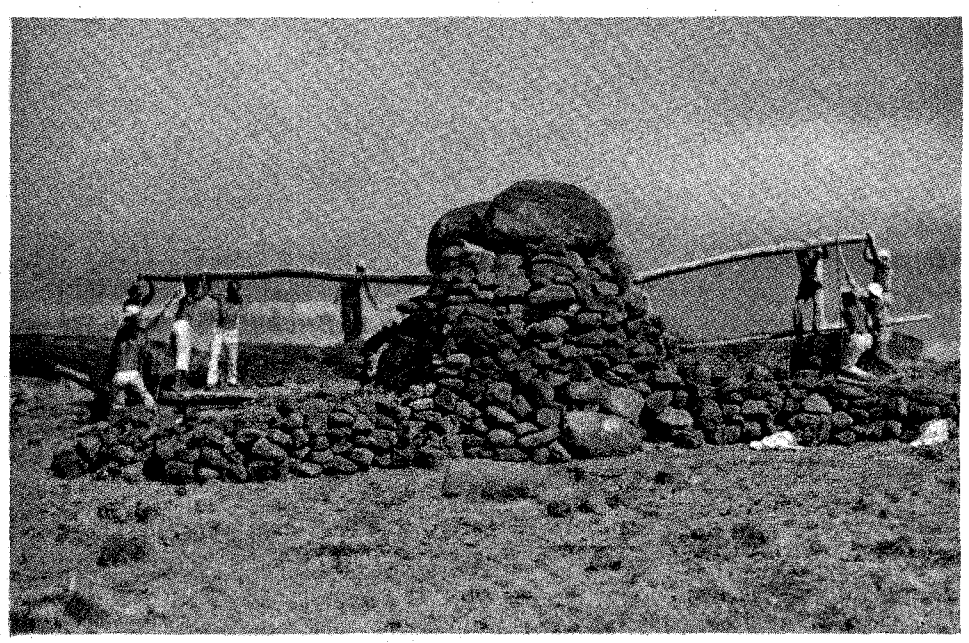
PART TWO

THE RIDDLE OF THE STONE GIANTS

How did the massive statues come to stand erect? How were they transported far from the quarries? "They went of themselves," the natives said. And then they demonstrated what they meant.



1 The 30-ton statue starts its rise: The natives, using wooden poles as levers, inch it up enough to slip a few small rocks under its stone face.



2 Pedro Atan, mayor of Easter Island (on wall in background), supervises the work. He revealed his ancestors' age-old secret so he could finance a trip to Chile.

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Climbing about on the dead volcanic cones of Easter Island, one sees a landscape suggesting the moon—a friendly little moon, where grass and ferns cover the treeless craters. The time of eruptions is so long past that blue lakes fill the bottoms of some of the largest craters.

One of these waterlogged cones is called Rano Raraku, and here the men in the moon seem to have been very busy. Hundreds of thousands of cubic feet of rock have been carved out of the volcano and carried away. And in the midst of the mountain's gaping wound lie more than 150 gigantic stone men, in all stages of carving, from the just-begun to the just-completed. At the foot of the mountain stand finished stone men, like a supernatural army. All have the same stoic expression and peculiar long ears.

We felt miserably small in approaching Rano Raraku, clambering over noses and chins and gigantic fists, while huge bodies lay leaning over us on the ledges higher up. Thirty feet was a common length for these figures. The largest, which lay unfinished, was sixty-nine feet long.

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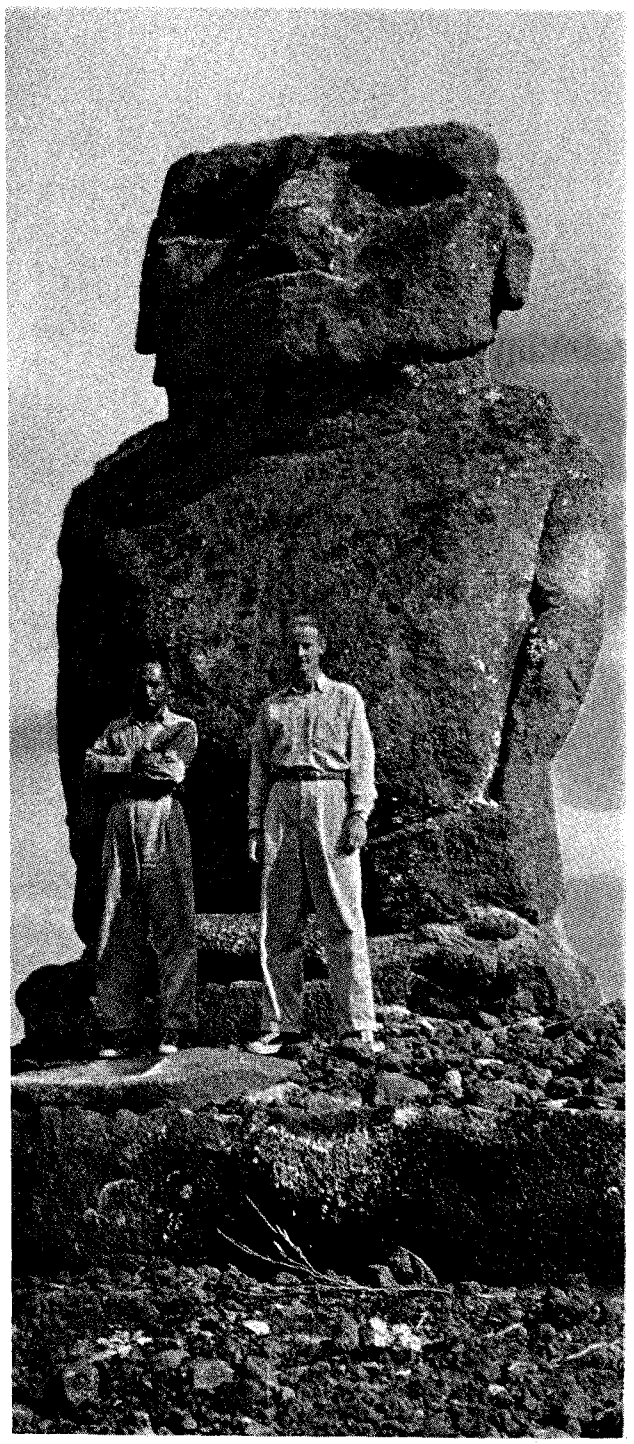

5 The author (right) stands before the erected statue, the only one which is standing today.

The whole mountain was a swarm of bodies and heads, from the foot to the uppermost edge of the volcano. And the swarm of stone phantoms went on in unbroken procession down the inside of the crater, right down to the margin of the lake, like a people of robots petrified by thirst.

Only my little daughter Anette took it calmly. When I lifted her down from my saddle at the foot of the volcano, she exclaimed, "Look at the dolls!" But when we went closer the dimensions became too great for her imagination. Helped up a ledge she could not climb, she did not realize that she was being lifted from the lip of a recumbent giant to the tip of his nose.

The Easter Island heads standing at the foot of the volcano were large enough, but when we dug our way down, the chest appeared, and under the chest the stomach and arms and a huge body right down to the hips, where long fingers met under a protruding belly. When these statues were completely excavated, some of them stood forty feet high.

We felt like schoolboys standing helpless before a practical conundrum. The vanished artisans seemed to be triumphing over us, asking, "Guess how this engineering work was done! Guess how we moved these gigantic figures down the steep walls of the volcano and carried them over the hills to every part of the island!"

Father Sebastian acted as an outdoor museum director in the quarry. During his twenty years on Easter Island he had painted numbers on all the statues he could find, and there were more than 600 all together. It was clear that all the work had been broken off suddenly. Thousands of stone picks lay in the open-air workshop, and all stages of carving were represented.

The ancient stonecutters had first carved from the bare rock the face and front part of the statue. Then they had cut alleyways along the sides and made arms and giant ears. Next they had cut around the whole figure, so that the back took the shape of a boat with a narrow keel attached to the rock. The façade of the figure was thoroughly polished, but for the present the eyes were left blank. Then the keel was hacked away under the back, while the colossus was wedged up with stones to prevent it from sliding into the abyss.

When it had been cut loose, the breakneck transportation down the cliff to the foot of the volcano had begun. In some cases colossi weighing many tons had been swung down a perpendicular wall and maneuvered over statues below on which work was still proceeding. At the foot of the cliff the giant men had been temporarily raised into standing position in holes dug in a thick layer of rubble. Now the sculptors finished the back, while the waist was decorated with a belt surrounded by rings and symbols.

But the mysterious progress of the stone colossi did not end here. Comparatively few were still waiting at the foot of the volcano. Most of the completed giants had moved on, mile by mile over the whole island; some had finished their journey ten miles from the quarry.

At their destination the blind stone men were lifted to the top of an *ahu*, or temple platform, standing six feet or so above the ground. Now at last holes were chiseled for the eyes; now they had stone "hats" put on their heads—"hats" which weighed from two to ten tons. Actually, it is incorrect to talk about "hats," though everyone does so nowadays. The old native name for this gigantic head decoration is *pukao*, which means "topknot." Male natives on Easter Island wore topknots when the island was discovered by Europeans in 1722.

Why did the old masters lift this *pukao* up on top of the giant as a separate block? Because the important detail was the color of the topknot. At the opposite end of the island, seven miles from the quarry in Rano Raraku, they had hewed into a little crater of red rock. They had dragged yellowish-gray statues from one side of the island and red topknots from the other, and had placed one upon the other on more than fifty temple platforms all around the coast. Most of these platforms had a couple of statues side by side, a great many had four, five or six, and one had no fewer than fifteen red-haired giants, standing with their base twelve feet above the ground.

Not one of these giants stands in his old place today, although many were still standing when the first explorers arrived. Today only the blind, hatless statues in the rubble-filled hole at the foot of the volcano are still erect. They stand so deep in the earth that no native enemy succeeded in pulling them down.

The last statue to fall was dragged down about 1840 by cannibals; they celebrated their deed by eating thirty of their neighbors. This statue weighed fifty tons. It had a topknot 200 cubic feet in size balanced on its thirty-two-foot-tall body. One thing is certain—this was not the work of a canoeload of Polynesian wood carvers. The red-haired giants were made by seafarers who came from a land with generations of experience in handling monoliths.

From the top of the crater of Rano Raraku I could see the course the transport had taken. Two figures which were completed inside the crater had been on their way out when all work suddenly ceased. One had been brought up to the edge of the crater, and the other was already on its way down on the outside when the transportation stopped. Along the old grass tracks over the plain lay other statues, abandoned on the way to waiting platforms.

Far away to the west lay the little volcano Puna Pau with the topknot quarry. I had been down into its blood-red interior and seen half a dozen topknots—giant stone cylinders—lying in the crater. The old master hairdressers had conveyed a number of them to a dump outside. Others had been abandoned on the plain. I measured the largest topknot. It was 650 cubic feet in size and weighed about thirty tons. Unable to grasp this Easter Island engineering scheme, I questioned a native shepherd.

"Leonardo," I said, "can you tell me how these stone giants could have been carried about?"

"They went of themselves," Leonardo replied.

"But they had no legs!"

"They wriggled along like this," said Leonardo, giving a demonstration by shuffling along with stiff knees.

When I got home to the camp on Anakena Bay, I looked up old Mariana, who was peeling potatoes. (Continued on Page 122)

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"Just let me get clear of this lot," he said, "and I'll drive you back to London."

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SUDDEN AFFAIR

Life was too short for him to play the game of love strictly according to the rules.

By MARGARET BONHAM

They met at a sherry party in someone's house off Knightsbridge. William, the young man who took Harriet along, told her whose party it was, but Harriet was very bad at names and she instantly forgot.

She was not much interested in parties; she was there because William was interested in her, and he had talked her into it with great eloquence. Ten minutes after they arrived, pinned in a corner by a man with enormous eyebrows who talked about satellites, she stood bemusedly holding a glass and saying, "Yes. . . . No. . . . I suppose it might. . . . How fascinating," while her mind wandered irrepressibly back to her flat and the book she was halfway through.

The man with the eyebrows, loudly but almost inaudibly said, "Question of whether gravitational compensation . . . fuel injection . . . stratospheric pressure, you see." Or something of the kind.

"Oh, yes," said Harriet. "Of course. Are you a scientist?"

"Lord, no. I'm a stockbroker."

"Excuse me," said Harriet, feeling a pressure applied to her elbow.

It proved to be William. "Sorry," he said, removing her. "Was he a bore?"

"Yes."

"I am sorry; I got caught up. Let's find someone amusing. You must —— Good Lord!"

"What?"

"There's Dion Davis."

"Who's he?"

William paused and looked at her closely. He said, "Harriet, I know you have brains, you must surely read the newspapers."

"Not those newspapers. Football?"

"Or are you being an intellectual snob?"

"No, wait a minute. I do seem to —— Is it motor racing?"

"It is indeed motor racing, and not only that, he's simply the greatest."

"Oh," said Harriet. She followed William's gaze and saw a man of about twenty-eight, two or three years older than herself, talking emphatically to a middle-aged couple. He had a round brown face, a long and clearly modeled mouth and dark hair. Though his features were compelling rather than attractive, he was at least an improvement on the scientific stockbroker.

"Do you know him?" she said.

"Well, sort of. I met him once, but I shouldn't think he'd know me. Shall we have a go?"

"Why not?"

William, who was not lacking in self-confidence, did an expert shuffle that brought them face to face with Davis at a moment when conversation with the middle-aged couple died. The couple, defeated, faded away.

Davis, meeting William's ardent stare, returned it seriously, and after an agonizing moment he said, surprisingly, "A small world."

"You wouldn't remember me," said William, for once flustered.

"Oh, yes, I would. You were in the pits at Silverstone with Andrew Black."

"Yes, I was, but I didn't think ——"

"The time he ran off at Stowe. I'm afraid I never heard your name."

"Knight. William Knight."

"And this is Mrs. Knight?"

"No, no, I'm sorry. I should have —— Mr. Davis, Miss Denzil."

"How do you do?" said Harriet sedately.

"The prospective Mrs. Knight, perhaps?"

"No," said Harriet.

"Then if you'll forgive us, Knight, Miss Denzil and I will go and find (Continued on Page 116)

Illustrated by Peter Stevens

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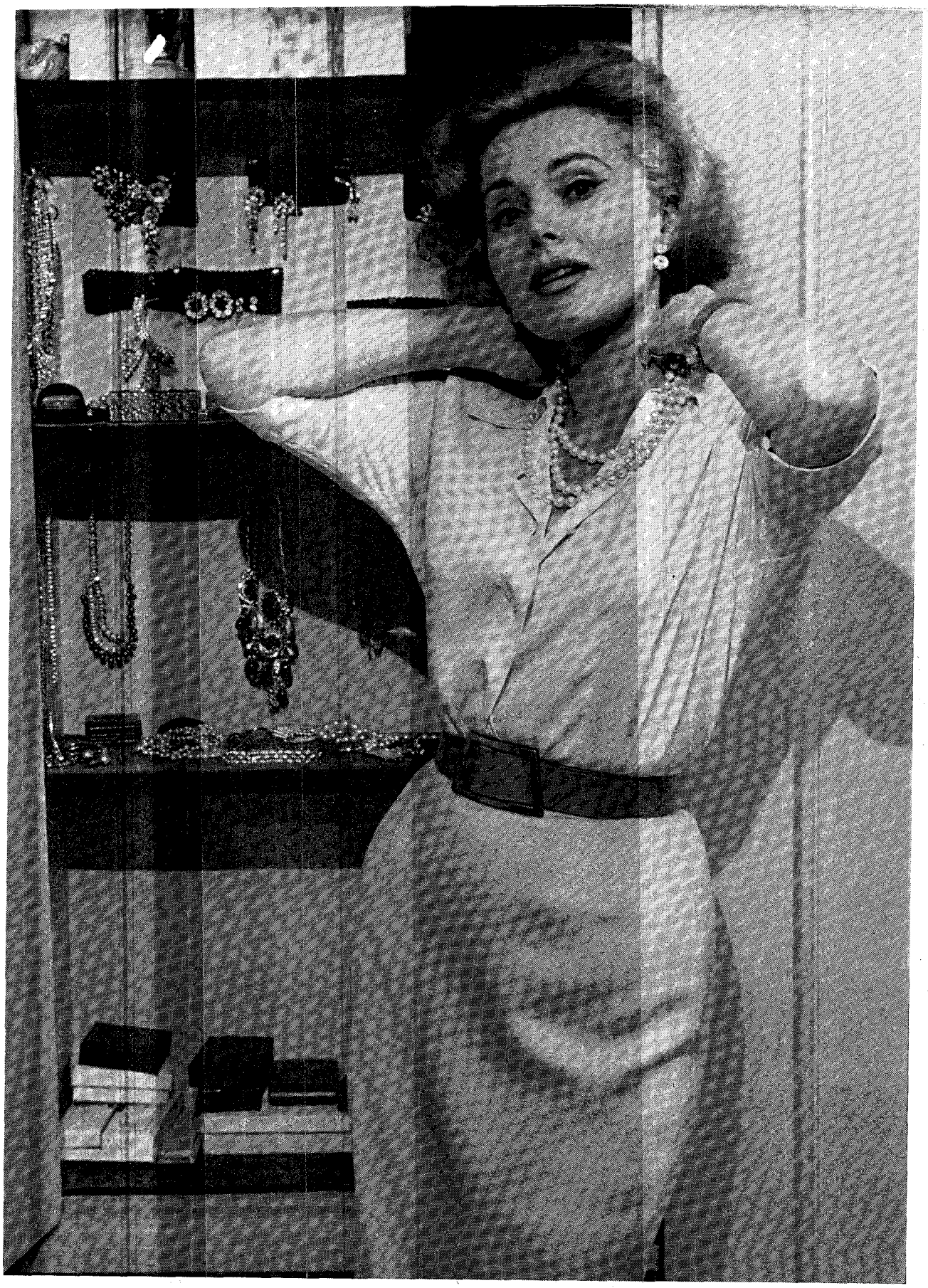


"My empire is my face and my body," says Zsa Zsa. To this, she has added the valuable jewel collection above.

I CALL ON ZSA ZSA GABOR

BY PETE MARTIN

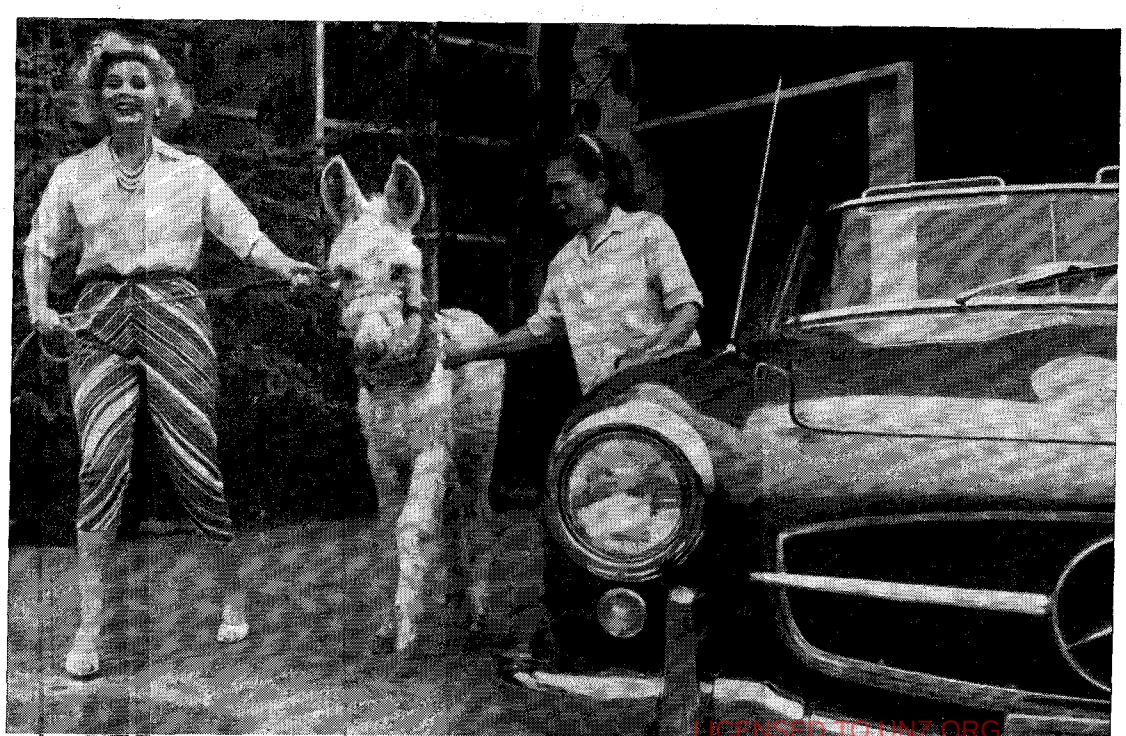
A beautiful–and controversial–expert on men has an answer for those undiscriminating persons who call her a gold digger. Here she tells "the real story" behind her chinchilla-clad friendship with General Trujillo, Jr.

My conversation with Zsa Zsa Gabor hadn't had a chance to get under way when the buzzer in the door at her New York hotel made a sound like a swarm of hornets. She opened it, a bellboy handed her a package, she walked back to the divan where we had been sitting and tore open the wrappings. Inside were three boxes of nylon hose. "How many pairs?" I asked.

"A dozen and a half. And I bought them for myself," she told me proudly. "When I see my last two ex-husbands, George Sanders and Connie Hilton, I tell them, 'I support myself better than you supported me. You couldn't afford me, but I can afford myself.'"

"I should think Hilton could have afforded dozens like you," I said. "After all, he owns a string of successful hotels."

She said, "He is much too careful with his money to afford me the way I afford myself.



Lavish Zsa Zsa (left, with her daughter Francesca Hilton, 11) paid $2000 for the donkey at a charity bazaar. Lavish "Ramfis" (Trujillo, Jr.) gave her the sports car at right.

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SOME OF THE MEN IN HER LIFE . . .

She was a runner-up in the 1933 "Miss Hungary" contest before she married Turkish statesman Burhan Belge. She says she "wasn't intelligent enough for him."

Zsa Zsa's marriage to husband No. 2, millionaire hotelman Conrad Hilton (above), ended in 1947. In background are Shelley Winters (back to camera), Magda and Eva Gabor.

She claims George Sanders, her third spouse, took 3 years to buy her a ring.

She forgave close friend Porfirio Rubirosa when he blacked her eye. "It must take love to bring out such a tremendous burst of passion," she says.

"A nice boy," says Zsa Zsa of Trujillo, Jr. The father of six, his lavish gifts to her caused a national scandal.

I've been in show business only six and a half years, but already I'm doing better than I did as Mrs. Hilton. When I was married to him," she went on, "he gave me all of three hundred fifty dollars a month for my personal needs. Today, when I work a night club, I earn a thousand to two thousand dollars a night. In Las Vegas I was paid twenty thousand a week."

She shook a sheaf of papers under my nose. She told me, "These are my bills. I pay them myself. If I had wanted money I could have married any one of five of the richest men in this country, but while I want money—and who doesn't—what I want most is the money I earn myself."

"If I quote what you've just said, it's going to be hard for a lot of people to believe it," I told her. "The newspaper stories about you have given the public a picture of you as a calculating, grasping gold digger."

"I don't see how they can feel that way about it if they give it any serious thought," she said.

I looked at her to see if she was serious. She was.

"They must have read that when I walked out on my marriage with Connie Hilton because it gave me a nervous breakdown. I was given an alimony settlement of $40,000 a year, tax free, to use if I didn't remarry, but I did remarry very quickly and I gave up all that money; and I did it for only one reason: to marry George Sanders, a man I loved; although George is not what I would call generous either. It took him three years to get around to buying me a plain gold wedding band."

"He must have had the money," I said.

"He did," she said, "but not the wish. George is careful with his money too.

"Now that I look back at it," she said reflectively, "the main reason why I married Connie Hilton was he looks exactly like my father. When you compare my father's picture with Hilton's, it is hard to tell them apart. But while Connie (Continued on Page 105)

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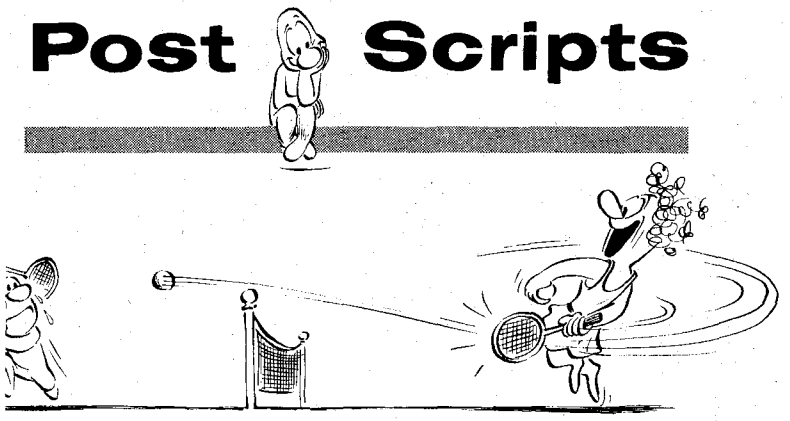
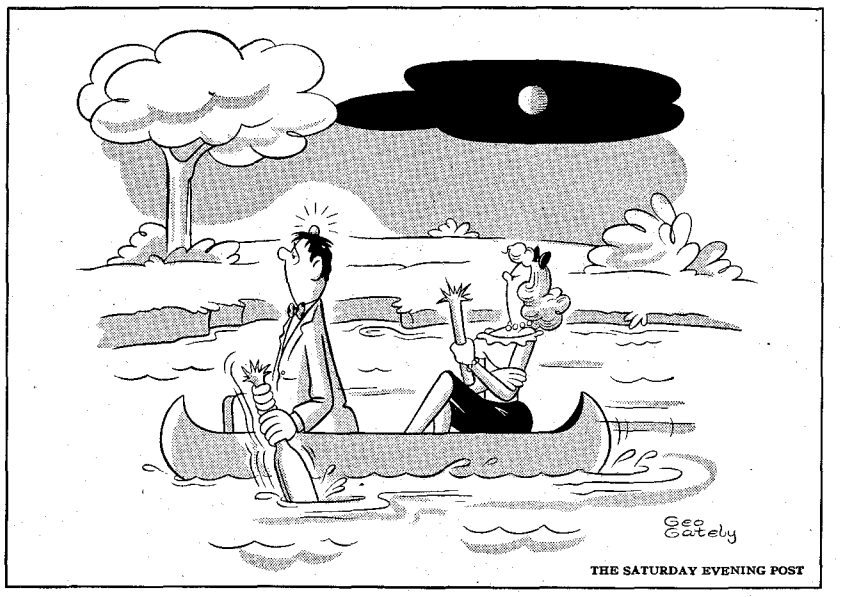
Post Scripts





Twisties

Magna C. Laude, chairman of the committee which is arranging the testimonial dinner for Mayor Wiley Fox, reports today that 600 tickets have already been sold—none to city employees or persons doing business with the city.

Mr. Laude said, "We don't want their money."

When a man from Blankerville stopped for gas at Tex's Service Center today, his wife got out of the car to use the station's telephone.

Some sixty minutes and many miles later, a smiling state trooper waved the driver to the side of the road on Route 80. The man asked, "What's wrong, officer?"

The trooper said, "Did you know you left your wife back there at a gas station?"

The man said, "Yes."

Any question about the honesty of our local citizenry was answered today when a vagrant breeze swept $1000 in tens off a desk and out a window of the High Finance Company.

Miss Carrie Cash, an assistant teller, ran out into crowded Elm Street and found eager volunteers already recovering the money.

Back at her desk, Miss Cash counted the money and found it was all there except $800.

Mrs. Nora Chickchild was sure that the baby they gave her at the hospital wasn't hers. So was her husband. Even though attendants assured him that all babies are fingerprinted and tagged, he insisted the baby was not theirs. And his wife agreed.

She went in to have her tonsils out.

They're telling this one around the Hillenbog Country Club:

George Hammer, the hardware man, and Lebb Bell, of the phone company, were on the 17th tee yesterday and Hammer was four strokes down. Lebb said, "A hole in one will do it, George."

Hammer hit a long drive, but the wind took it and his ball hit a tree, bounced off, struck a greenskeeper's mower, bounced again and kept on rolling.

It hasn't been found

George Brainsell, known professionally as "Mindo the Mind Reader," was in Traffic Court today, charged with speeding.

Judge Cushion said, "If you can read minds, perhaps you can tell me what I'm going to fine you."

Brainsell said, "$52.85."

The court said, "That's exactly right."

WALTER KIERNAN

Talk Balk

I'm left with a dubious feeling,
Which I'm somehow unable to shed,
When they say they've been talking about me,
But say nothing of what they have said.

LEONARD K. SCHIFF

The Lady Tackles the Sports Shoppe

"May I help you, madam?"

"Why, my husband and I are driving out West for our vacation, and I thought I'd get some ——"

" Certainly, madam! Some livable lovable togs with the real feel of the free-'n'-easy West! And here you are—Mule-skinner Britches, Cowpoke Pants, Grubhouse Grubbies, or Trough-cleaners! Just feel that triple-duty tent canvas! Rugged? Madam,if you can sit down in these, you're ——"

"Gracious, I don't think ——"

"In your choice of real Western colors—Rump Steak, Gun Smoke, Prairie-mud Brown!"

"Well, I'm not sure I ——"

"Of course! Toppers! You're wondering about toppers! And here's the answer—our exclusive new Tarp Top. Bulk? Madam, if you can get through the barn door in this one ——"

"No, I don't think my ——"

"Or here! The Old Cow Country Shirt in Shootin'-iron Gray, Whistle-punk Pink, or Black Strap. Feel that material. It's woven of unbleached corn husks."

"Feels like a hair shirt all right, but ——"

"And your shoes, madam? This season it's Pigskin Clodhoppers for the casual look, handcrafted by nearsighted Indians. See that instep? They didn't even pull out all the hog bristles!"

"Well, really, I just don't ——"

"But surely, madam, you don't want to look like a tenderfoot!"

"Well, you see, I'm not—we won't be broncbusting or anything, and anyway people seem to dress pretty much the same all over the country, when you come right down to it, and ——"

"But, madam, when you ——"

"And the thing is, my husband always says he likes girls to look like girls. So I ——"

"But, madam, you —— Girls? Likes girls to look like girls? Say, that's funny! My husband says exactly the same thing! Now, I'll tell you what I took when *we* went West last summer. A couple of bare-top cocktail dresses for evenings because, believe me, when they dress out there, they really dress, and then the usual daytime stuff, and I was in! Listen, honey, you just go down the street to Madame Fifi's. She's got an off-the-shoulder chemise just in from Paris—and tell her Enid sent you, and ——"

PEG BRACKEN

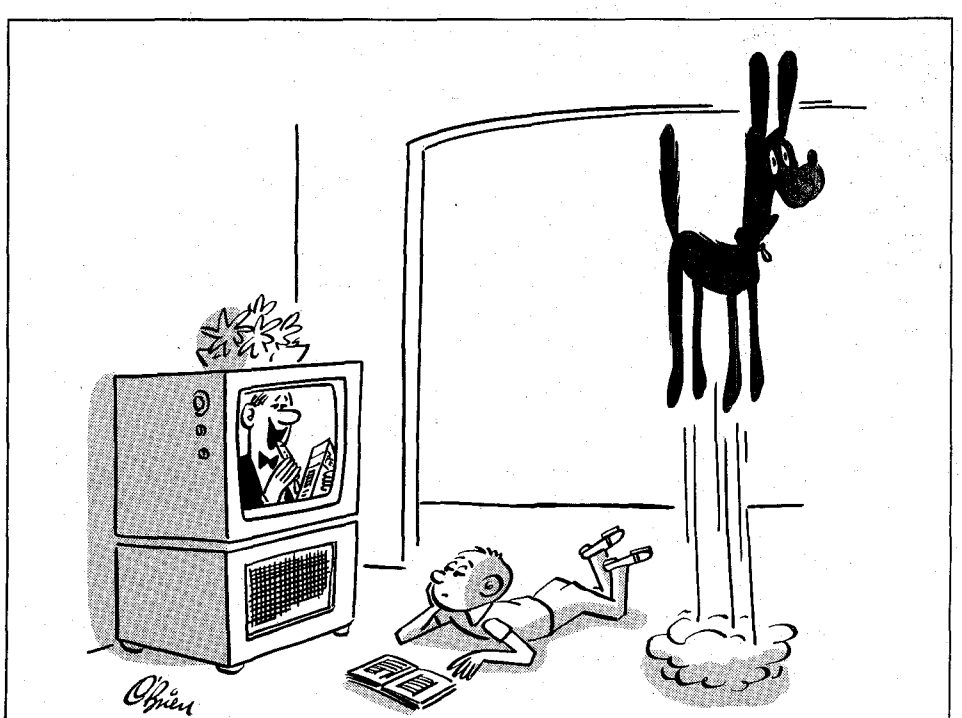
Note to Manufacturer:

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
How to fabricate a "kit"!
If I *buy* your supergadget,
Must I yet *assemble* it?

Here, inside this bulky package,
Lurk directions "that a tot
Ten years old could put together"!
Tots of ten can. I can not.
Where's the piece marked "27"?
What's this dingus with the screw?
Why won't "LT 39" fit
Into "RT 32"?

Send me something from your factory
All completed, to the paint!
Save your "kits" to sell the kiddies.
They're the scientists. I ain't!

MARY ELIZABETH COUNSELMAN



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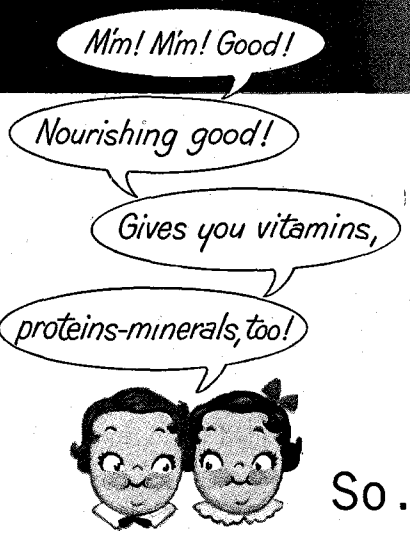
Have you had your soup today?

IDEA: SOUP 'N BURGERS!



Good idea . . . for a take-it-easy meal. Two favorite foods, teamed up on a tray. Hamburgers—and that all-time American favorite, Tomato Soup. (Campbell's of course!) Every sip has the fresh-from-the-vine flavor of the Campbell Tomato, specially grown, and ripened in the sun. Bright and tangy flavor, that makes every bite of your burger taste better. Have a soup-tray meal often.

So . . . once a day . . . every day . . . SOUP— *Campbell's*, of course!

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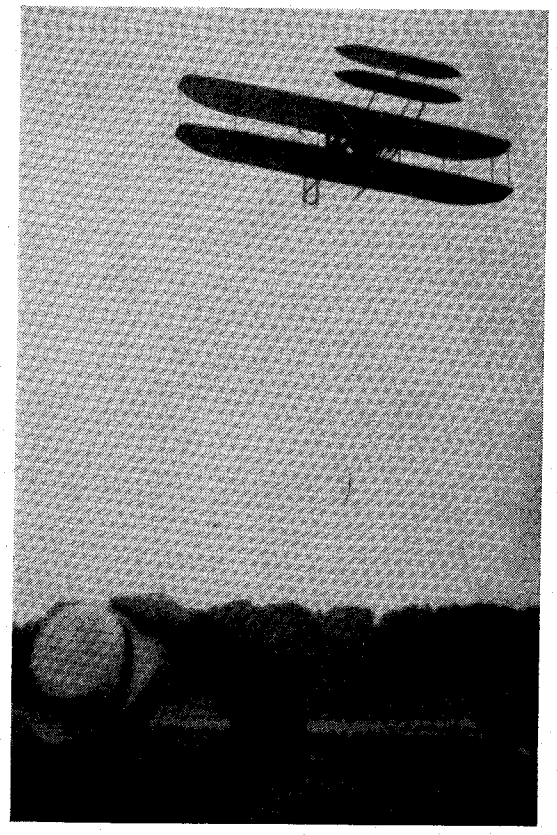
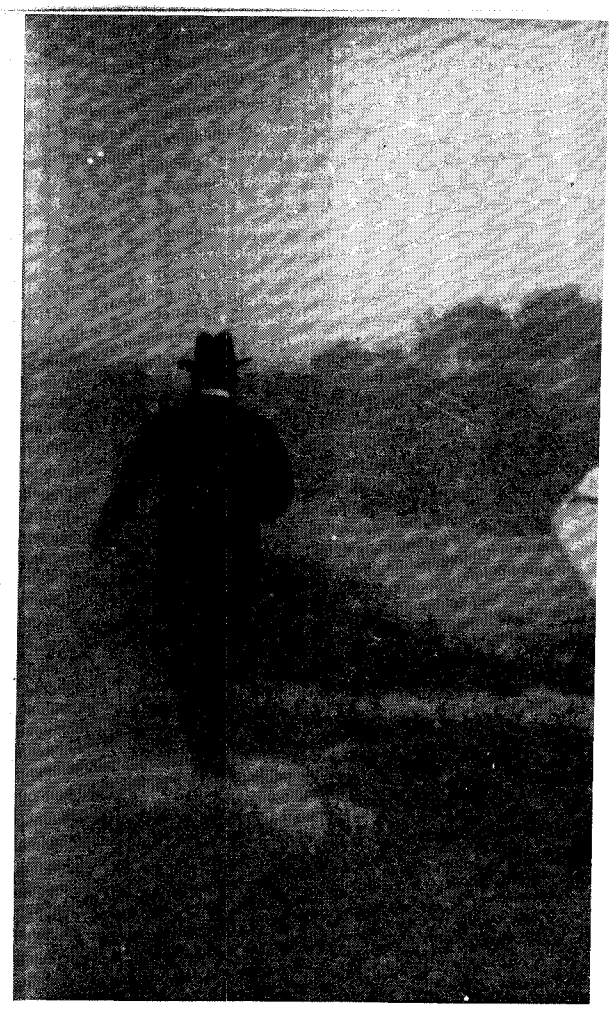
Lt. Thomas E. Selfridge and Orville Wright in the plane before take-off. A catapult got the craft airborne.



Moments before the crash. After the plane circled three times a cracked propeller threw it out of control.

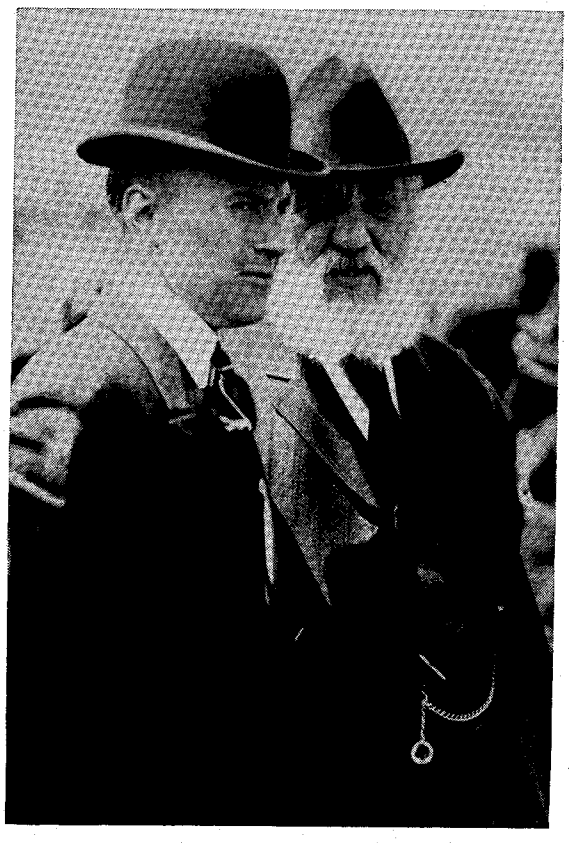


Fifty years ago, Orville Wright made a disastrous flight that haunted him through all the years of glory that were to come. Here is the story of that fateful, forgotten day of

The Fort Myer Incident

By Douglas J. Ingells

Orville Wright. Although badly injured in the crash he finished the Fort Myer tests a year later.



Selfridge at Fort Myer with Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone, at the time of the tests.

At 5:14 P.M. on September 17, 1908, with civilian Orville Wright at the controls and Army Lt. Thomas E. Selfridge as passenger, a Wright brothers biplane took off from the parade ground at Fort Myer, Virginia. Less than an hour later Wright was lying in the post hospital with an impressive collection of fractures and Lieutenant Selfridge, his skull split, was dying. The plane was a mass of muslin, wood and iron wreckage.

Yet, oddly, in that flight there was a success of a kind. Together with other flights which Wright had been making over a two-week test period at Fort Myer, it convinced United States Army observers that the aeroplane showed military promise. There were some farsighted officers who predicted that it would ultimately change the course of the world. The earlier flights already had changed people's minds about the aeroplane, from disbelief to acceptance. The crash shocked the public into realistic thinking about flying machines.

It was true that the Wright brothers at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, on December 17, 1903—five years before—had successfully flown in a heavier-than-air, power-driven, man-carrying, controlled flying machine. But

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Onlookers extracted the fliers from the wreckage. Wright shut off the engine before the crash but was unable to pull the plane out of a dive before it hit the ground.

few people believed it. Ironically, the Wrights had been flying right out in the open at Dayton, Ohio, and Kitty Hawk all along. And when, in 1905, they had patriotically offered their invention to the United States Government, not only was their offer rejected but the correspondence finally wound up in the War Department's crank file.

Sensitive, and feeling their integrity questioned, the Wrights went to Europe to interest foreign countries in their invention. There, in the summer of 1907, they met a young United States Cavalry officer, Lt. Frank P. Lahm, himself a distinguished balloon pilot. Soon afterward, Lahm was transferred back to the States and assigned to the newly organized (August 1, 1907) Aeronautical Division of the Army Signal Corps. Convinced the Wrights had a machine that would have far-reaching impact on military tactics and strategy, Lahm was instrumental in pushing the matter with his immediate superiors, Capt. Charles De F. Chandler, head of the Aeronautical Division, and Brig. Gen. James Allen, Chief Signal Officer. Meanwhile, "Teddy" Roosevelt in the White House had ordered Secretary of War William Howard Taft to "look into" the whole aeroplane picture.

The result was that on December 23, 1907, the Government published official bid invitations—Signal Corps Specification No. 486—advertising for a heavier-than-air flying machine.

What the Army wanted was a machine capable of carrying two persons and enough fuel for a flight of 125 miles, attaining a speed of at least forty miles per hour, and capable of remaining aloft for at least one hour with the two occupants aboard. It also had to be designed so that it could be quickly and easily assembled and taken apart, and packed for transportation in (Continued on Page 82)

Below: Selfridge died three hours after the crash. Despite the tragedy, Wright had convinced the Army that mechanical flight was practicable.

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Happiest Housewife in Cochise County

A former 176-pound heavyweight is having the time of her life in a size nine figure

OUT Arizona way, Marge Reyes has something in common with the Apache leader her county was named for. Like great Chief Cochise, Marge one day went on the warpath!

In Marge's case the issue was overweight. "Take it off," she told herself after 30 years of battling the problem...and with Stauffer Home Reducing Plan, she did!

As a child, Marge began over-eating from envy of a beautiful sister. Married at 18, she piled on 58 new pounds with her first pregnancy, kept most of them after the baby was born. Then she went to work as a switchboard operator and for nearly 10 years she sat!

"A perfect blueprint for misery," says Marge "—eating, sitting and no exercise!" At one point she weighed 176.

Finally Marge tried the Stauffer Home Reducing Plan and soon slimmed to a shapely 109 pounds.

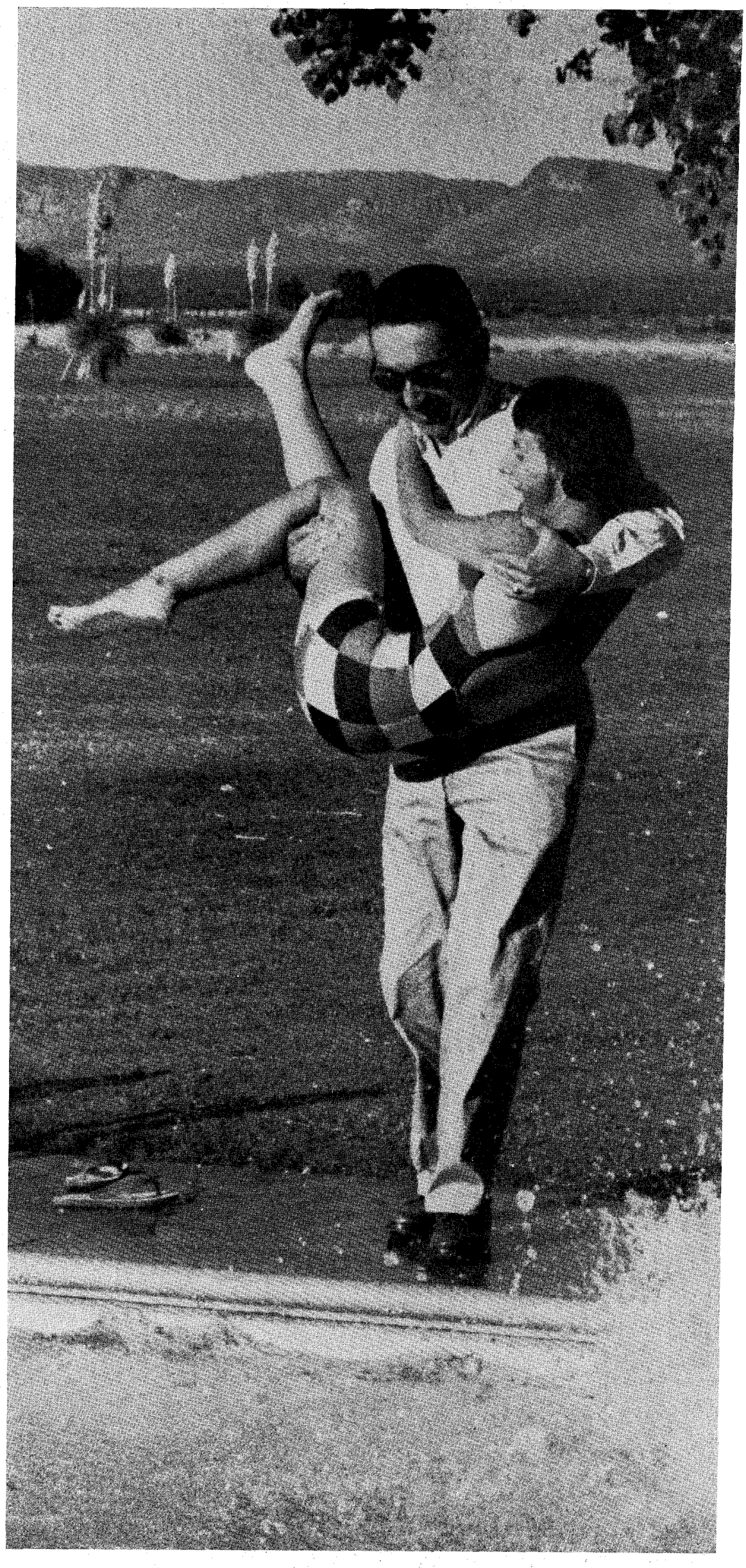
Her life changed dramatically...she became an outgoing, happy person! And then, like many women who have made their figures beautiful with Stauffer, Marge wanted to help others.

Her eye fell first on Hector, her affable (but 200-pound) husband. With little fanfare, Marge started Hector on the Stauffer Home Plan, and rejoiced as his weight dropped to 167. Her next target was the fat around teen-age daughter Marilyn's midriff. Marge and Stauffer removed it. 14-year old Danny didn't need to lose weight, but Mr. Stauffer's "Magic Couch" helped his posture.

Having reshaped her household, Marge stepped outside the cottage door and went to work on the neighbors! Today she has ten families on 9th Street slimming down with Stauffer—and many others all over Cochise County.

"It's been the most wonderful year of my life," says Marge, "living in a 'teen-age' body and helping my family and friends get slim!"

To learn how Stauffer can help you get—and keep—a lovelier figure, write Stauffer Home Reducing Plan, Dept. S-98, 1919 Vineburn, Los Angeles 32, California.



In a playful moment, Hector Reyes tosses his 109-pound wife into the Douglas Country Club swimming pool. "She has more pep than a band of wildcats," he says. Hector is proud of Marge for slimming herself and the entire family.

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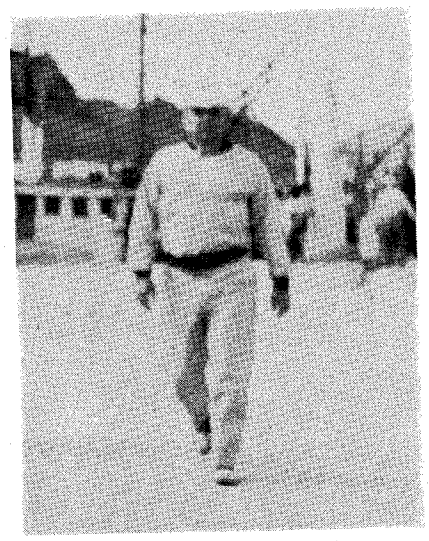
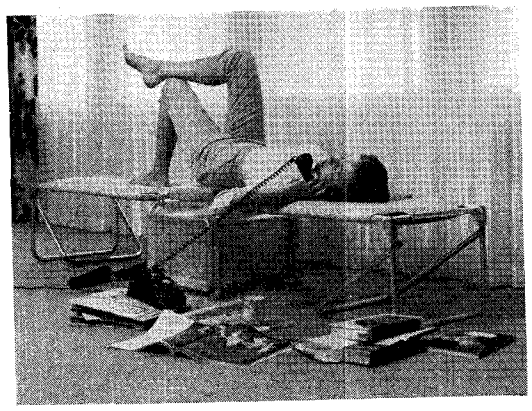
Before—Marge Reyes began eating herself out of shape in childhood. After two babies, 10 years sitting at a switchboard, she weighed 176.

After—Marge weighs a trim 109 today, radiates happiness. The credit goes to Stauffer Home Reducing Plan, which combines effortless exercise with the type of calorie reduction doctors advise.



Husband Hector, shown here when he weighed 200 pounds, was the next to slim down. Stauffer trimmed his waistline 9 inches, cut his weight to 167.

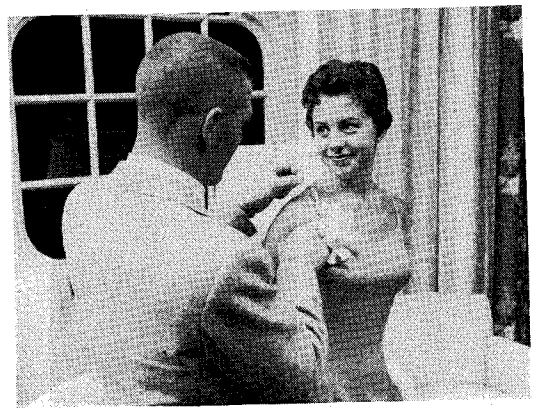


"Thanks to Stauffer we were able to stop Marilyn's weight gaining," says Marge of her 16-year old daughter who lost 15 pounds, now uses the "Magic Couch" (Posture-Rest®) to keep her figure trim.

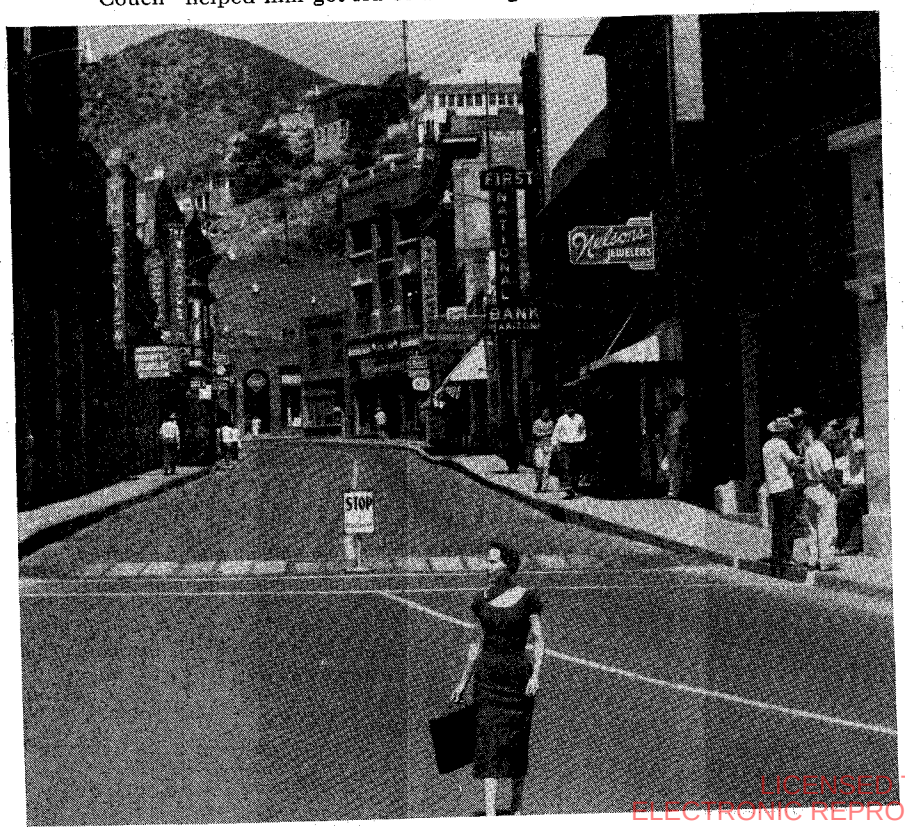
"It's fun living in a 'teen-age' body," says Marge Reyes, who often joins her own teen-ager for a swim. Marge remade her figure without starvation diet or strenuous exercise. Her skin is firm and smooth.

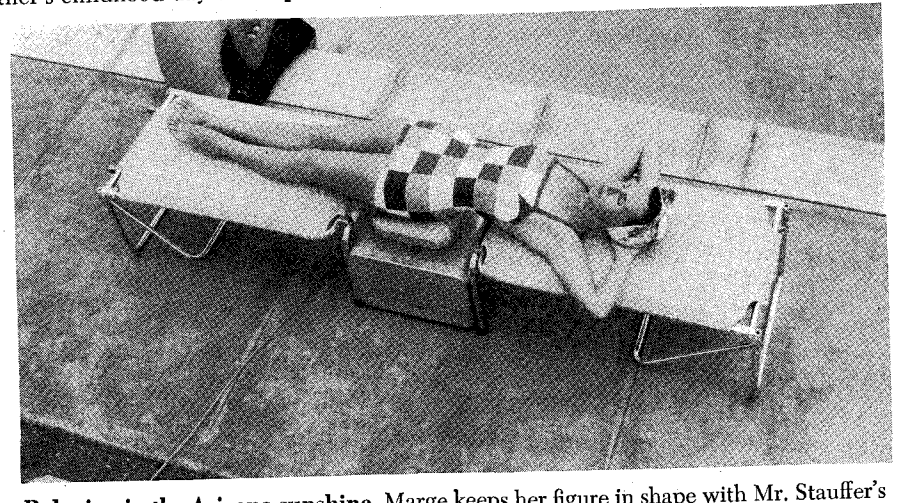
Which shopper is the mother? It's hard to tell, for both wear size nine! For Marge, Stauffer Home Plan meant losing a lifetime collection of weight. For Marilyn—defeating one problem area. (Mother is the "twin" on the left.)

Celebrating their trim new figures, the Reyes family enjoys a barbecue at Silver Spur Ranch. Son Danny didn't need to lose weight, but the "Magic Couch" helped him get rid of a teen-age slouch.



Football star Charles Jordan pins flowers on Marilyn before a dinner date. Marilyn is a cheer leader at Douglas High and leads a happy, active life—quite different from her mother's childhood days.





Relaxing in the Arizona sunshine, Marge keeps her figure in shape with Mr. Stauffer's "Magic Couch," heart of the Stauffer Home Reducing Plan, which removes excess inches from hips, tummy, thighs, calves, ankles. The "Magic Couch" is available in the Princess model and deluxe family model. Rent it by the month or buy it for pennies a day.

Thrilled with her new figure, Marge Reyes is dedicated to helping others find happiness the same way. Brief case in hand she calls on friends in Bisbee to tell them about Stauffer. For more information about this proved way to reduce, write:

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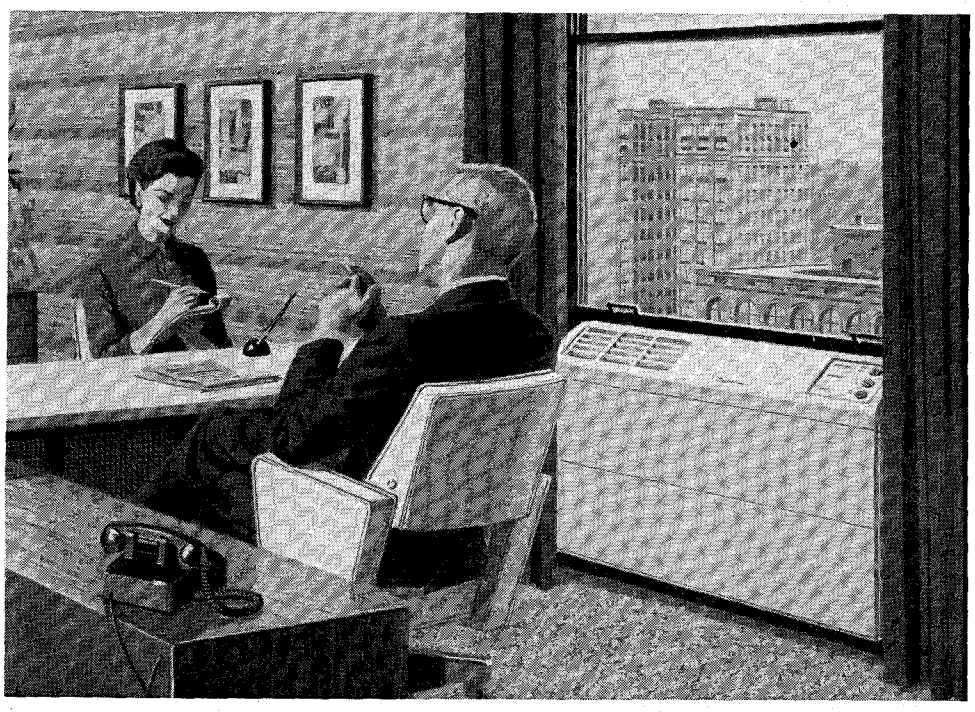
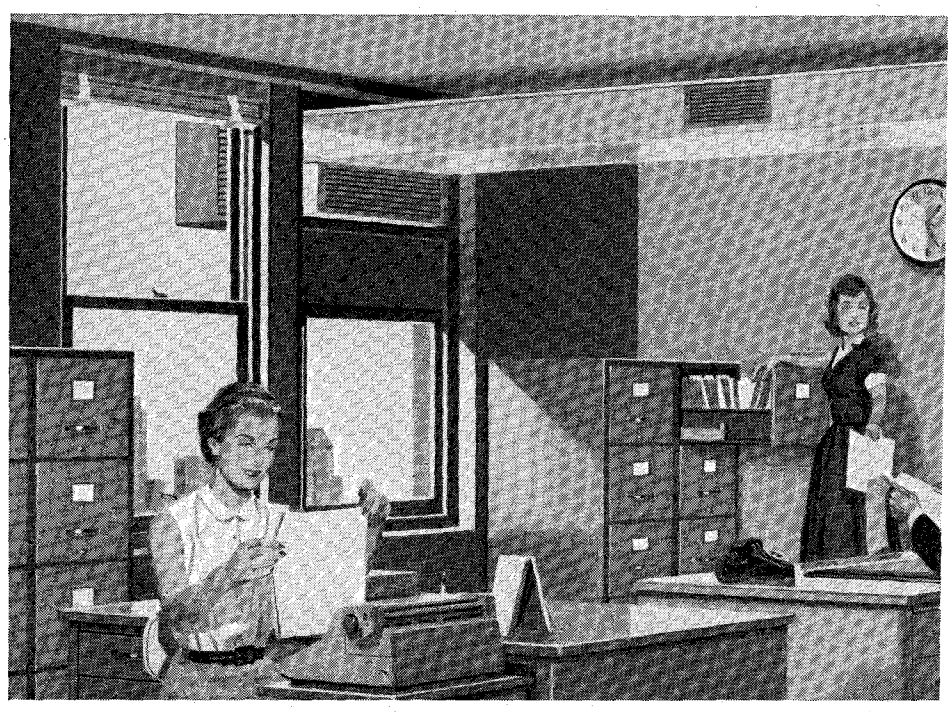


Room by room? Carrier Console Weathermakers* fit under windows or through the wall. When connected to steam pipes, they provide heating as well as cooling, and will replace unsightly old radiators.



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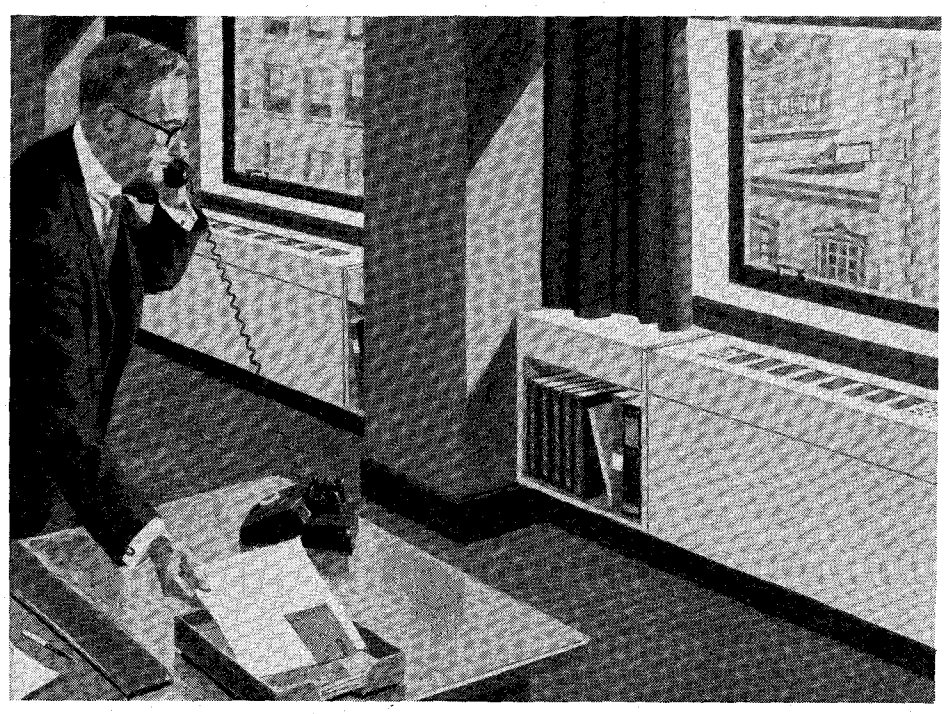

All at once? Specify a Carrier Weathermaster* System with under-the-window Modular units which adapt to all types of building construction. The occupant of each office selects the climate he prefers.

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Test-Tube Terror (Continued from Page 34)

me that I was hungry. When dinner was served, Giselle and Pierre picked at theirs; I wolfed two large plates of the stew. I had a fair idea that I was about to hear unpleasant things, which, I find, sit better on a full stomach.

"Well, let's have it," I said at length, when we had done the washing up.

"What would you say, Mark," Pierre asked abruptly, "if I told you that it lies in my power now—today—to destroy every blade of grass in the world?"

"I would say, Pierre, that you were the most dangerous human being alive and the sooner you were put behind steel bars, the better. Are you suggesting that you could do this?"

He nodded sadly. "But I don't expect you to believe me, Mark. I intend to prove it to you. No, I know you don't doubt me," he said, cutting short my protestations. "Nevertheless, it is important that you should shed all doubt. That way, don't you see, you will be able to feel the staggering weight of responsibility that Giselle and I have been carrying about. We don't know what to do,

---

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Mark, and we're counting on you to help us decide."

"Let's have it from the beginning," I urged him.

"It all dates from about four years ago, when Giselle told me something she had heard to the effect that a fortune was waiting for anyone who could produce a really effective weed killer—something far better than any at present in use. Well," Pierre said apologetically, "I was tempted. I make very little money. I'm not awfully interested in money, really. But I thought it would be nice if Giselle could buy some pretty clothes. I could do with a couple of new suits, too, and a car that isn't rattling to pieces. Mother left us a little money, as you know, but it went. I needed a lot of things for the laboratory and they were expensive. Then, after I had begun work on the weed killer, I sold my insurance policies to raise money for the trip to Australia."

"You didn't tell me you had been to Australia," I said in amazement.

"I didn't tell anyone—then."

"You sound as though you are ashamed of trying to make a little money, Pierre, but you don't have to be. With your brains and ability, why shouldn't you want to live decently? But go on," I urged him.

"Well, I found my weed killer," he went on. "I won't tell you any details about it, Mark. It's better for your own peace of mind, and your safety, that you know nothing. Suffice to say that it was successful beyond my wildest dreams. It was"—he fumbled for words—"like looking for a box of matches and finding—a volcano."

"But what took you to Australia?" I asked him.

"I had to find someplace where—It couldn't get out of hand. I knew that inside the Great Barrier Reef, off the coast of Queensland, there were uninhabited islands. By discreet inquiries, we learned of Kangaroo Island. Nobody lived there because there was no fresh water. It was about three miles long and a mile broad, large enough for my purpose. On an island, don't you see, it was possible to keep it within bounds. Well, to cut it short, we chartered a small interisland cutter for a few days.

"We first walked right round the island to make sure nobody was living there. Then, at six o'clock one morning, just before sunrise, we took some of It—the weed killer—to what we judged was the center of the island. We simply poured the contents of a small jar onto the grass and waited. Well, there wasn't long to wait. Because of the hot sun, I suppose, all the processes were speeded up, just as the processes of decay are accelerated in a warm climate. All I need tell you now is that before noon the entire island, which at dawn had been clothed from end to end with coarse grass, was black—just as black as if it had been burned."

"You are telling me, then, that three square miles of grass were completely destroyed in a matter of six hours?" I asked. "Is that it?"

"That's it, Mark," said Pierre soberly. "Think it over and in the morning we'll show you something that will end your doubts."

There were three rough bunks in the chalet. Giselle's was in a curtained alcove. We all went to bed. I hope the others slept better than I did.

We rose early, for the autumn days were short. Without waiting for breakfast, we walked across the wide expanse of alpine meadow, Giselle carrying a small glass jar with a screw top containing what looked like a bright green sludge. Pierre carried a bamboo cane about six feet long, to one end of which was tied a piece of white rag. This he planted firmly in the soil at a spot about one mile from the chalet. Giselle handed me the jar.

"What do I do with it?" I asked.

"Unscrew it," she told me, "and simply pour the contents on the grass. Then we'll go back and have breakfast."

The jar, when unscrewed, gave off a foul stench. It was unbelievably horrible and unlike anything I had smelled before. I poured the contents on the ground—it had the consistency of heavy engine oil—replaced the screw cap, and that was that. We walked back to breakfast.

Aside from attempted mayhem by the two Alsatians, the morning passed without incident. There were things I wanted to say to Giselle, but this was manifestly not the time to say them.

At eleven o'clock by my watch, Pierre put on his heavy coat and said curtly, "Let's go."

Halfway toward the white flag, the stench of corruption came to meet us. Twice I was on the point of vomiting. When we arrived at the spot where I had spilled the green sludge—I can't go on calling it It—there was a lengthening, winding ribbon of blackened grass. Had I not known otherwise, I would have said that it had been burned. Pierre kept on looking at his watch.

Pierre and Giselle each carried, slung across the back, a small apparatus such as fruitgrowers use to spray their trees. In France, where vines are all-important, they are used to spray vineyards with sulphate of copper, I think it is.

"What are they for?" I asked, more for the sake of hearing my own voice than anything else. I think I knew anyway.

"Call them fire extinguishers," replied Pierre, "and you won't be far wrong."

I lost count of time then. In my throat a pulse was beating heavily and I realized that I was scared. I was in the presence of something evil—something Absolute, something which I sensed was capable of setting up a chain of causation so vast and so horrifying that already my imagination was balking.

"Alongside this," I heard Pierre say as though from a long way away, "the atom bomb is a child's toy."

On the lips of most men such a statement would have sounded ridiculous. But uttered by this tough- and sober-minded little Swiss, it had the ring of stark truth.

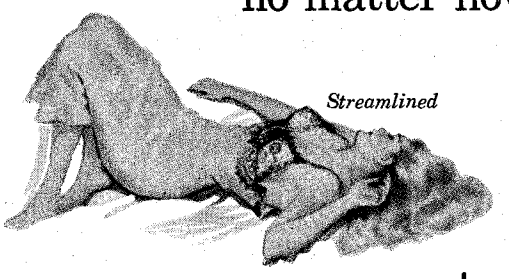
"Look!" he said a few moments later.

I turned to the black patch of grass, which had begun to grow larger—more rapidly. It seemed to be alive at the edges, creeping in an ever-extending path, undulating as it went. Except for the fact that there were no visible flames, nor any heat being given off, the grass was being consumed by what was for all practical purposes a fire. In five minutes the blackened strip was too wide to leap.

When the destroyed area was almost an acre in extent, Pierre asked, "Seen enough?"

I nodded. He and Giselle, starting back to back, walked in opposite directions around the perimeter, spraying the outermost edge and, as it seemed, extinguishing the fire. Yes, I had seen enough.

no matter how you sleep...



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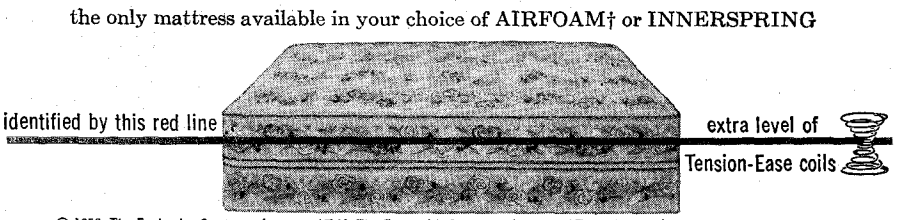

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We returned to the chalet in silence. I was conjuring up ugly visions of a world in which that black, creeping, undulating horror had got out of hand, a world filled with the bellowings of starving cows, the piteous bleating of sheep. Then I thought of the thin cries of infants, tugging vainly at empty breasts; of growing children, losing their boisterous high spirits for lack of the food which stoked their fires. No grass, no meat, no milk, or cheese, or butter—not just for a few days or weeks, but forever.

My work brings me in contact with a great many scientists, who seem to share an attitude, believing, or professing to believe, that a fidelity to what they are pleased to call "pure science" absolves them from a regard for the humanities. I am exaggerating for effect, but the attitude is there all right.

But Giselle and Pierre were not like that, which, I am convinced, was why I liked them so. Science had made them humble, not arrogant. Nevertheless, as I turned these thoughts over in my mind, I did not understand how they could have experienced ten seconds of doubt as to what to do with Pierre's discovery or why they needed advice from me. But then, I was being hasty in my judgments, for I did not know the whole story.

"I wish," I said, "that you would tell me how I fit into this picture. What do you want me to do?"

"You've seen the harm Pierre's discovery could do," replied Giselle. "Do you believe that it could be used in any way for the good of humanity?"

"What we mean, Mark, and we may as well say it plainly," said Pierre, "is could we, or anyone, using it as a threat, bring about disarmament and peace? And if so, to whom should we entrust the secret?"

"Offhand," I replied, "I would say that the sooner your discovery is suppressed and forgotten, the better for everyone—particularly you two. But that is a hasty reply and I'd like to ask you a question in turn. Why pick on me? I'm not very wise. In your eyes, how do I seem to qualify to advise you?"

"We know you well, Mark, and we trust you," replied Pierre simply. "You are our friend and we are satisfied that your advice, whatever it may be, will be honest."

"All right, I accept that," I told them. "Now tell me something else. You are both Swiss nationals. Your country has a long tradition of neutrality. Why didn't you just go to Bern, put your formula, or whatever it may be, into the hands of the proper authorities, and let them do the worrying? That, to me, seems the proper thing to have done."

"If it had been something which could be used as a defensive weapon, Mark, we would not have hesitated. But it can't be. It is of its essence offensive. Switzerland, therefore, would never extract any value from it—if there is any value."

"But Switzerland is your country, Pierre," I said, "and I would have thought ——"

"England is your country, Mark," interposed Giselle sharply. "We will turn over the secret to you if you ask for it, although I pray for your sake you won't accept the offer. Would you, in turn, and as a matter of duty, hand over the secret to the British government?"

The question hit me between the eyes. It was fair enough. It was not until several minutes had passed that I replied, "No."

"Why?"

"Because I can envisage a set of circumstances in which a British government, stampeded by some terrific emergency, might be tempted to use it as a weapon and—well, I suppose I believe that nothing—nothing at all—could justify its use. In the present ideological struggle—the undeclared war—the bone of contention is, when you get down to facts, the richness of the earth. Some peoples are alleged to have too much of it. Others too little. Your invention, discovery, or whatever you care to call it, is purely destructive. It would remove the bone of contention by destroying it and the contenders, reducing the world to the nice neat mathematical zero you scientists bandy about so freely."

"Giselle and I agree with you there, Mark. That, roughly, has been our conclusion. Then, do you think, any good purpose could be served by handing it over simultaneously to the Americans and the Russians?"

"No."

"To either the Americans or the Russians?"

"No," I replied firmly. "It seems to me," I went on, "that we have reached an impasse in our thinking. We agree that it is useless giving the secret to Switzerland because of the certainty that Switzerland would not use it, while I wouldn't care to pass it over to any other country because of the risk that it might be used. Surely, that points the way clearly to its suppression. You've asked me for advice. Here it is: Destroy any of the stinking stuff still in your possession. Destroy all documents relating to it and forget the whole thing. And now, if it's all the same to you, I'd like to phone the Geneva airport for a reservation and ask Giselle to drive me there."

"But, Mark ——"

"Listen, Pierre," I interrupted. "We may chew this thing to death by talking about it until tomorrow, but you'll never get any other advice from me."

"But you don't know the whole story, Mark," said Giselle unhappily. "It isn't so simple as you seem to think it is. We came to your conclusions months ago. We have already destroyed all Pierre's notes, together with our stock of the stuff, except the small jar which you handled this morning. The only thing left now is about fifty liters of the liquid that we use in the spray gun—the fire extinguisher."

"Then there's nothing to worry about," I said brightly. "I can go home now and earn my living."

"We both memorized Pierre's formula, Mark," said Giselle.

"Then forget it," I retorted.

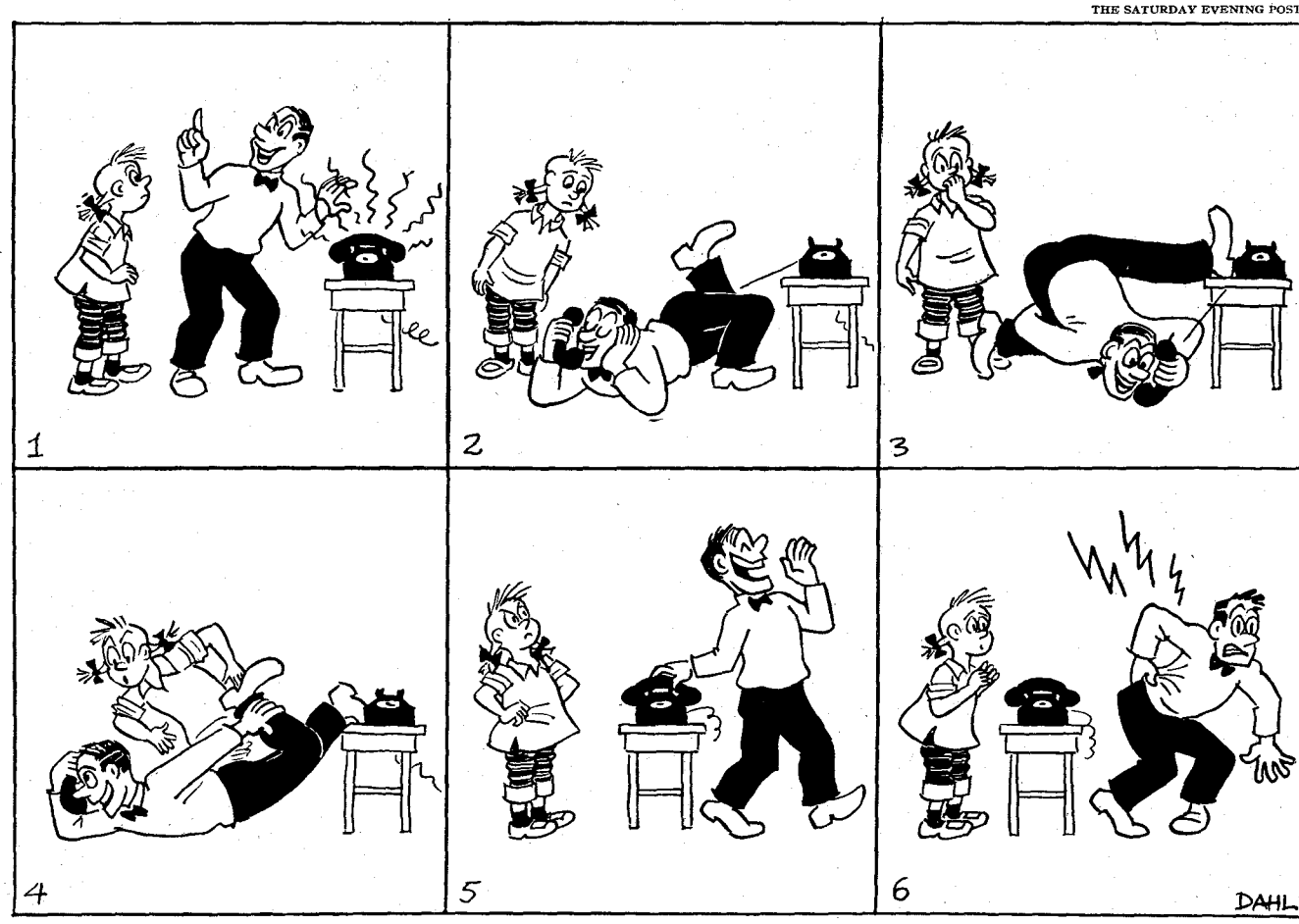
"Have you ever tried to wipe something off the slate of your memory?" asked Pierre. "It isn't so easy as you make it sound."

"So you can't forget the formula? The secret remains safe so long as neither of you chatters."

"But, Mark, the secret isn't safe," said Pierre glumly. (*Continued on Page 56*)

THE GREENWOODS **By Dahl**

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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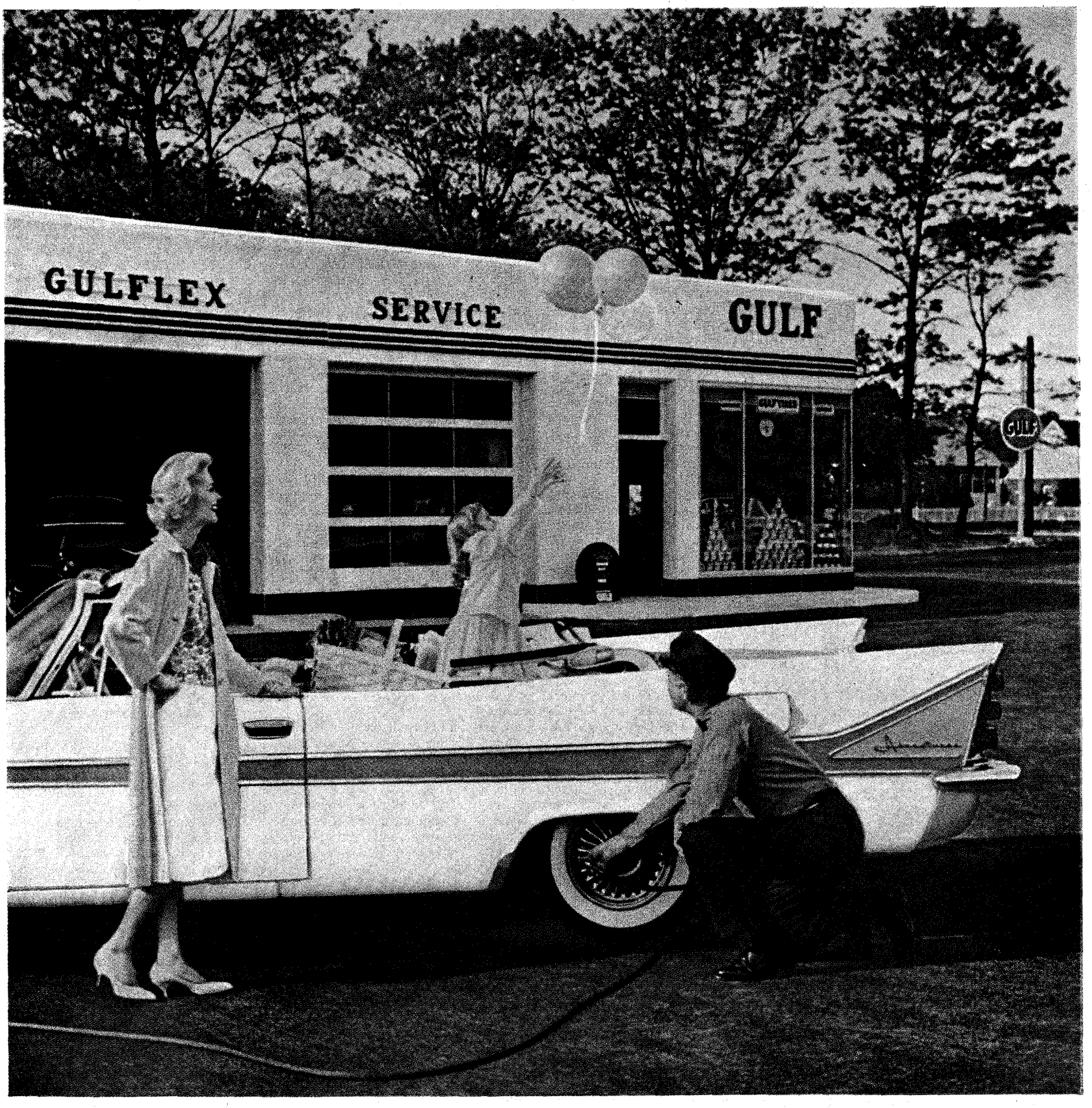

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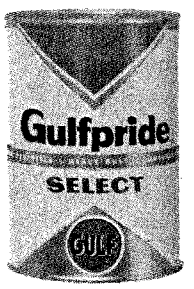
New 

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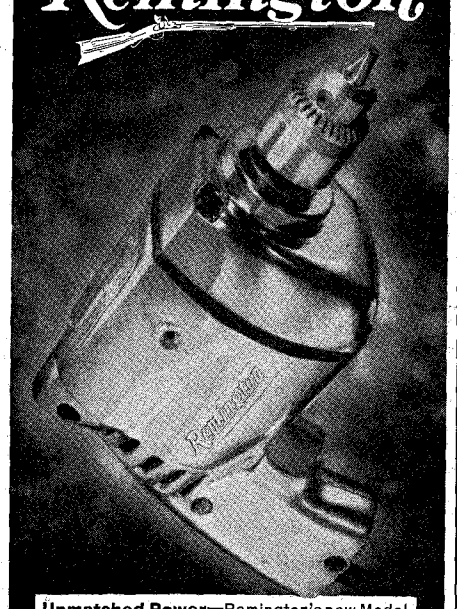

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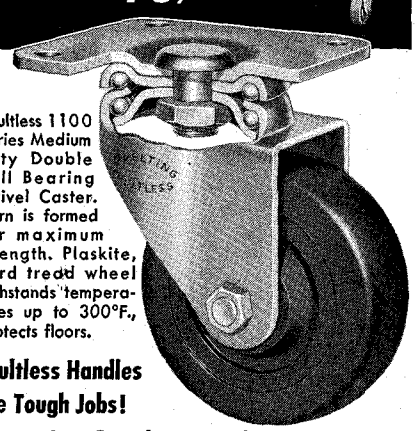

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(*Continued from Page 54*) "Someone knows about it or at least suspects it. Our house has been ransacked twice. Giselle and I have been followed. Letters have been intercepted. I'm not sure, but I think our phone was tapped. I don't think we have been traced here yet, but it is only a question of time. It began with offers of huge sums of money. Giselle answered the phone one morning and a voice said, 'I am speaking on behalf of friends who want me to tell you that you and your brother can have more money than you will ever be able to spend. They would like to meet you at a time and place of your choosing—any time, anywhere.' In a crowd one day someone thrust a hundred-franc note into my hand. On it was written: 'There are millions more where this one came from.' Then the tone of the telephone messages became nasty, sinister. There were threats. That was when we destroyed everything."

"You've never had any indication as to who these mysterious people are?" I asked.

"No. Your guess is as good as ours," replied Pierre. "I suspect that it is either the Russians or the Americans. Neither wants the secret in order to use it, so much as to prevent the other getting hold of it."

"Yes, what you say sounds reasonable enough," I was forced to agree. "But even if you are right, all you have to do is to tell them both to jump in the lake and keep your mouth shut."

"There are ways of making obstinate people talk," said Pierre. "It has become one of the modern fine arts. I don't think either Giselle or I would be able to resist pain very long. Then what?"

Now I began to understand the fears which haunted Giselle and Pierre. Indeed, their fears had begun to communicate themselves to me. I also knew too much for my own health's sake, and I wished fervently that I had not been dragged into the affair.

"That changes things," I said at length. "My advice to you now is to go to Geneva immediately, both of you, to tell some high-ranking police official of your predicament and ask him to give you asylum where you will be safe."

"Mark is right," said Giselle. "That is what we must do."

"Thanks, Mark; we'll do that," added Pierre. "Let's eat something and go on into town."

Having made the decision, it seemed as though a weight had been lifted from them. There was a bottle of whisky in the cupboard and we drank a toast in silence.

Then the telephone rang, loud and shrill.

"It can't be for us," said Giselle, "because nobody knows we are here."

In order to stop the nerve-shattering noise of the bell, because the others showed no inclination to answer it, I lifted the receiver.

"Is that Professor Duclos?" asked a voice, speaking in French.

"There is no Professor Duclos here," I replied. "You must have the wrong number."

"Will you tell the professor," continued the voice calmly, "that some friends are inquiring when the grass on Kangaroo Island will start to grow again."

I hung up.

The words uttered were harmless enough, but I find it impossible to exaggerate the sheer malignity they conveyed to me and to the others when I relayed the message.

"It's easy enough to talk of going to Geneva," said Pierre, "but how are we going to get there? They know we are here, and nothing is easier than to prevent us reaching the main road. There isn't a living soul for miles."

"I think," I said, "that Pierre should have a chat with the police, now. A police escort looks pretty good to me."

Pierre agreed. He went to the phone. It was dead.

There was nothing to say. The facts were too painfully obvious. Paradoxically, the phone was more eloquent dead than alive, for no words spoken over it could have so emphasized our isolation. We all wanted passionately to get back to the city, just as, tacitly, we agreed that it was highly improbable that we should be allowed to do so. They—the mysterious agents who, by letting us know they were aware of the death of Kangaroo Island; the people who had been instrumental in cutting the phone; the people whose vague existence constituted a menace, who had reduced Giselle and Pierre to nervous wrecks and who had shattered some of my complacency—They would find means of intercepting us. Two miles of the road back to civilization lay through dense, dark pine forest, sinister enough in broad daylight, but in darkness terrifying to contemplate. Not even the two Alsatians or Pierre's shotgun made the journey more palatable.

"They wouldn't shoot or try to kill us," I said hopefully, "because if you are right, you would be no good to them dead."

Then I became selfish and personal. They would never get anything out of me because, thank God, I knew nothing, but I wondered all the same how they would assure themselves that I knew nothing.

Darkness had fallen more than an hour before we thought of lighting the lamps. The stove was getting low. When I went outside to fetch some wood, it had begun to snow. Big wet flakes were falling. A vast white blanket covered the alpine meadow.

"Giselle and I have had longer to think about all this than you have, Mark," said Pierre at length. "We are prepared—for anything."

I let it pass.

"But you will be all right. You know nothing," he continued. "All the same, old chap, I'm sorry we dragged you into this mess and, as things have turned out, all to no avail."

Sitting on either side of the dining table, each with a pen and a pad of paper, Giselle and her brother spent the next minutes writing at furious speed. When they had finished writing, they went outside to the woodshed.

"You'll find what we've written—afterward," said Pierre. "It's underneath a pile of sawdust. I don't think They will look there."

"It isn't your blasted formula, I hope?" I heard myself say.

"No, Mark," he replied equably. "What we have written is merely to exonerate you, in case there should be any attempt made to hold you responsible for what may happen to us. That's all."

I believed I understood, and I felt mortally ashamed.

Then I went for a short walk. I felt that they might wish to be alone for a little time. I had turned the car when Giselle and I arrived. I had left it facing downhill, in case there might be difficulty starting it. The snow was several inches deep, but no more was falling. The darkness was intense. I switched on the car's headlights, which threw a beam of light about half a mile down the hill. Against the white background, four dark figures were plainly visible, plodding stolidly up the hill. I had the impression that they were men to whom snow was no novelty. They could, of course, have been Swiss. Why not? This was Switzerland. The Swiss were used to snow.

I went inside to tell the others what I had seen. My courage had returned. They, I believed, were no longer vague, ephemeral creatures, formless and terrifying. They were now real, for I had seen them.

The two Alsatians had heard the newcomers. They went mad with rage. Pierre turned them loose and, roaring defiance, they went out into the night to do battle. A few seconds later there came the sound of two shots, fired, I judged, from a small-caliber pistol. Silence followed. Imagination conjured up a picture of two faithful dogs lying dead, their life's blood staining the virgin whiteness of the snow. Two shots, two seconds apart. Result: two dead dogs. Expert work by someone trained to kill. It was so sudden, so ruthlessly efficient that, despite the warmth of the chalet, I felt chilled to the bone.

Once again, I was scared. I cracked a feeble joke to hide my fears. It fell flat. This was an ill-chosen moment for witticisms.

Someone tapped on the window. "Come outside!" a voice said. "We wish to speak with you!"

We had extinguished the lamp. The only light in the room came from the mica door of the stove. Quite calmly, Pierre rose from his seat and kissed Giselle on the forehead. I shook the hand he offered me.

"Good-by!" he said, putting his hand to his mouth, dying as he did so.

Giselle kissed me on the lips and said something I did not hear. Then her hand carried something to her mouth. I could have stopped her, but I did not do so. Then, still smiling sadly, she died.

"Come outside!" called the same voice.

Something crashed through the window, landing with a thud on the wooden floor. Choking and clawing at my throat, I went obediently to the door. Something was put over my face. The next thing I remember, and that dimly, was a voice saying, "He knows nothing. He is no use to us." The left sleeve of my jacket was slit. The shirt also. There was a dull ache in my arm, like that from a blunt hypodermic needle. The words echoed in my brain: "He knows nothing. He is no use to us." How were they so sure?

I heard the crunch of heavy boots in the snow. The sound grew fainter until it died away. I was lying in the snow outside the door of the chalet. When I went inside, the fumes had cleared. I mended the broken window with a sheet of paper and some adhesive tape. Then I relighted the lamp.

Pierre and Giselle were still at the table. They had died in order to save the world from the horrors of the creeping black death they had evolved. This story is their epitaph.

They will not have died in vain if the world understands the message of their deaths. Science has outrun morality. That, I believe, is the true meaning of the Biblical reference to new wine in old bottles. Men, all kinds of men—statesmen, soldiers and airmen, scientists and lesser people—are being confronted daily with decisions beyond their moral capacity. The new wine is too strong; the bottles too weak. Giselle and Pierre dared not go on living, because they would not usurp the prerogatives of God. I live because they did not share their knowledge with me.

Meanwhile, as their memorial, there is a blackened acre in an alpine meadow and a dead, sterile island in the Barrier Reef. When, if ever, will they be green again? When God, who does not have to fumble in a biochemical laboratory, wills it so. This, however clumsily delivered, is the message which my good friends left behind them. They died that we may live.

THE END

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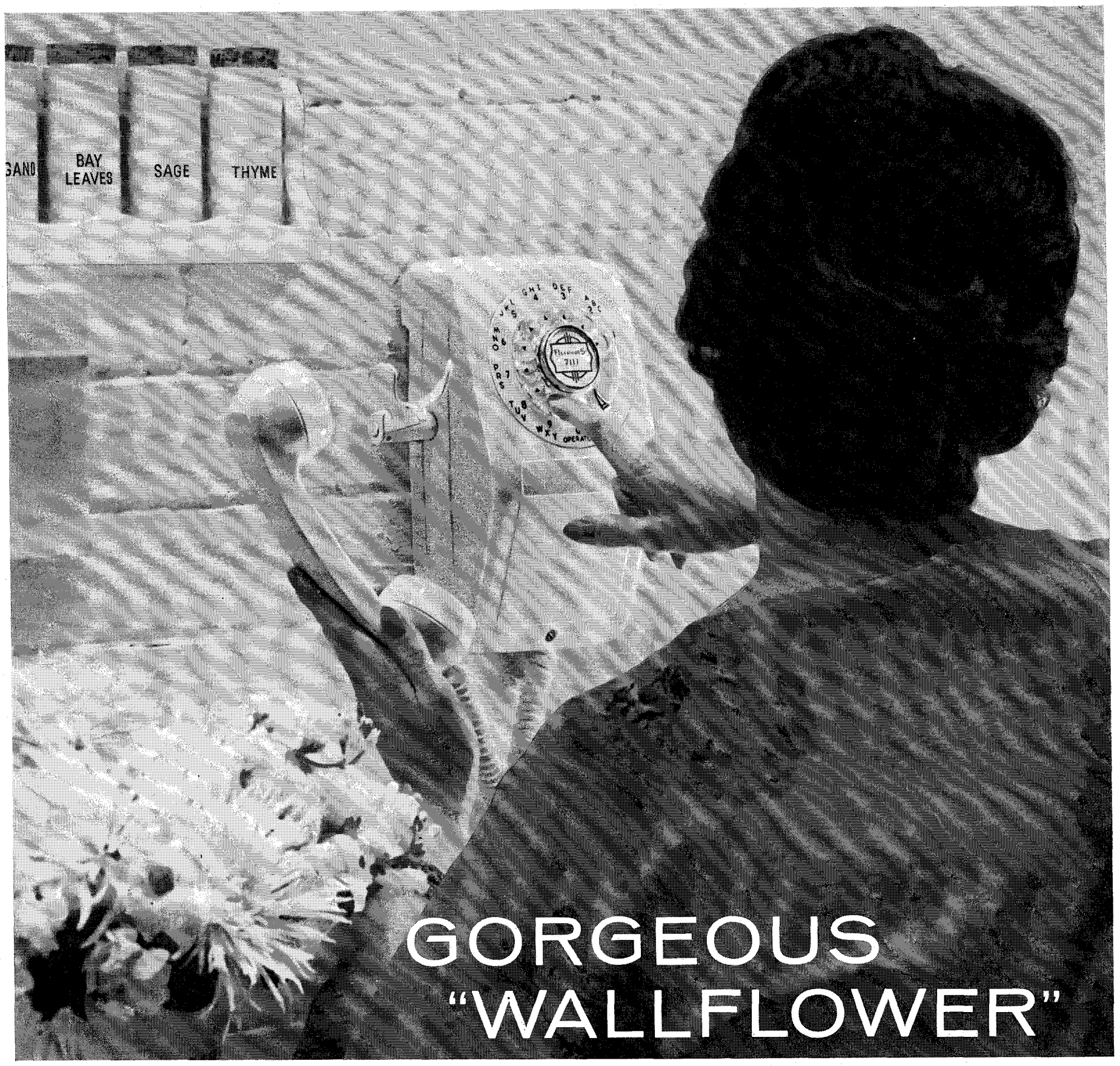

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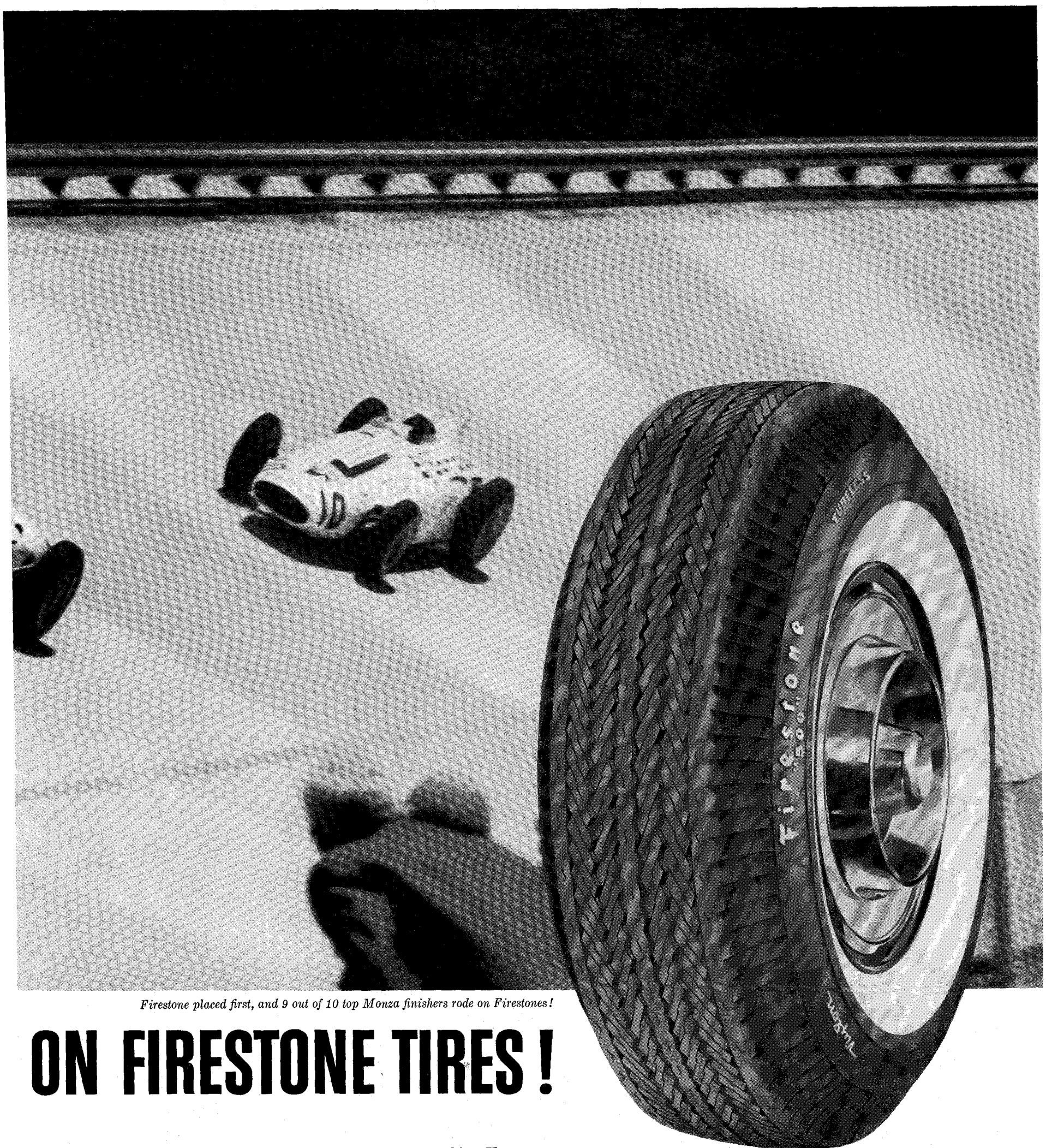

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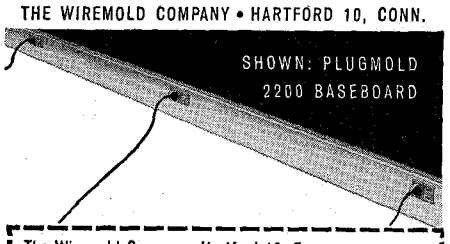

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Little Joe vs. the Blackmailer

(Continued from Page 37)

It was a caution, really, how many ways Little Joe thought up of earning and saving money. He and Babe had sold magazine subscriptions and Christmas cards to all their rural neighbors and to half the people in town. During the winter they had trapped muskrats. In the spring they had peddled packages of flower seeds.

Big Joe still thought the thrift scheme was a good idea. The only drawback was that, as things had turned out, his timing had been poor. When he first proposed the plan, the previous summer, he had had prospects of a good crop of wheat, and the cattle market had never been better. But then a hailstorm wiped out his wheat, and the price of cattle fell off. It had turned out to be a very tough winter.

But the kids kept right on earning and saving. And every dollar they saved had to be matched by a dollar of their pop's. As Uncle Pete commented dryly, Joe had got himself into a spot where there were "too darn many mickles." By the time spring came the kids had well over a hundred dollars in their trust account at the bank, which was more ready money than their pop had. Joe had had to borrow from the bank for seeding expenses and now, in mid-June, he was scraping the very bottom of the barrel, financially speaking.

Little Joe had recently hit upon the idea of salvaging empty beer bottles from the brush around the Willow Creek dance pavilion. Early in the morning, after a dance, he and Babe would hitch the team to the democrat, drive to Willow Creek, and search through the brush.

"We got ten dozen bottles saved up!" Little Joe had announced proudly that morning at the breakfast table. "First time we go to town we'll sell 'em for twenty cents a dozen. That will make two dollars. So you can put four dollars in the bank, pop."

"Now lookit, kids," Big Joe said craftily, "you been doin' a real good job of savin'. Still an' all, I wouldn' want that you should get to be misers. You gotta have a little fun as you go along. So, why don't you take the two dollars of beer-bottle money an' spend it?"

Babe's blue eyes began to sparkle at the prospect. But Little Joe shook his head gravely.

"That would be the same as spendin' four dollars," he argued. "We'd ruther put it in the bank."

Big Joe had to nod, in pretended approval. But inwardly he was wishing that the boy would be a little frivolous sometimes. And at that very moment Uncle Pete came in for breakfast, all upset over the loss of his belt buckle. He had been looking for it ever since he got up, he said.

Uncle Pete was bowlegged and kind of wizened-up. Years of riding the range had left him with chronic asthma and rheumatic joints. Years of drinking anything alcoholic that he could get hold of had probably aggravated both the asthma and the rheumatism. It always took him a long time to limber up in the mornings. He was sour and morose at any time, but he was always grumpiest before breakfast. You could hardly ever get a word out of him before breakfast.

That morning, however, he announced hoarsely as he sat down to the table, "You kids find my rodeo-champeen buckle, I'll pay you a dollar reward."

"Golly!" ejaculated Little Joe. "With the beer-bottle money, we'll have three dollars! So pop can put six dollars in the bank!"

Big Joe scowled at Uncle Pete. But the kids gulped down their breakfast and hurried outside to begin a systematic search of the barnyard. They were still at it when a sharp, warning bark from Babe's dog, Brownie, caused them to raise their heads and they saw the police car turning in from the road.

Constable McCartney, from Sanford, was at the wheel, and he had Sim Coles with him. Sim was a rider for the Circle H Ranch, which extended all the way from Big Joe's lease south to the river. Babe and Little Joe did not like Sim, but they did like Constable McCartney. They jumped to their feet, all smiles, as the car rolled to a stop beside them.

"Hi, kids!" McCartney called. "You look all hot and bothered. What've you been doing?"

"We been lookin' for Uncle Pete's belt buckle," Little Joe answered. "His rodeo-champeen buckle."

"Uncle Pete's going to pay us a dollar if we find it," Babe said.

The policeman climbed out of his car. He was a big, ruddy-faced man, and very handsome in his uniform, Babe thought. Sim Coles got out the other side of the car. He wore nondescript cowboy clothes. He had a sallow face, and there was a trickle of tobacco juice at one corner of his mouth. Babe and Little Joe disliked him, for no reason that they could have put into words. He was just not a man that kids could take to.

"Where's your Uncle Pete?" McCartney asked.

"He's around," Little Joe answered.

Big Joe came out of the house. He waved a hand in greeting as he descended the kitchen steps and walked toward them in his stiff, muscle-bound gait.

"You lookin' for Pete?" Big Joe asked uneasily. Because he never knew what Pete might have been up to. Pete was a disreputable old rascal, and therefore a constant source of worry to Joe, who for the kids' sake, was anxious to preserve the family's good name before the world.

Just then Pete himself appeared at the corner of the stable. At sight of the policeman he stopped short. He was always nervous about cops, on account of his still if for no other reason. Everybody, including Constable McCartney, knew that Uncle Pete operated a still. Indeed, Pete's moonshine had a considerable local reputation for its potency. But the still was set up on a stoneboat so that it could be moved at a moment's notice and, so far, McCartney had never been able to find it.

After a moment Pete recovered himself and came slouching toward the group by the car. His denim pants were stuffed untidily into shabby cowboy boots, and the boots themselves were so badly run over at the heels that they made him look even more bowlegged than he actually was.

"Where were you last night, Pete?" the policeman asked.

Babe and Little Joe looked up at Uncle Pete anxiously. They knew that he had been at the Willow Creek dance. At least, he said he was going to the dance when he saddled his horse and rode away. Uncle Pete did not dance, but he always attended dances on the chance of getting some free liquor.

"I went to the Willow Crick dance," he told McCartney, in his harsh and surly voice. "But I came home early. 'Bout ten o'clock."

"That's right," Big Joe said. "I'd just gone to bed when Pete got in. He came right to bed." Apparently there had been no free liquor at the dance, so that Pete had left early in disgust.

"Sim Coles saw Pete riding across the Circle H range," McCartney said. "About nine-thirty or ten o'clock, Sim says."

Uncle Pete shrugged.

"From Willow Crick, that's the shortest way home," he answered.

"You sure you stayed home?" Sim Coles asked, with a sly and sneering look that made Babe glare at him indignantly.

"Who cares if he did or not?" Big Joe growled. Sim was a man Joe had no use for. It griped him to have Sim presuming to act suspicious about Pete.

"Bill Housman's kind of curious," Sim answered. "Because somebody tried to pinch some of Bill's calves. McCartney here was drivin' up from the river along the trail that crosses our range. He caught a coupla city truckers loadin' the calves."

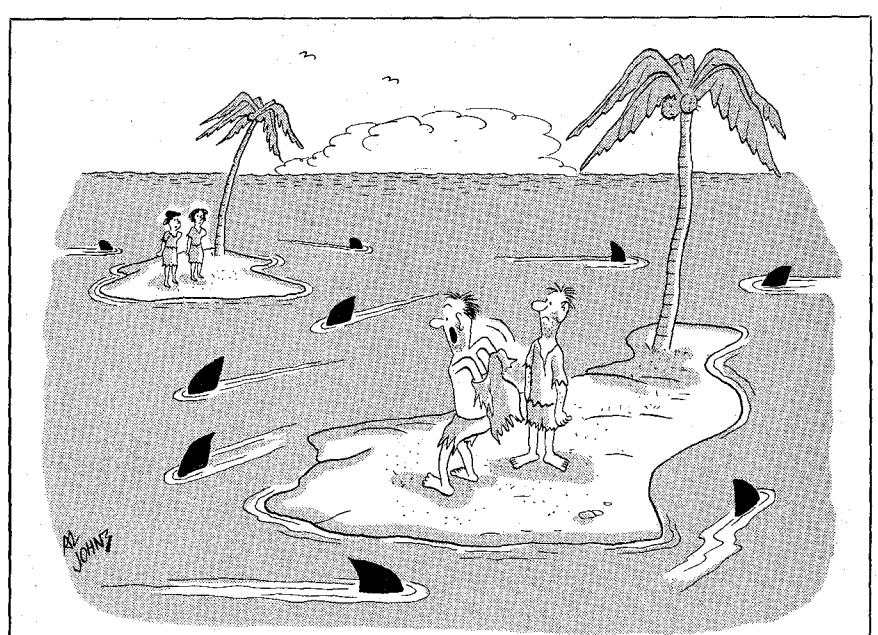
"I didn't see no truck," Uncle Pete said.

"Not at nine-thirty, maybe," Sim Coles said. "This happened about two o'clock in the mornin'. There was a third man, but he got away on horseback because McCartney couldn't follow him in the car through the brush. McCartney brung the truckers to the house an' got Bill outta bed. Bill never seen the truckers before, an' he sure hadn't figured on sellin' them calves."

"How come you happened to see me?" Uncle Pete asked.

"I was goin' to the dance," Sim answered. "I didn't get back to the ranch until along towards four o'clock."

(*Continued on Page 64*)



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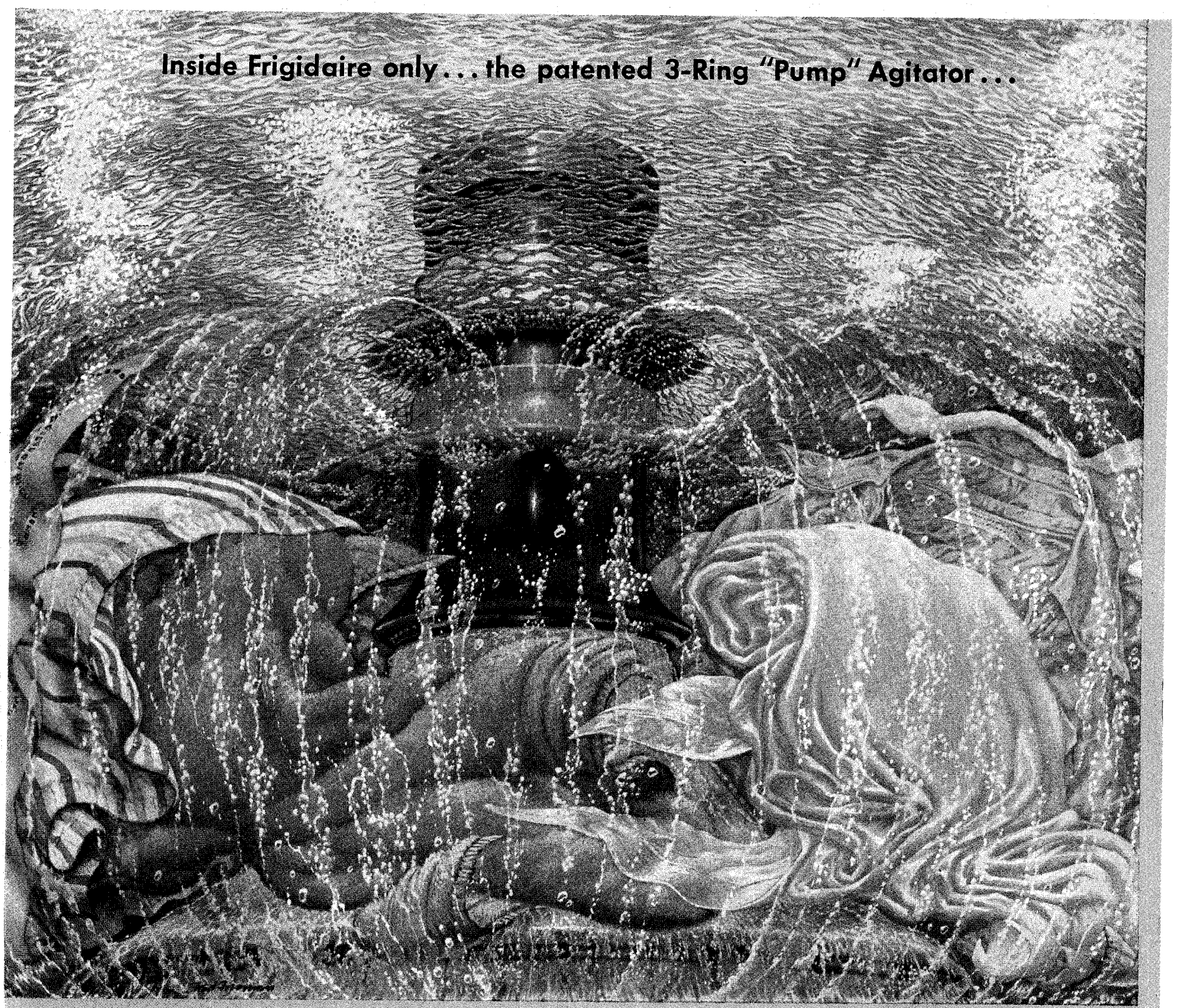

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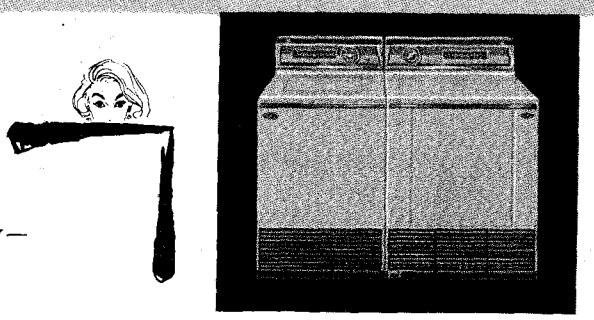

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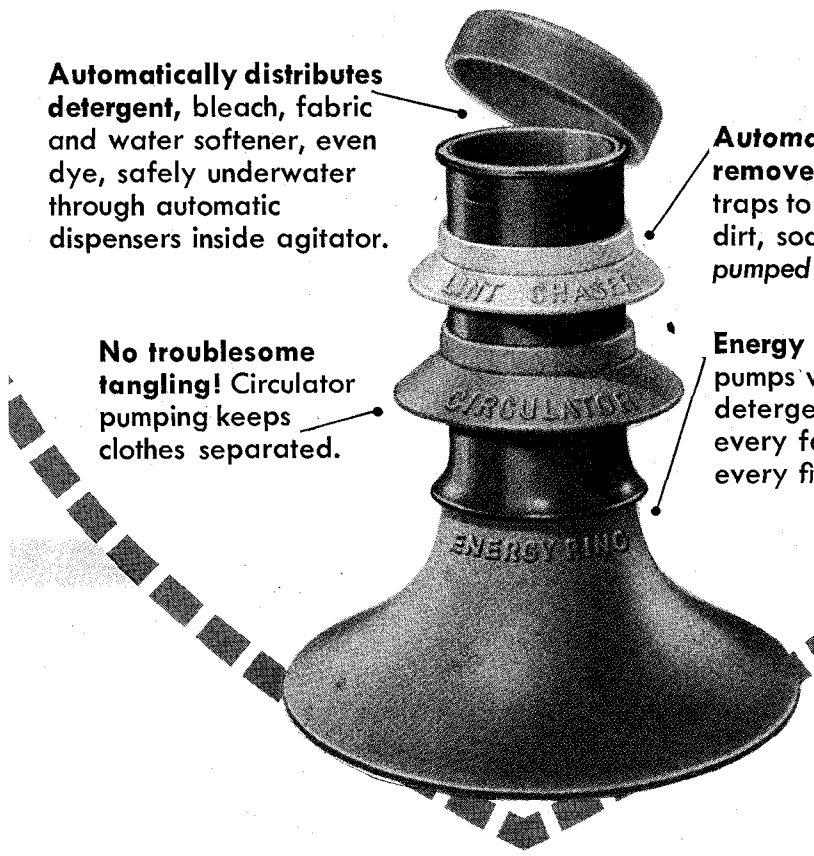

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DESIGNED WITH YOU IN MIND

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(*Continued from Page 60*) "Are you sure, Joe, that Pete didn't go out later in the night?" McCartney asked.

"Sure, I'm sure!" Joe declared emphatically. But he made it sound more positive than he actually felt. He was a sound sleeper. Pete could have slipped out in the dark of the short June night and got back to bed again without Joe being any the wiser. However, the policeman seemed satisfied with Joe's statement. He talked for a while with Joe and the kids. Then he nodded to Sim Coles and they got into the car and drove away.

Babe was fairly sputtering with indignation. She patted Uncle Pete's crabbed and horny hand. "Don't you mind, Uncle Pete!" she said.

"Shucks, Baby, I don't mind," he answered gruffly. "They can't prove nothin'. I was home in bed, like your pop says."

Big Joe wished he could be sure of that. But the attempted rustling had occurred only a few miles from Joe's place. And Pete was never above stealing an unbranded calf, especially if it was Bill Housman's calf. Pete and Housman never did get along. For that matter, Housman was no model of respectability himself. And some of the riders he had working for him were pretty shifty characters. Sim Coles, for instance.

Joe resented having Pete suspected by men like Bill Housman and Sim Coles. He was resentful, too, about the fact that Pete might actually be guilty. But the thing that griped him most of all was Babe's natural concern about her uncle being unjustly suspected. Babe was too young to realize that Pete was a no-account rascal—and much too young to have her belief in him shattered.

That afternoon Joe and the kids drove to town in the pickup. Little Joe went along reluctantly. He was eager to sell the beer bottles, but he was afraid that Uncle Pete would find the belt buckle while they were in town. Privately, Big Joe hoped that Pete would, thereby saving Joe from having to match the reward with a dollar of his own.

There were a lot of people in town, because the weather was fine and most farmers had finished seeding. Big Joe called at the post office for the mail and there was a letter for Pete. It had a local postmark, Joe noticed, and had been mailed that very day. Aside from Tom Dunke, the Sanford bootlegger, there was nobody Joe could call to mind who would be likely to write Pete a letter. He frowned, therefore, as he shoved the letter into his pocket.

When he had traded his case of eggs for some necessary groceries he got to talking with some loungers on the sunny side of the Star Store. Naturally, there was a lot of talk about the attempted rustling of Bill Housman's calves. It was said that the truckers, both city men, claimed they were making what they thought was a legitimate pickup of the calves from a third man, whose name they did not know. They insisted that they had been loading the calves—all young, unbranded stock—in the dark hours so that they could get a good start on their way to the city markets and that the policeman's arrival on the scene had sent the third man galloping away before the loading, and the subsequent financial arrangements, had been completed.

The whole affair made Joe nervous. A lot of people must be suspecting Pete and, with Pete's reputation, you could not blame them.

By and by the kids appeared.

"We sold the beer bottles," Little Joe announced shrilly. He took two crumpled one-dollar bills from his pocket and handed them to his pop.

"The bank's closed, by this time," Big Joe said, glad of even a temporary respite. He guessed that he would soon have to tell the kids that his offer to match their savings would have to be suspended until after wheat harvest. He sure hated to do it, though.

When they got home, Uncle Pete still had not found the buckle. So the kids resumed their painstaking search and continued it after supper until Joe made them go to bed. It was not until they were asleep that Joe happened to think about the letter he had got for Pete.

"Who would be writin' to you, Pete?" he growled. "Not Tom Dunke, I hope."

Pete himself seemed puzzled. He took the letter to the window, where the light was still good, although it was by that time ten o'clock. He turned the letter over and over in his hand. Finally he tore open the envelope and took out the single sheet of paper it contained. Holding it out at arm's length, he squinted at the typewritten message on it.

"Well?" Joe inquired curiously when, for a long time, Pete did not say anything.

At last he cleared his throat hoarsely. "Could you loan me a hunderd bucks, Joe?" he asked.

"I ain't got a hundred bucks; you know that," Joe said.

"The kids got more'n a hunderd bucks in the bank."

"You think for one minute I'd use the kids' money, you're crazy! Nobody touches that money, ever! Why you gotta have a hundred bucks all of a sudden?"

For answer, though with obvious reluctance, Pete handed Joe the letter. There was no signature on it, Joe noticed; merely a few typewritten lines that read:

There was a silver buckle with your name on it at the place where the cop caught the rustlers. Be at the Star Store at noon tomorrow with $100 in cash if you want the buckle back. Otherwise it will be turned over to the police.

"Well!" Joe exploded bitterly. "I guess you're hooked this time, Pete." He began striding angrily back and forth, and with every stride his anger grew. "I try to bring the kids up honest an' respectable, the way their mom would have wanted," he stormed, "an' now their uncle gets jailed for stealin'. Ain't that a fine how-d'ye-do!"

"I didn't steal no calves," Pete said.

"Only because McCartney happened along an' caught you at it."

"He didn't either catch me."

"He caught the truckers. Even if they don't squeal on you, once McCartney gets hold of that buckle, you've had it. An' serves you right! But Baby an' Little Joe won't ever be able to hold their heads up after this."

"You think I done it, Joe?"

"Damn tootin' I think you done it! Or tried to, anyway."

Pete shrugged his thin shoulders. He could see that there was no use arguing the point. He sat down on a chair by the window. He tilted the chair back against the wall and hooked his heels to the side rungs. His bleary, red-rimmed eyes stared dully at Joe.

"I sure ain't goin' to take the kids' money to pay off this blackmailer, whoever he is," Joe said.

But even as he said it he wondered if he would be justified in refusing to buy Pete's buckle back. After all, the way it had turned out, Bill Housman had not lost his calves, so nobody was really hurt. And it would be worth a great deal to save Babe and Little Joe from the embarrassment of having their uncle sent to jail. For if McCartney—and a jury of cattlemen—ever learned that Pete's buckle had been found at the scene they would never give Pete the benefit of any doubt.

Joe tossed and turned and worried over the problem most of the night. He had vowed never to touch the money in the kids' trust account for any reason whatever. He could say, of course, that he was merely borrowing it and that he would put it back later. But a hundred dollars was a lot of money and in this uncertain world a man could not always carry out his good intentions, especially if he was encumbered with a disreputable brother like Pete who was always getting into some scrape or other. Still and all ——

"Would it be all right with you kids if I borrowed a hundred dollars from your bank account?" he asked them at breakfast the next morning. "I'll put it back as soon as I can. An' I'll pay you bank interest on it while I got it borrowed."

Babe and Little Joe agreed to the proposition without the least hesitation. But Big Joe was in a bitter mood as he and Pete drove to town in the pickup. Pete said not a word all the way. Maybe he was feeling properly guilty and remorseful. But you never could tell about Pete.

Joe called at the bank and got the money, thinking regretfully about how hard the kids had worked to accumulate it and wondering how long it would be before he could replace it.

Promptly at noon, he and Pete entered the Star Store. There were several customers present, and Joe looked at each man curiously, wondering which of them could be the blackmailer. But none of them made a move. Then Bill Housman came in.

The Circle H owner was a big, beefy fellow, much too wealthy to be trying to make a hundred dollars by blackmailing Pete. Indeed, if Housman had found the buckle he would have hastened to turn it over to the police. He would be glad to see Pete sent to jail. In fact, Housman scowled darkly the minute his eyes fell on Pete.

"I'll pay fifty bucks," he announced in a loud voice, "for any information about the so-an'-so that tried to steal my calves."

Just then the girl bookkeeper called out from the office that Pete was wanted on the phone. Pete walked back to the office to take the call. By and by he reappeared. He sauntered past Joe and went on out to the street. Joe followed.

"I gotta go alone down towards the railroad," Pete reported. "Somebody's goin' to meet me an' gimme the buckle when I turn over the money. They don't want anybody else around, see?"

"I'll wait here then," Joe said, handing Pete the money.

He waited for perhaps ten minutes in the doorway of the store. Then Pete came hurrying around the corner. Joe could tell at once that something was wrong, even before he heard Pete cursing.

"The —— crossed me up!" he said thickly. "Some guy I never seen before pulled up in a car. He held out a package an' says: 'Here it is. Gimme the money.' So I gave him the money an' while I was openin' the package he drove away fast. There wasn't no buckle in the package."

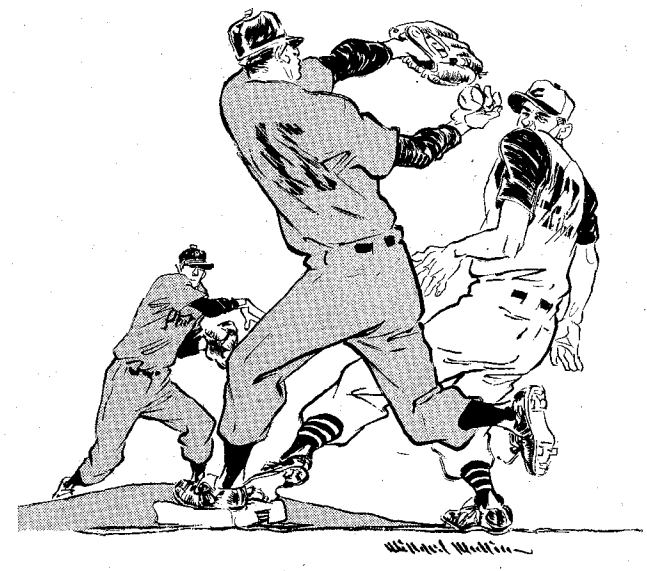
Joe had heard that that was the way blackmailers operated. So long as the man still had the buckle, he figured he could put the bite on Pete again.

"Didn't you even get the license number of his car?" Joe demanded.

Pete shook his head. "The license plate was all splashed over with mud," he said.

"What we oughta do is tell McCartney an' show him the letter," Joe said. "Blackmail's a criminal offense."

But of course they did not dare let McCartney (*Continued on Page 66*)



So You Think You Know Baseball!

By HARRY SIMMONS

Force plays frequently cause confusion. Here is one, in a changed setting, which resulted in a protested major-league game.

Say Cincinnati trails Philadelphia, 2–1, as the Reds bat in the bottom of the third inning. Singles, with none out, land Hal Jeffcoat on second and Johnny Temple on first. Jerry Lynch attempts a sacrifice, but his bunt is a little pop-up toward the mound. Philly pitcher Jack Sanford permits the ball to bounce at his feet before whipping it to the shortstop.

The runners have held their bases. Now the shortstop steps on second, tags Jeffcoat and fires the ball to first. Lynch has arrived at first, and both he and Temple are on the bag. Second baseman Solly Hemus, covering the base, tags both.

Of the three runners, who is safe and who is out?

See page 66 for answer

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(*Continued from Page 64*) know about the belt buckle being found, and where it had been found. For that reason, the blackmailer still had them over a barrel.

"What d'ye know!" Joe ejaculated. "Here comes McCartney—an' he's got the kids with him!"

The policeman's car had turned into the main street, a block away. Babe and Little Joe tumbled out as soon as the car stopped.

"I called at your place," McCartney said, "and the kids hitched a ride to town with me."

"We wanted to——" Babe cried shrilly, but Big Joe interrupted her.

"Look at you, Baby!" he scolded. "You didn't oughta come to town lookin' like a little tramp."

Babe's face was smudged and her pretty hair was all mussed up, and no ribbon on it. Worse still, there was a big tear in one leg of her slacks so that her round, plump knee showed through.

"I caught it on a nail," she said, looking down at herself ruefully.

"She looks mighty nice to me any time, Joe," McCartney called as he drove away.

But Big Joe still frowned at the kids. Little Joe's appearance was as grimy as Babe's.

"We were in a hurry," Little Joe offered, by way of explanation. "We wanted to tell you ——"

"We found Uncle Pete's buckle!" Babe piped up shrilly.

"Now, Baby ——" Big Joe started to protest. But then he was astonished to see the thing in Little Joe's hand. It was certainly Pete's belt buckle. Pete batted his eyes in astonishment.

"I be doggoned!" he gasped.

"We found it on the floor in the stable," Little Joe said.

And Babe added, "Right under the peg where you hung up your saddle, Uncle Pete! It was in the straw on the floor."

"So we wanted to get to town right away," Little Joe said, "so pop can put our whole six dollars in the bank."

Big Joe felt sick, though not about the six dollars.

"We been fooled even worse'n we thought, Pete," he muttered. "The guy never even had the buckle!"

"Aren't you glad we found it, Uncle Pete?" Babe demanded.

"Oh, sure, Baby," Uncle Pete answered hoarsely.

"But if he didn't have it, how did he know it was lost?" Big Joe wondered aloud, while the kids watched uncomprehendingly. They had expected to be praised for finding the buckle. "Nobody knew about it but us an' the kids," Big Joe went on.

"We told the policeman an' Sim Coles about the buckle bein' lost," Little Joe said.

Joe nodded thoughtfully. And all at once it was clear who the blackmailer was. It had to be Sim Coles. Sim had learned about the buckle being lost, and he knew that Pete had ridden across the Circle H range. So he thought he could make a quick hundred bucks by scaring Pete into paying for its return if Pete thought it had been found on Housman's range. And Pete could not be certain that he had not lost it there. In fact, if the kids had not found the buckle Sim would have got away with the scheme.

"Where you goin', Pete?" Joe asked as Pete turned abruptly and started down the street.

"If Sim's in town, he'll be in the bar," Pete answered grimly, over his shoulder.

"Wait here, kids!" Joe ordered. "Me an' Uncle Pete gotta talk to Sim Coles."

He caught up to Pete and they entered the bar of the Farmers' and Ranchers' Hotel together. Sim Coles was sitting all by himself at a table in a far corner.

Joe was always slow to anger, but when he did get riled he usually got violent. He elbowed Pete aside and led the way toward the table in the corner. Then Sim saw him bearing down, and his sallow face showed obvious panic.

Joe had trouble keeping his voice down as he said thickly, "You want to give back that money quiet or do we gotta take it?"

Sim's face grew more sallow than ever. But he tried to bluster his way out.

"Don't start gettin' tough, Joe," he warned. "All I gotta do is tell the police about Pete's buckle, remember."

"That wouldn't do you no good. Because the kids found the buckle in our stable. An' McCartney already knows it's been found there."

Sim's mouth fell open. It was almost laughable the way the bluster wilted out of him.

"O.K., Joe," he said. "Here's ninety dollars." He reached a hand in his pocket and laid the money on the table. "I had to pay a guy ten bucks to collect the money from Pete."

Joe counted the money, then shoved it into his pocket.

"You want I should work you over right here?" he asked. "Or you want to go out back?"

It appeared that Sim had no wish to be worked over, either in the bar or anywhere else.

"Look, Joe," he argued feverishly, "I'm sorry I done it. But I was desperate, Joe. I needed money real bad. Honest, Joe! I dropped some money in a crap game, see? An' it wasn't even my money. It was Bill Housman's. So I had to make it up somehow."

"By stealin' some of Housman's calves, f'r instance," Joe said quickly. And immediately the look on Sim's face told him that he had solved the mystery of the attempted calf rustling. So Pete had not been the culprit after all. "I guess we better go along to the police station, Sim," Joe said.

Sim sure did not want to go. Joe had to drag him, practically by the scruff of the neck. As soon as the truckers saw him they identified him positively as the man who had hired them to take what he claimed were his own calves to the city.

It was astonishing how quickly the news got around that Sim Coles had been charged with attempted rustling. By the time Joe and Pete got back to the Star Store everybody seemed to have heard about it. Babe and Little Joe, looking like a couple of wide-eyed little ragamuffins, stood watching as Bill Housman sounded off to a group of bystanders about one of his own men trying to gyp him—biting the hand that fed him, sort of.

"You oughta pay Joe that fifty dollars' reward you offered," one of the bystanders called out.

Bill Housman's mouth dropped open. Wealthy though he was, he never liked to part with money. He was obviously wishing that he had kept his big mouth shut. However, with everybody looking on, he could not easily get out of it. He hemmed and hawed and finally handed Joe twenty-five dollars, which he said was all the money he happened to have on him. He said he would pay Joe the balance later.

"Anyway, kids," Joe chuckled as they walked together to the bank, "there's a lot o' 'mickles' in twenty-five bucks. So you can go right on savin'."

He made them wait outside, though.

"I wouldn't want the bank people to see you lookin' like a coupla little tramps," he said. "An' you with all this money in the bank!"

Answer to

So You Think You Know Baseball!

Page 64

Jeffcoat and Lynch are safe. Temple is out.

Jeffcoat is safe because the Philly shortstop erred in touching the base before tagging the runner. Touching the base removed the force and gave Jeffcoat the right to remain on second. It did, however, complete a force play on Temple and he is out. Lynch, of course, reached first base safely. The infield-fly rule, incidentally, does not apply in the case of a bunt. (Section 2.00)

Big City's Primitive Forests

(Continued from Page 38)

in the background. The sugar bush in the Catskills is located near Maplecrest, New York, in the Black Dome Valley. The spectacular timberline forest group depicts an area near Logan Pass in Glacier National Park, Montana, as seen in mid-July. The stunted and gnarled white-bark pines, Engelmann's spruce, alpine firs constitute—at an elevation of 6660 feet—the last outpost of the great coniferous forests found at a slightly lower elevation.

Several years ago, James Fisher, the English naturalist, visited the museum and was shown the Great Smokies diorama, which even then had been completed, but was not yet on general exhibition. A week later he toured the Great Smoky Mountains National Park, which he described as "the most beautiful forest I have ever seen." Near Gatlinburg, Tennessee, in the Ramsay Cascade he came upon and recognized the precise woodland landscape he had seen behind glass seven days before. He was momentarily bewildered. How could the same trees—giant sweet buckeyes and a blooming silver bell—be in two places at the same time?

A fellow naturalist explained. He was Roger Tory Peterson, whose Field Guide to the Birds is both chart and sextant to hundreds of thousands of American bird watchers. This was indeed, said Peterson, the identical spot shown in the museum exhibit, but it had been cunningly recreated by using similar trees felled outside the limits of the national park.

The Hall of North American Forests is the largest and most comprehensive exhibit of its kind in the world. Seventeen separate field expeditions were made by museum (*Continued on Page 68*)

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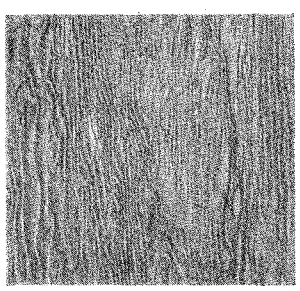

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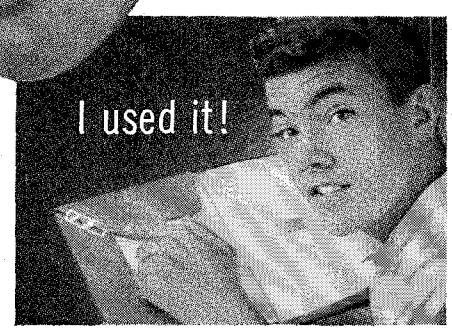

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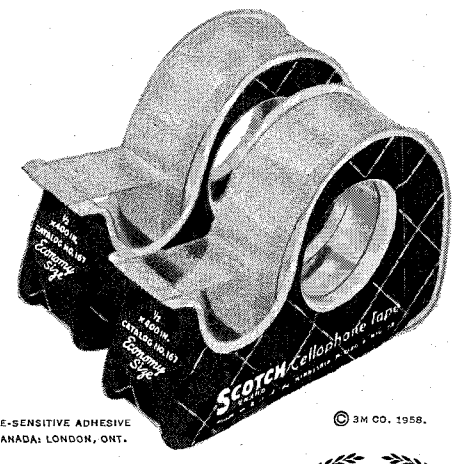

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. . . WHERE RESEARCH IS THE KEY TO TOMORROW

(Continued from Page 66)

scientists, artists and artisans to collect materials for the three-dimensional groups now on display. As a result, there is absolute accuracy in detail—in the trees themselves, in the flowers, grasses, shrubs, fungi, birds, animals and insects peculiar to each of the forest communities.

This is the kind of realism that would undoubtedly bore Picasso, but museum preparators are trained to exactitude. Often it is impossible to distinguish a photograph snapped originally on location from a photograph of the same site recreated in the hall. Background and sky must not only be faithfully reproduced, but faithfully reproduced at a certain time of day. Sun and shadow at three P.M. are quite different from sun and shadow at eleven A.M. Each background artist has chosen, with the advice of scientists, the exact time at which museum visitors will see any forest scene—a particular moment of a particular day forever captured in time.

The high-keyed light in the cactus group, for example, represents the hour of three P.M. on a mid-April day. The desert blooms. Smoky blue haze hangs over the distant Santa Catalina Mountains. The location is the Saguaro National Monument outside Tucson, a frequent picnic spot for tourists. Here are the giant cactus, barrel and hedgehog cactuses, ocotillo, staghorn, cane and Christmas chollas, the poisonous Gila monster, the scorpion, the elf owl and the Gila woodpecker, which makes deep wounds in the moisture-storing saguaros.

In the cactus group, as one member of the field expedition put it delicately, there is "only one idyllic flaw in verisimilitude." Pressed for explanation, he laughed and said, "We didn't put in the discarded beer cans."

Here also are other forest communities. The woodlands of Sunset Hill on Sunapee Lake, New Hampshire, are representative of the Northern hardwood forests. The time is early October. The Jeffrey pine group comes from the Inyo National Forest in California's Sierra Nevadas. The spruce-fir group was studied at Lake Nipigon, fifty miles north of Lake Superior and near the village of Macdiarmid, Ontario. The site of the Southeastern swamp forest is a privately owned plantation near Coosawhatchie, South Carolina.

The terms "diorama" and "habitat group," as used interchangeably at the museum, mean simply a lifelike combination of painted background and three-dimensional objects. Mounted birds, animals and trees in the foreground were collected in the areas mentioned. The larger trees, however, are only bark-deep; inside the bark are light, sturdy wire frames. Leaves, undergrowth, plants and flowers are artificial—as are even the cactuses of Arizona and the edible-looking and convincing mushrooms seen on Lake Nipigon's shores.

Several years ago this magazine described the American Museum of Natural History as the "greatest free show on earth." Others, with truth, but more solemnity, have described it as the "poor man's university." In this modern era a museum exhibit is no longer regarded as a collection of objects, but as a sample of a segment of nature brought into the laboratory for study. Thus the new hall does much more than present a series of impressive and breath-taking pictures.

Supplementing the habitat groups are eighteen additional specialized exhibits which provide a wealth of little-known information about day-to-day life—and death—in the forest. Here are the stories of the life of the forest floor, of forest insects and tree diseases, of lumbering and of our economic stake in our forests, of fire and weather and survival. And the visible evidence that every stump is a mute history book; tree rings often chronicle the past—fire, flood, drought—more faithfully than the written words of men.

The giant sequoias of California have excited the wonder of Americans for many years; they are among the largest and oldest living things in the world. A sequoia seed on display weighs less than one three-thousandth of an ounce. Yet the tree that develops from such a seed could eventually weigh sixty-five billion times as much. An example is the famous Mark Twain sequoia which grew in Fresno County; the museum long ago acquired a log cut from the tree. The Mark Twain was 331 feet high. The trunk was 90 feet in circumference at the base and was free of limbs for 200 feet; its root system spread through three acres. When the Twain was felled in 1891—as part of a general lumbering operation on land then privately owned—two men worked with axes for thirteen days.

Contrary to what most of us think, however, size is not a reliable guide to the age of trees. Side by side with the Twain log in the forest hall is a section cut from a branch of a limber pine—called the Discovery Tree—which grew near Sun Valley, Idaho. The diameter of the Mark Twain log is sixteen feet five inches; the diameter of the Sun Valley tree section is less than twenty inches. The Mark Twain was 1342 years old when felled; the Discovery Tree was 1550 years old. The answer to the difference in size, of course, is the fact that the limber pine lived not only a long life but a hard life. Seeded in rocky soil, blown and bent by strong mountain winds, blasted by pellets of sand and soil, it remained sturdy but lean for centuries. During one period of its life, a microscopic examination of the tree rings shows, its growth in thickness averaged only one tenth of an inch in a hundred years.

Until fairly recently the oldest tree to have been scientifically dated was a sequoia 3200 years old. This arboreal patriarch lost his medals in 1954 and 1955. During those years the late Dr. Edmund Schulman, of the University of Arizona Laboratory of Tree-Ring Research, discovered several much older trees in the White Mountains, twenty miles northeast of Bishop, California.

These trees, twisted and untidy and dwarfed, were bristlecone pines, and all were over 4000 years old. They grew at an altitude of from 10,000 to 11,000 feet. A cross section of one of them is on display in the forest hall. It is elliptical in shape, twenty-six inches in one diameter and forty-two inches in the other. The unusual shape of the trunk probably resulted from forty centuries of wind erosion. It is at least 4500 years old.

This specimen, presented to the museum by Doctor Schulman just before

Seasonal Disturbance

Most unmarried misses find
summer vacations
Are spiced by a round of
exciting flirtations;
Now, after romances with
small and with tall guys
It's back to the city to find
them some fall guys.

Mary Alkus

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his untimely death from a heart attack a few months ago, is part of an exhibit called Stories a Stump Can Tell. It is contrasted with a section from an impertinent and sassy nineteen-year-old slash pine to illustrate the great variation in the growth rate of trees. The slash pine, with a diameter of nineteen inches, grew an inch a year. The bristlecone grew only a little more than an inch each century.

P. T. Barnum, the old circus man, opened the first ten-cent museum which got the public off the streets. He taught a lesson that many endowed educational institutions did not learn for many years: to educate, you must also entertain. The American Museum of Natural History was one of the first to achieve a satisfaction of conscience; behind the show business of its brilliant and informative exhibits it maintains a scholarly staff of research scientists.

Yet there have been changes in the scientific approach in recent years, and Norwegian-born Dr. Albert E. Parr, director of the A.M.N.H., is one of those who have led the way. John Donne once wrote that no man is an island. It is the modern idea that no man, no bird, no plant, no fish, no insect, no star, is an island; all are independent, but interdependent, perhaps indivisible. Gradually the venerable museum of Central Park West has been changing not only in philosophy but in physical design; eventually it will report—in orderly progression—both on man himself, past and present, and man's environment.

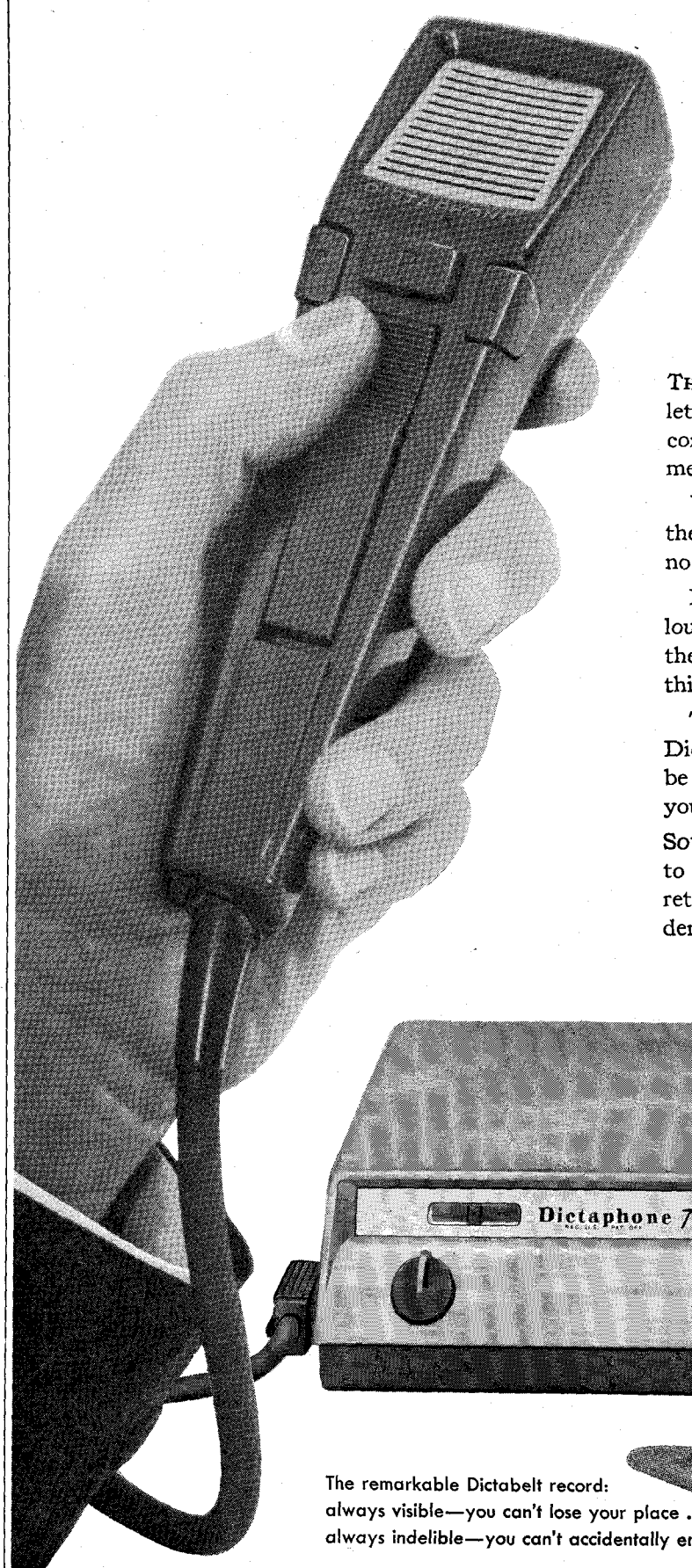
"For an individual bent on catching a flounder," Doctor Parr once wrote, "it is sufficient to know the habits of a flounder. But if we wish to be able to go on catching flounders or raising crops on a national scale, we have to understand all the forces and factors of our entire environment, its climate and oceanography, the chemistry of soil and sea, plant and animal life, the competition between species, and all the interactions between life and the inanimate world."

The astonishing Warburg Hall, completed in 1951, illustrates this concept of museum keeping. It is an intensive examination of an exact location in Dutchess County, New York. Warburg Hall ends with a local timber scene and the visitor moves on uninterruptedly into the new hall where he can familiarize himself with the distinct and different forest communities of the nation as a whole. In the not-too-distant future he will move on into a botany hall, an insect hall, and then into the Hall of Biology of Man, now being constructed under a grant from John D. Rockefeller, 3d. The aim of the displays? "To read," said Doctor Parr, "like a continuous book."

Clarence Hay, archaeologist and longtime loyal friend of the museum, proposed the idea of a forest hall as long ago as 1938. Then World War II intervened and after the war Warburg Hall took precedence. Hay, son of John Hay, biographer of Lincoln and Secretary of State under William McKinley and Theodore Roosevelt, underwrote the cost of four of the habitat groups. One of them represents a scene on his New Hampshire estate. Other wealthy patrons were Mr. and Mrs. Robert Sterling, who donated six groups; Childs Frick and H. Nelson Slater. Their gifts add up to about 75 per cent of the total cost. Ten per cent was contributed by forest industries, and remaining expenses were met from museum funds.

A permanent exhibition in a museum does not grow like Topsy, and the forest hall is no exception. Ideas change and curators change. Latest, and the immediate planner of the present hall, is Dr. Jack McCormick, a twenty-nine-year-old Indianian and ecologist who has been in charge of vegetation studies at A.M.N.H. since 1954. Also immediately concerned are Gordon R. Reekie, manager of exhibition and construction; Lothar P. Witteborg, chief of exhibition; and twenty-five or thirty experts who spend much of their time in the museum's top-floor workrooms. By bookkeeper's tally some 78,000 work hours have gone into the enterprise; and this does not account for the activities of scientific consultants, masons, carpenters, glaziers and construction workers.

At Central Park West the creation of habitat groups has reached a high development. The fusing of painted backgrounds and carefully reproduced plant and animal materials requires the teamwork and skills of painters, sculptors, designers, zoologists, botanists, anatomists, photographers, taxidermists and other craftsmen. It also requires inventiveness of a high order. An example is the Olympic rain forest. The materials were collected on a field trip by George A. Petersen, veteran preparator who has been at the museum since 1933. Obviously the great boles of Douglas fir and Sitka spruce could not be brought through the museum's doors; they came east in slabs with bark attached, and artificial trees were made from the bark. But there was another problem. How could the towering height of the real trees be impressed on the spectator? Francis Lee Jaques, background painter, solved that; for the usual plaster ceiling he substituted a mirror-glass ceiling. The straight, branchless trunks rise to the mirror and there seems to be no dividing line where trees end and (*Continued on Page 74*)



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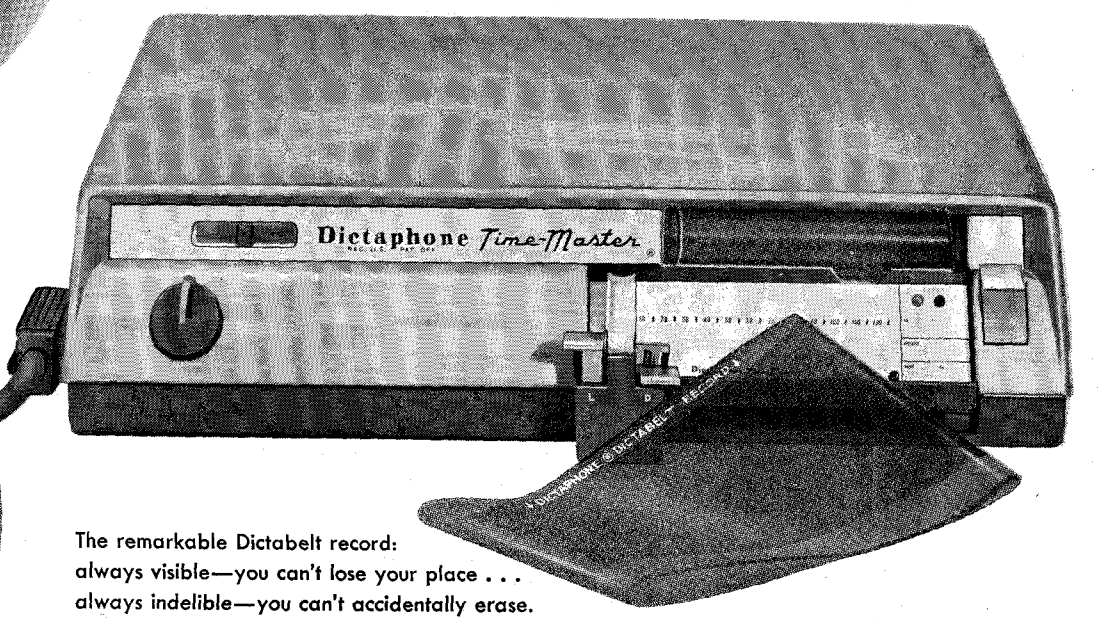
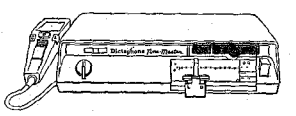
SOUND GOOD? Frankly, this is the closest thing yet to automation in dictation. For both boss *and* secretary! Call your local Dictaphone office for a free demonstration. You'll see.



The remarkable Dictabelt record:
always visible—you can't lose your place . . .
always indelible—you can't accidentally erase.

DICTAPHONE  TIME-MASTER

MORE THAN A DICTATING MACHINE—A MONEYSAVING INVESTMENT

Dictaphone Corporation, 420 Lexington Ave., N. Y. 17, N. Y. • Service you can depend on the world around. In Canada, write Dictaphone Corporation, Ltd., 204 Eglinton Ave. East, Toronto . . . in England, Dictaphone Co. Ltd., 17-19 Stratford Place, London W.1. Dictaphone, Time-Master and Dictabelt are registered trademarks of Dictaphone Corporation.

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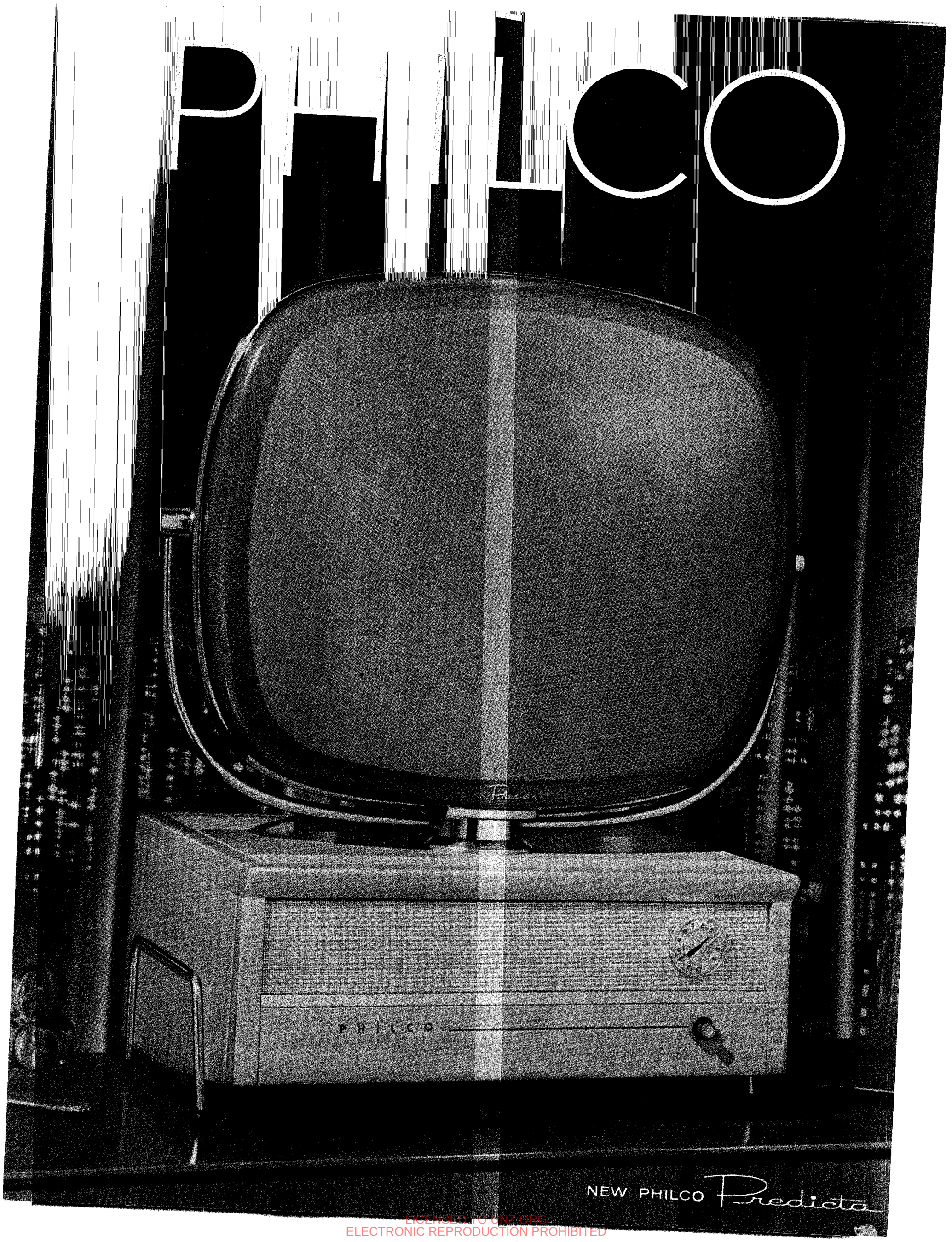

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New and exciting from PHILCO. TV today from the world of tomorrow!

You are looking at 1965

Philco scientists develop a radically new Semi-Flat picture tube and Predicta chassis—open a new era in television design and performance!

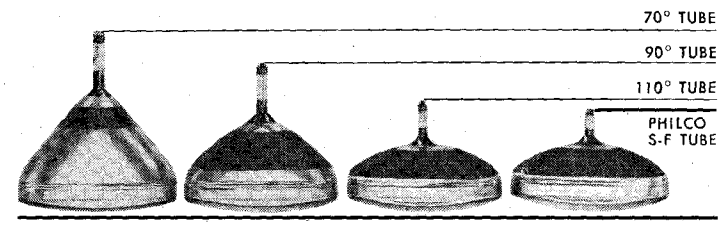
Philco television research scientists bring you the look and performance of the distant future *today*. They have opened up a thrilling new world of television design and enjoyment. Exciting, different, as modern as tomorrow!

They have created a new S-F (Semi-Flat) picture tube which measures less from front to back than any you have ever seen. They have perfected a new Predicta chassis which puts more picture power in less space. And, for the first time in the history of television, they have found a way to separate the tube from the chassis.

As a result, Philco engineers have opened up entirely new avenues of television-receiver design. New ideas, new forms and a completely new approach to the use and enjoyment of television have emerged from the discoveries of Philco research.

Lift this page and see all the new and wonderful things Philco has taken from the future. Each of these exciting new sets will give you a picture-window view of TV-land. So brilliant, so true, you'll feel you're right in the studio with the cast! And they're all ready for you *now* at your Philco dealer's . . . where it is 1965 today.

open this page!



PHILCO TAKES A GIANT STEP INTO THE FUTURE!

Profile view above shows how the new Philco S-F picture tube compares with conventional tubes. This space-saving advance allows Philco designers to take a totally new look at television-cabinet style—result: the most exciting new television in the world.

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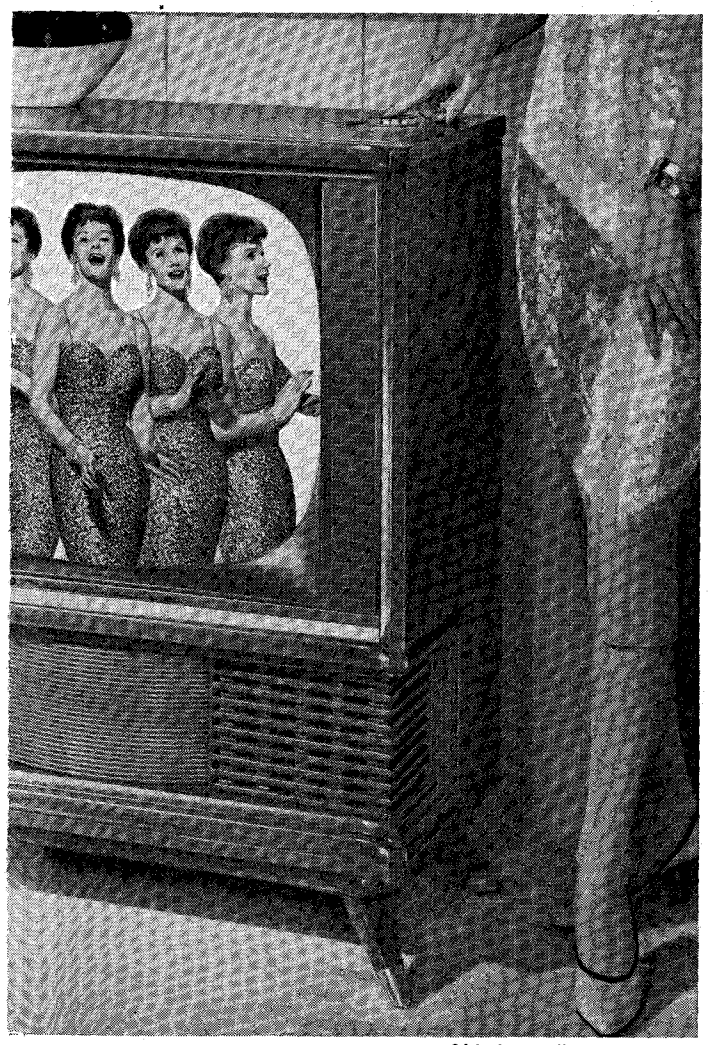
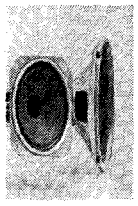
WORLD OF TOMORROW!

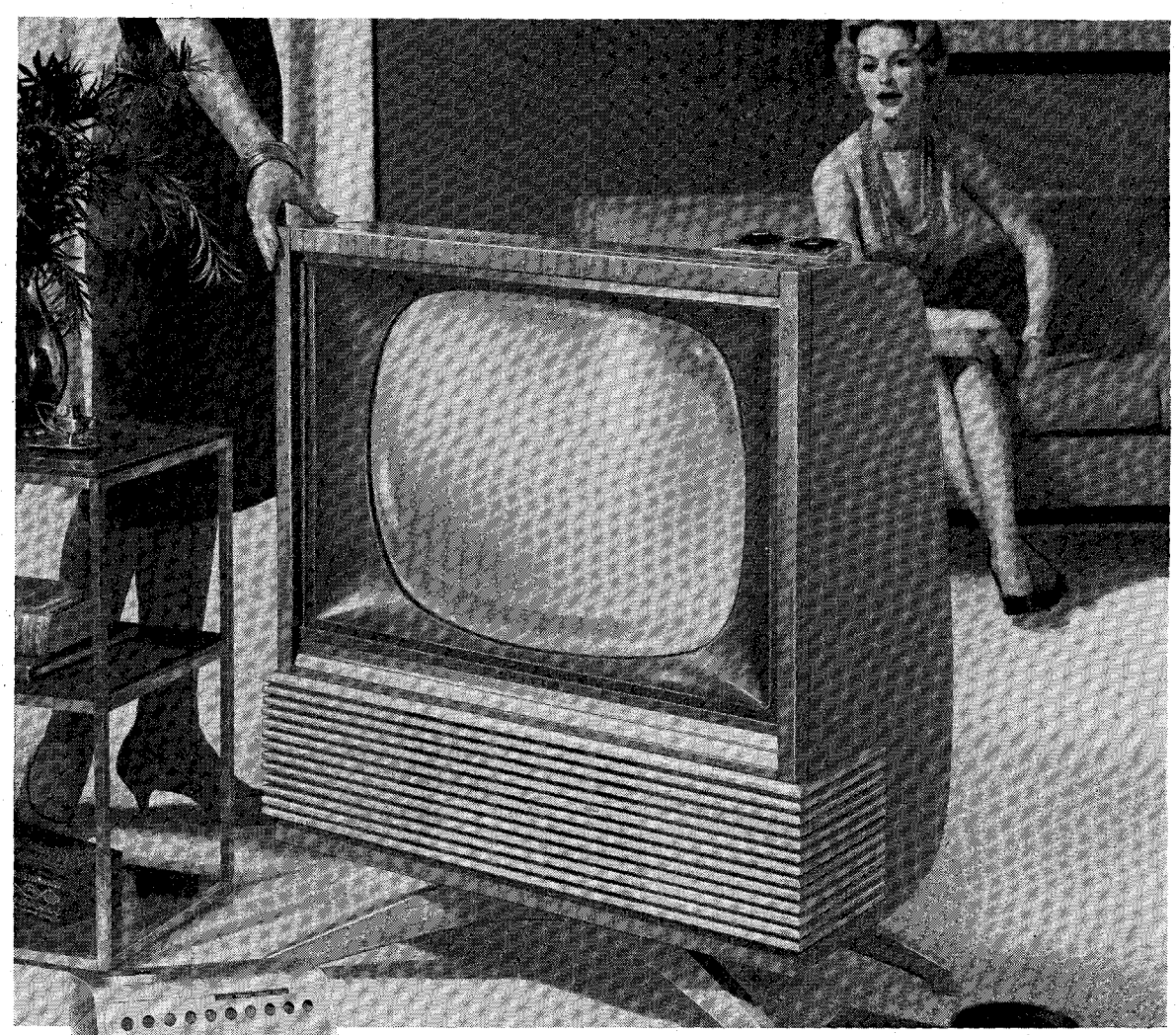


MODEL 6632-S 24-inch overall diagonal screen

1959 Miss America Console! Five harmonically balanced speakers, three in front and one on each side, give you thrilling new Wrap-Around Sound! Wherever you sit, sound surrounds you. Slender cabinet swivels at a finger's touch. Automatic Pop-Up Tuner. Mahogany, Walnut or Blond-finished wood cabinet.



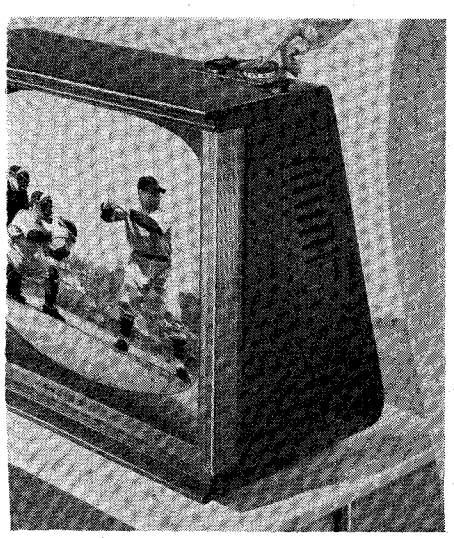
JND!



MODEL 4658-SL 21-inch overall diagonal screen

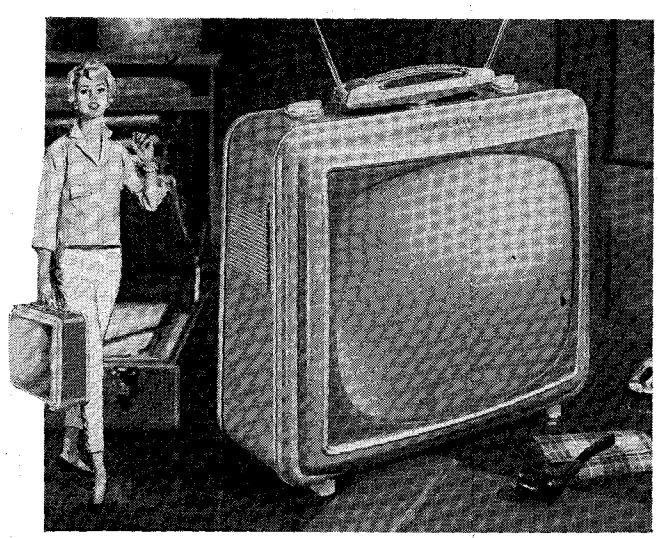
Swivel Console in Full Dress Cabinet! Even the back is beautiful. Gleaming wood finish all around! Full circle swivel. Beam it to dining area for mealtime, living area later—at the touch of a finger! Three-speaker Wrap-Around Sound. Automatic Pop-Up Tuner. S-F picture tube and Predicta chassis. Three-position electronic range switch. Full-range variable tone control. Built-in UHF-VHF antenna. Mahogany, Blond and Walnut finishes.

at your Philco dealer's!



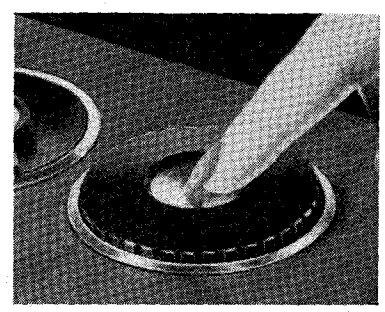
MODEL 4240 21-inch overall diagonal screen

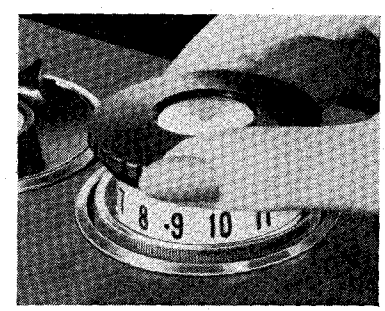
Table TV in Full Dress Cabinet! Stunning from any angle. Because the back is beautiful, you can place utomatic Pop-Up Tuner. Philco Pred S-F picture tube. All-around cabinet r Blond or Mahogany.



MODEL 3052-L 17-inch overall diagonal screen

Philco achieves "Brief Case" television! 1959 Slender Seventeener. The *most slender* portable TV . . . even the back is beautiful! "Scan-Tenna" handle hides a telescoping 39-inch antenna! Durable vinyl-finished in Saddle Tan and Baby Alligator Black or White. Also Blue, Green or Gold enamel. Prices start at **$179.95**





New Philco Automatic Pop-Up Tuner! Just a touch of your finger and the tuner *pops up*, turns the set on, *lights up* to show you your channel! Touch it again, down it goes and down it stays . . . leaving the top of the set smooth and uncluttered.

LOOK AHEAD . . . *and you'll choose*

TV today from the world of tomorrow!

PHILCO®

SPECIFICATIONS SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE. PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER SOUTH AND WEST. UHF SLIGHTLY HIGHER.

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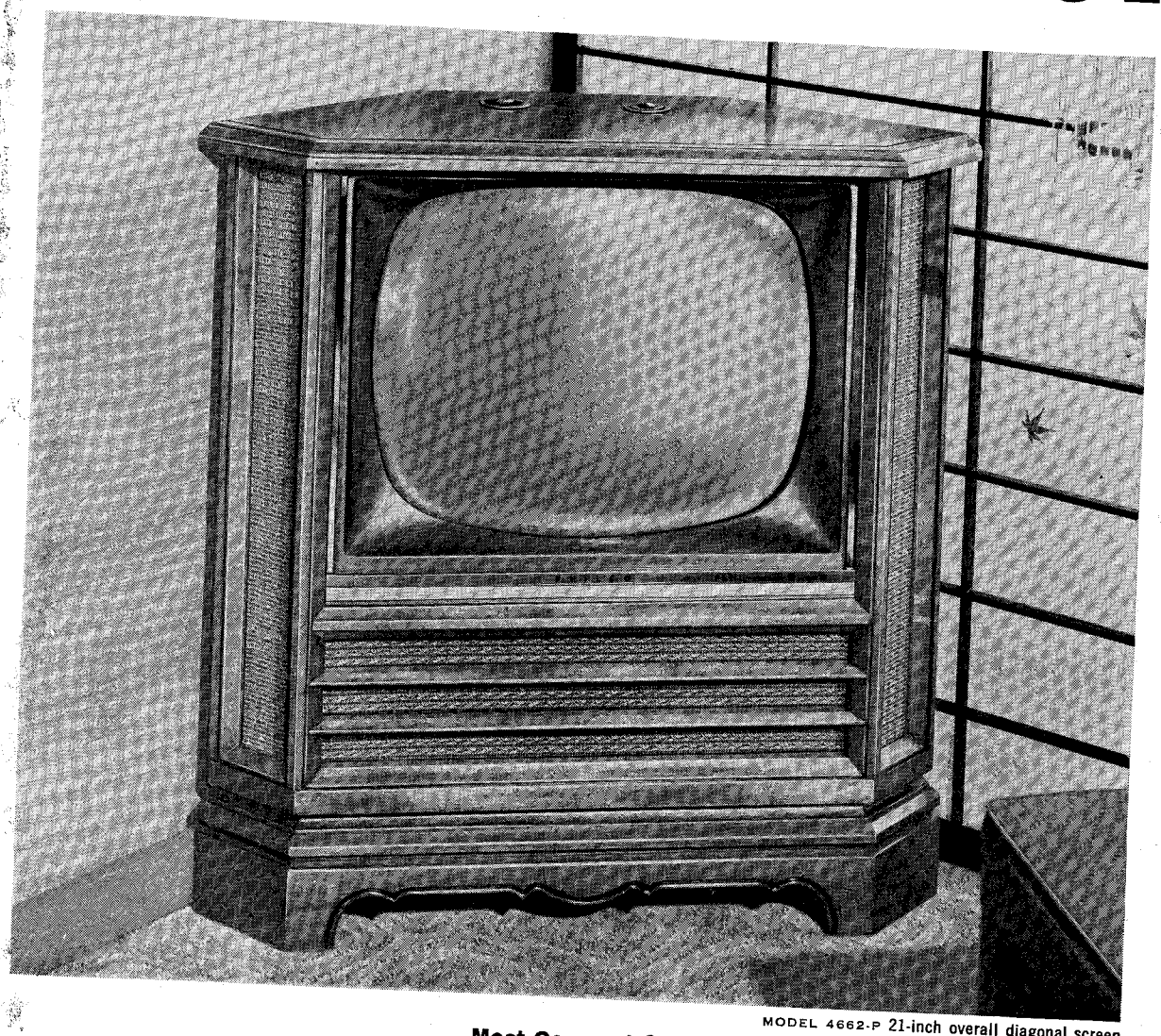
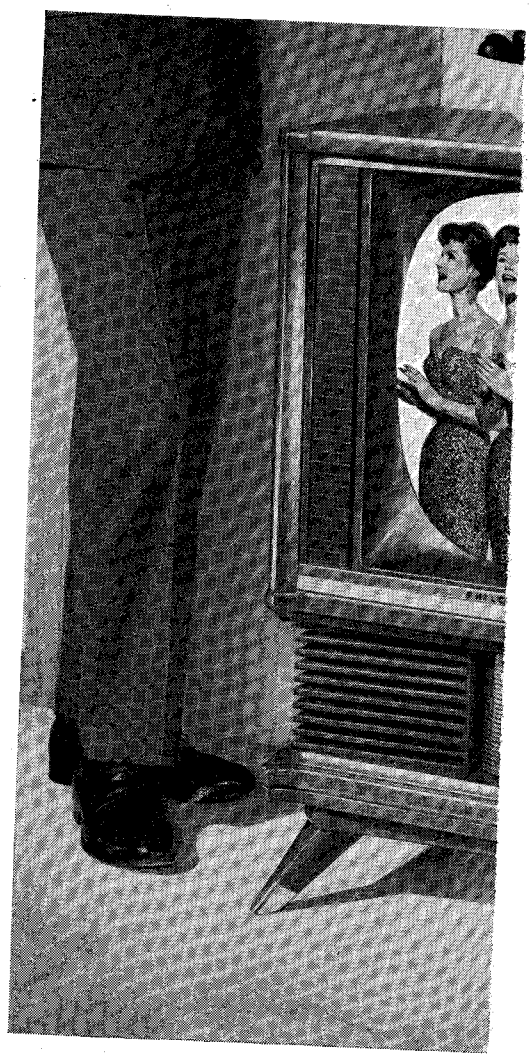
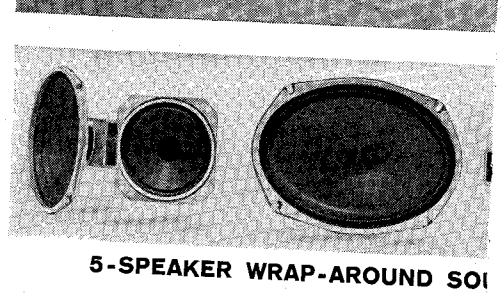
TV TODAY FROM THE



MODEL 4662-P 21-inch overall diagonal screen

Most Compact Corner Console! Big picture, yet takes up less space than a floor lamp. Three speakers, one under the screen and one on each side of it, give you Picture Frame Wrap-Around Sound. New S-F (Semi-Flat) picture tube, compact, power-packed Predicta chassis. Three-position range switch. Automatic Pop-Up Tuner. Choose from fine Mahogany and Maple-finished wood cabinets.



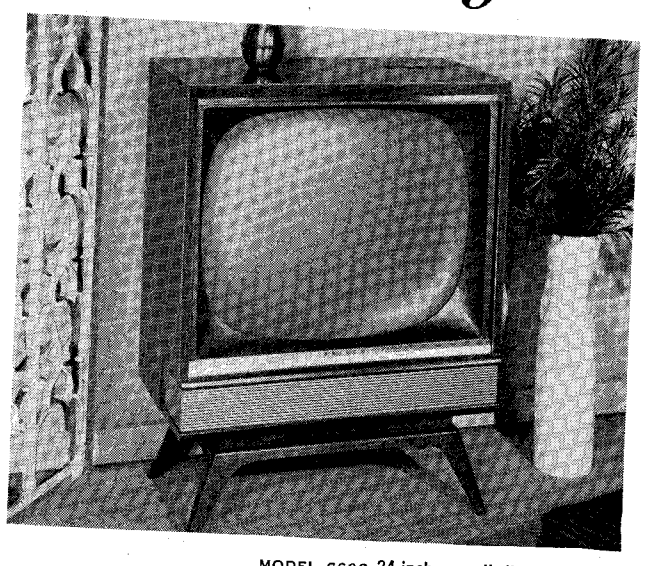


5-SPEAKER WRAP-AROUND SOU

Today it's 1965

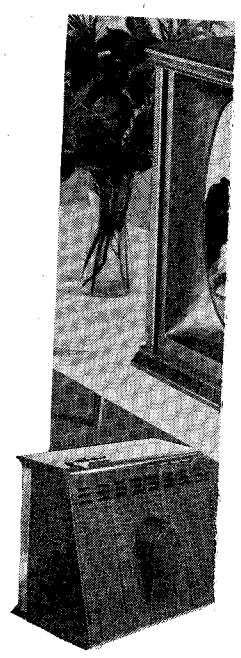
Philco Predicta Pedestal! Philco "floats" the picture tube above a slender column. Big speaker gives you dynamic Sound Out Front! All controls offer finger-tip convenience. Here's the new look in TV for the contemporary setting. Picture swivels! Pedestal in Mahogany or Walnut finish.

MODEL 4654 21-inch overall diagonal screen



MODEL 6628 24-inch overall diagonal screen

Extra-Big-Screen Baby Grand Console! Has 24-inch overall diagonal picture, yet cabinet is smaller than many 21's! Philco S-F picture tube and Predicta chassis make this design miracle possible. Philco 3-speaker Wrap-Around Sound. Automatic Pop-Up Tuner. Wood cabinet in Mahogany or Blond finish.



it anywhere! A
dicta chassis a
finished in eith

◀ **Philco Predicta!** New look of television. The picture, completely enclosed in its own case, "floats" and swivels above the cabinet. Sound Out Front, built-in Pivot-Tenna. Gleaming brass trim, beautiful woods. Blond (as shown) $269.95, Mahogany finish **$259.95**

MODEL 4242-L 21-inch overall diagonal screen

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ontinued from Page 69) their reflec-
ns begin. This, in effect, doubles their
ight. But to the cajoled eye of the
ctator, as I can testify, the illusion is
n more baffling: the trunks seem to
ntinue illimitably upward.

And here is another triumph of leger-
main. No exhibition would be com-
te without the California redwoods.
t how in limited space could the mu-
im convey the grandeur of trees so
ge that roadways could be—and have
n—tunneled through their trunks? A
ple of years ago Doctor Parr came
with the idea of experimenting with
optical deception called "forced per-
ctive." Since that time the experiment
; been brought to successful fruition
sixty-eight-year-old James Perry Wil-
, another gifted background painter.
The visitor peers through a narrow
ss panel. Actually the back wall of
case is only seven feet behind the
ss but it represents with complete
viction a distance of 270 feet. Objects
life size in the foreground and then
inish in size, and flatten. Wilson
ginally constructed a mock-up of the
ibit's exact dimensions; in geometric
ns he worked out a graphic scale by
ich he could determine the size and
th of an object at any distance.

Then, working from photographs and
own on-the-spot sketches, using such
ane tools of the trade as reducing
ses and stereo-viewers, he painted his
l masterpiece. The scene is the Bull
ek Flats grove of redwoods near
erville, California. The hour is nine
. and remnants of the Pacific fog are
l evident. This is an authentic part of
story—condensation of water from
dense fogs provides moisture during
summer months.

Customarily there are no figures of
ple in museum habitat groups, but
mphasize the height of the redwoods,
ry Wilson has pictured some of the
yot Indians who once lived there.
en Robert W. Kane painted the
ar-mapling group, he included ruddy-
ed country folk, using some of his
eagues as models; recognizable are
, lean Wilson and very tall, lean John
Nichols, curator emeritus of fishes.

The diorama of the Southeastern swamp
st was one of the earliest completed.
Coosawhatchie plantation and game
rve is about thirty miles north of
annah, and is owned by H. Nelson
er. Slater's gamekeeper, Willie Wil-
ms, was of inestimable help to the
nbers of the field expedition. He had
d his sixty-three years within a five-
e radius of the plantation and he
w the swamp as a gypsy palmist
ws the human hand. When Matthew
menoff began to paint the scene,
k in 1951, the bald cypresses, the
k gums, the red bays, the Southern
gnolias looked singularly lonesome
out the presence of Willie Williams.
o Williams left home for the first time
came to New York and had his por-
t painted—Kalmenoff placed him in
oat on one of the shallow, sedgy
ams—and read his story in the pa-
s. Willie was unimpressed by the fact
t he was being immortalized, and
ed only two days. He had a reasona-
explanation: "Chewing tobacco is
main satisfaction, and that is why I
e to get home. There is no place in
v York to spit." Willie now has been
sioned by the Slaters, but, surrounded
a healthy clutch of children and
ndchildren, the gamekeeper still
ws more about swamp trees, swamp
nals and wild turkeys than visiting
D.'s.

The fight to save our forests has not
n won, but great advances have been made. Our ancestors had little interest in trees. They cut timber to build houses and chopped logs to keep those houses warm. But mostly they cut timber to clear the land to grow crops. A good many of them felt, as Gifford Pinchot once said, that the thing to do with the forest was to get rid of it. Substantial steps were made toward this mistaken end in the last century when vast tracts were ruthlessly cut and left desolate. Today we know that kind of lumbering is nothing less than murder of national wealth.

Sixty years ago there wasn't a school of forestry in the United States, and interested students, such as Pinchot, had to go to Europe for study. Today there are thirty-seven forestry schools, and their trained graduates supervise state and national preserves and the forests owned by large industrial concerns. We know now that much of our timberland is not suitable for farm crops; that timberland stores water, moderates floods and retards land erosion; that it provides food and shelter for wildlife; that, if properly supervised, it provides marginal grazing for cattle and sheep; that timber products still account for about one fourth of all the raw materials we use in manufacturing and building.

The story of modern-day, commercial lumbering is told in an exhibit called How Man Harvests the Forest. Here are the details of selection cutting, clear cutting and seed-tree cutting, as now practiced by industry; mills get their logs, but the continuous growth of the forest is assured. Remaining trees enjoy more sunlight and, as the nutritionists might say, a better diet. Sick trees are treated, the hopelessly diseased are eliminated, pests and parasites are combated. Most of the large companies regularly practice artificial reforestation and many of them operate tree farms where seedlings are given the loving attention of a tomato set in a city back yard.

A companion exhibit is called How Nature Harvests the Forest, and here things begin to be a bit grim and hardly reminiscent at all of nature as happily presented in, say, The Girl of the Limberlost. Actually there are three stories: harvest by fire, by wind, by insects.

"When judged by human values," said Doctor McCormick, "natural harvests are wasteful. But dead trees provide food and shelter for innumerable living organisms, and the nutrients the trees contain ultimately are returned to the soil. Eventually the 'harvested' forest is succeeded by new growth."

It should be remarked at once that Doctor McCormick and other museum officials yield to no man in deploring fires, destructive storms and pestilence. Yet all are inevitable and not entirely sinister. Fires are common in some forests, extremely rare in others. Fire kills some trees, encourages the growth of others. Fire destroys the litter on the forest floor, provides a nursery for species which require bare soil as a seedbed. And it preserves the lodgepole pines which dominate thousands of acres in the Northern Rocky Mountain region. Intense heat is required to open their cones. Fire in the forest releases the seeds of the lodgepole pine. When spring returns to the burned-over area, tiny lodgepole seedlings clothe the charred area in the vivid green of a forest reborn.

Incidentally, the giant sequoias are almost impervious to fire because of their tremendously thick bark; if the bark is burned through in a complete circle, however, the tree dies. But many of the giants bear blackened scars of the centuries-old fires they survived. At their great age also they seem to be immune to disease. Ironically enough, they are most menaced today by their admirers. Their widespread root system is shallow—about 90 per cent of the roots are within twelve inches of the surface. Root injury from the trampling of thousands of human feet is already extensive in certain groves, and, unless tourists can be made to keep their distance, awed homage will be the literal downfall of the kings of the forest.

Preparation of such an enterprise as the forest hall is an elaborate undertaking. Dr. George H. Childs, biologist and master artificer, spent two years on the insect exhibit alone. In the workrooms one hears always the whine of lathes, and the air is redolent of sprays, oils and waxes; practically everything in the habitat groups except mounted birds and animals is *ersatz*. Artificial leaves, faithful in color and veining, were made by the hundreds of thousands. In the past, cotton and wax, then stamped paper veined by hand, were used for leaves; today many of the leaves are molded from plastic by a vacuum process. Yet the illusion is so convincing that a puzzled housewife recently inquired, "How do you water your plants?"

An example of the challenge of a museum assignment is a crowd pleaser done by Raymond H. de Lucia. This is an educational display intended by the scientists to show the public how minute animals and plants break down forest wastes to make the humus which enriches soil. This called for great enlargement; the exhibit is twenty-four times life size, yet faithful in every detail. A six-inch oak leaf thus became twelve feet long and a three-inch millipede six feet long. Despite its name, a millipede does not have a thousand legs; it has 164. Ray de Lucia knows. Everything he reproduced he previously studied under the microscope. His sculptural methods were of his own devising. Some of his plastic figures were originally laid out in a water-clay mold and done in the flat. Then, using a heat lamp to soften the material, he bent the figures into the shapes he wanted. An oversize daddy-longlegs spider has a core of very light balsa wood; the legs are cotton and wax over wire; the hairs on the legs are fashioned from tiny flexible wires.

The ingenious specialists behind the exhibition are an interesting and diverse lot. Slight, friendly Ray de Lucia was graduated from the Yale School of Fine Arts in 1938. His grandfather was a stonecutter and his uncle, Ira Lake, is a sculptor. Ray, once a mural painter, is now master of all the preparator's trades. Charles Alston, prominent Negro artist who painted the mural on weather in the forest, now teaches at the Art Students' League.

Many countries are represented in the production-staff personnel. Sculptor Tomas Newbery comes from the Argentine, sculptor Ramon Bermudez from the Philippines, Seymour Couzyn from Lebanon. Freidoun Jalayer—known to everyone as Freddy—is a Persian. His father was Gholam Hossein Jalayer, one time chancellor of the exchequer in the Iranian cabinet.

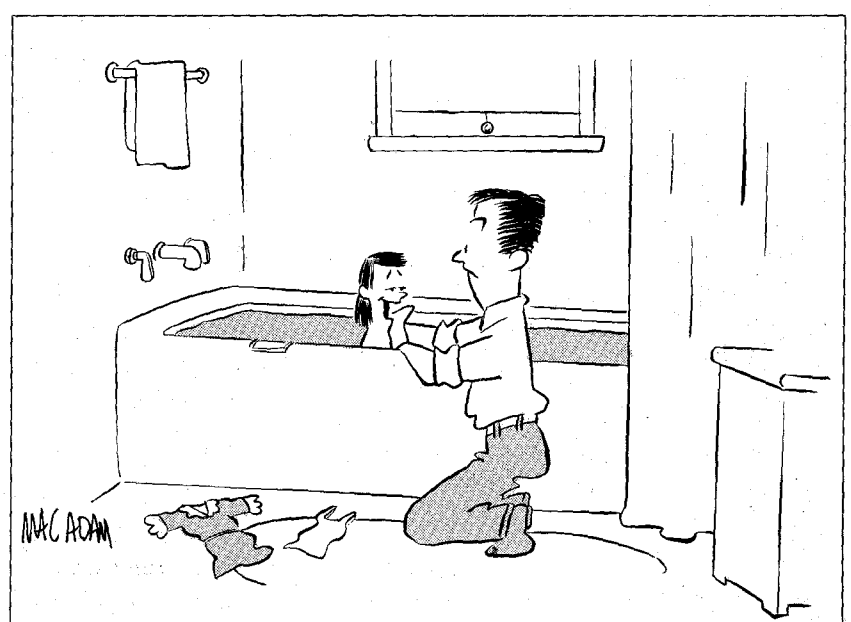
Freddy studied art and sculpture in Teheran and Paris, came to the United States as a student and shortly afterward went to work for the museum. He is the only member of the staff retained in his job by act of Congress. When his status as a student expired, Senator Ives, of New York—at the request of the museum—introduced special legislation to permit him to remain here. This passed both houses and was signed by President Truman. Freddy will be a full-fledged citizen next year.

Bob Kane, like Perry Wilson, is a museum veteran. He made two field expeditions of many months to Africa in the 1930's, spent two of the war years in Ethiopia and Eritrea with a British-American camouflage group. After successfully surviving these hazards, he was attacked by polio a few years ago right at home; his left arm was crippled. Happily, Kane's right arm is his painting arm.

Few of the staff of brilliant but anonymous preparators and designers began their careers with any thought of museum work. Lothar Witteborg had a degree in civil engineering before he turned to anthropology and art. Edward Denyer taught painting at the University of Missouri. Lewis S. Brown, who constructed many of the animal models, teaches anatomy at Pratt Institute, in Brooklyn. Designer Luther A. Williams specialized in architectural "renderings" when he first came to New York.

Young Alan R. Munro, who works with woods, is one preparator who is doing what comes naturally. He received his training at the J. Watson Webb Museum of Early Americana in Shelburne, Vermont. His father, Duncan R. Munro, is technical director of the museum.

So much for the new Hall of North American Forests and the men who created it. A million and a half people will see it before the year rolls around again. THE END



"Gee, daddy, this is fun! Mommy never leaves my shoes and socks on."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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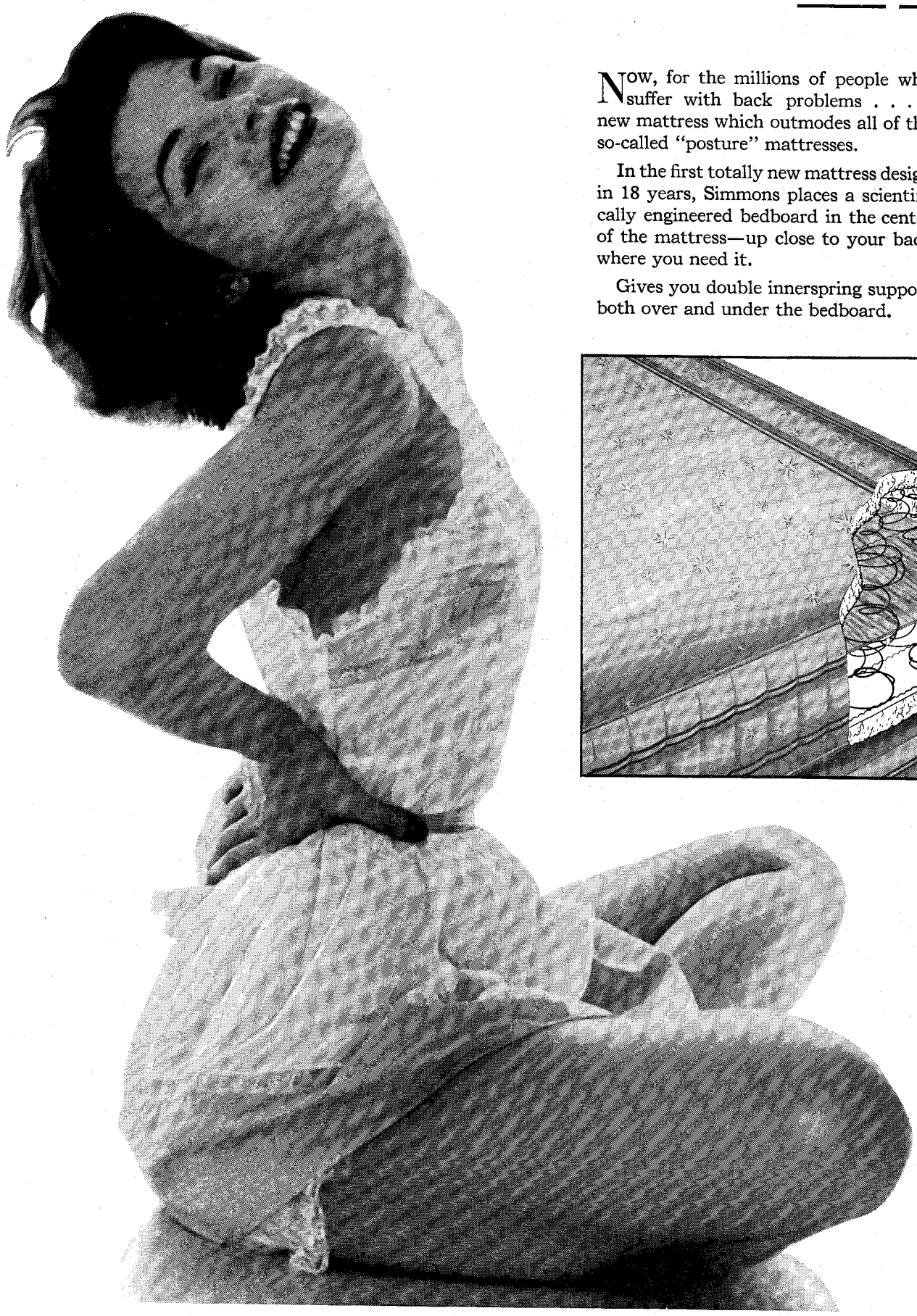
New freedom for your back!

New BACK CARE mattress by SIMMONS

First and only mattress with a Built-in Bedboard



Now, for the millions of people who suffer with back problems . . . a new mattress which outmodes all of the so-called "posture" mattresses.

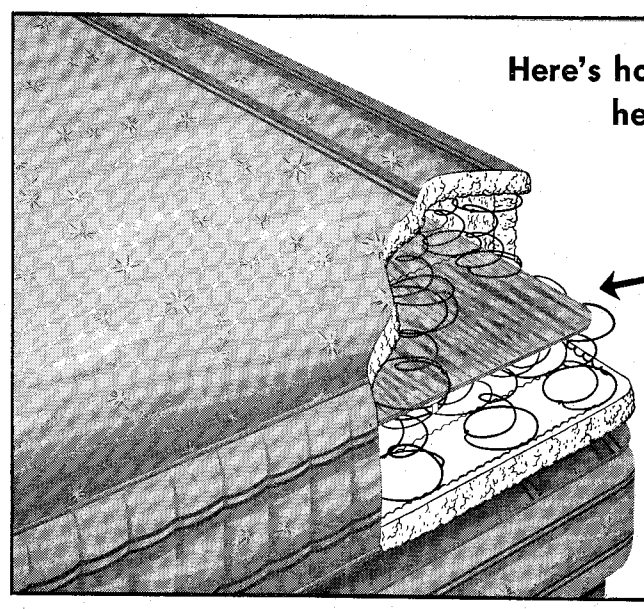
In the first totally new mattress design in 18 years, Simmons places a scientifically engineered bedboard in the center of the mattress—up close to your back where you need it.

Gives you double innerspring support both over and under the bedboard.

Requested...supervised...approved by doctors. The Back Care® was designed as a result of medical demand.

Orthopedists were consulted on its construction . . . and a panel of orthopedists tried it for themselves and their patients . . . gave it complete approval.

Despite costly construction, Back Care costs only $79.50, fully guaranteed. Once used to Back Care, you'll never be comfortable on any other mattress.



Here's how Built-in Bedboard helps your back:

1. Resilient coil support adjusts to your body contours . . . smooth, button-free surface.

2. Built-in Bedboard of plywood keeps your spine level and straight. Scientific corrective action up close to your back where you need it.

3. Extra floating spring support. Bedboard floats on extra layer of springs . . . equalizes weight over all coils. Prevents sag.

BACK CARE

PATENT PENDING

WITH BUILT-IN BEDBOARD

by SIMMONS

Makers of the famous Beautyrest® mattress and Hide-A-Bed® Sofa

©1958 by Simmons Co., Mdse. Mart, Chicago, Ill.

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The first evening in our wonderful new home

The moving men left hours ago. The kids are asleep. The fire is burning low. (The first one in our new fireplace . . . in our new home.)

Our new home. What a wonderful feeling!

It's a bright, beautiful, brand-new home. A home no one else has ever lived in. We're the first.

A home with a wonderful *cleanness* about it. Where the rooms are big and sunny and the outdoors is only a step – and a look – away.

A home with a *big* kitchen with more appliances than I ever saw. And places to *put* things.

A home with a spot where Bob can hammer and drill and tinker to his heart's content.

A home that doesn't have the dust and dirt and cracks of the years – and all the marks on the walls will be made by *our* kids.

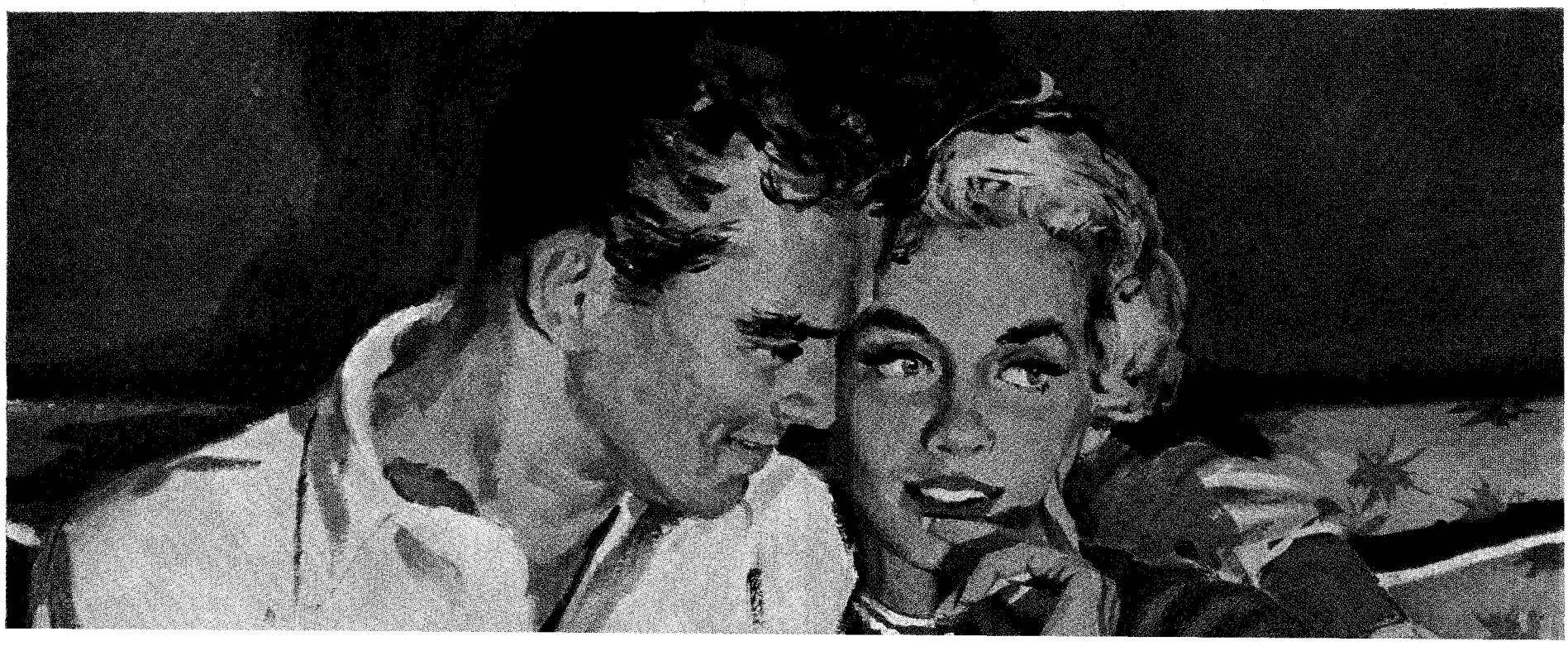
Kids. Most of all, a new home is for them. With plenty of space inside, and lots of good green grass outside. With room to play in – sure, even scrap in – room to grow in.

I know this is where we *belong*. I know by the waves of pride and thankfulness that sweep over me. I know by the look on Bob's face.

I know that buying this home is the wisest thing we ever did.

Gold Bond
BUILDING PRODUCTS
NATIONAL GYPSUM COMPANY

Buy a new home—life's happiest investment



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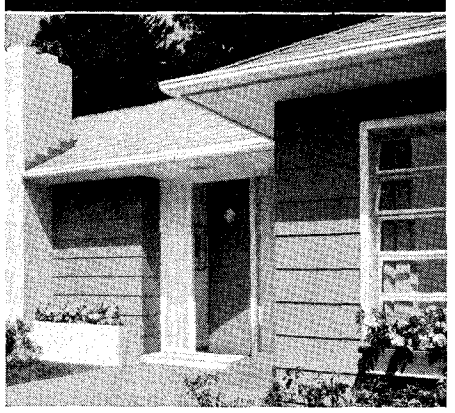

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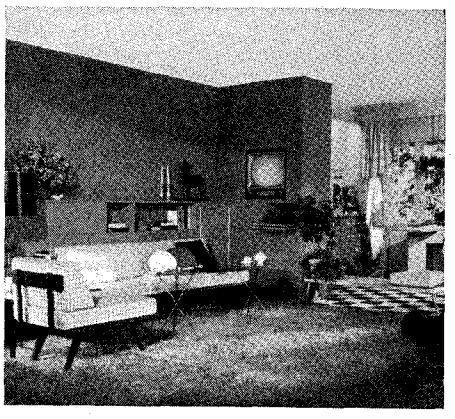

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Children of the Empty World

(Continued from Page 29)

parents, his playmates, his brothers and sisters, and hide in shadowed corners. From these he launched sudden commando raids on the world. He hurled dinner plates to the floor, dancing the fragments into the rug, screamed with frenzied shrieks as he ripped the backs off leather-bound books, smashed windows, clawed paper off the wall in long, ragged ribbons. Nothing and no one was sacred. Once he attacked his mother with a well-honed, twelve-inch carving knife.

Bobby lived in a maddening world, and he was trying to fight his way free. Most of the time he could not understand anyone. He could talk, he could see and hear, some of the time he could even read and understand words, but at the crucial moment the real meaning of words and sentences would dissolve and leave him panic-stricken. Words, sounds, shapes, feelings turned into a jumbled mess. In a quiet moment he once said, "The blind have seeing-eye dogs, but I have no one." And he didn't. Until he met Doctor Myklebust no one could understand his behavior, for he obeyed no recognizable pattern, but swung from brooding apathy to wild rage in some mysterious rhythm of his own.

However, once his troubles were diagnosed, Bobby was started on the road to a normal life. The institute was able to counsel both the boy's parents and his teachers as well as to give him the key to communications through intense two-hour individual classes each week.

It's not two years now since Bobby was brought to Doctor Myklebust, but today he rarely has a temper tantrum, and never goes berserk. He has friends, has learned to ride a two-wheel bike and leads his third-grade class in reading. When I met him he was a bright lad with a firm handshake and a ready grin. I would have been proud to have him for a son.

The man who wrought that spectacular change is a gentle, forty-seven-year-old South Dakotan with a blond-to-white crewcut. Doctor Myklebust is a world-famous diagnostician in the extremely tricky area of evaluating the intelligence of children who have little or no language. He is not a physician, although he works closely with the medical profession. He does hold an appointment at Northwestern as professor of psychiatry and neurology in the Medical School, but he is also a professor of psychology in the College of Liberal Arts and a professor in the School of Speech. Doctor Myklebust is a clinical psychologist, skilled in probing the emotional and mental levels of children, and an educator who has pioneered in teaching children who cannot comprehend language, the basic means we all use to teach and learn.

He started his career as a teacher of the deaf, but he was not content to stop there. He was obsessed with the problem of youngsters who were not deaf, who had perfect ears, but who could not understand. He brooded about the lad with 20-20 vision who could not read. He became a clinical psychologist; he took his doctorate in education, and he continued studying—medicine, philosophy, psychology—anything which could teach him more about how man uses language.

After he joined the Northwestern faculty as a professor of speech pathology, he went out and raised $6000 on the strength of his enthusiasm alone, and opened the institute doors. "I always thought the Junior League was a joke, a harmless but silly club of society girls," he laughs, "but not any more. If it weren't for the Junior League we wouldn't be in business. During the seven years since we opened our doors they have contributed more than fifty thousand dollars and thousands of volunteer hours to do dull, routine and very necessary jobs."

Myklebust operates on a shoestring. The university supplies six tiny offices and four other combination class-diagnostic rooms and some of the staff. The research program has been supported entirely by a local group, the Wiebolt Foundation, in two three-year grants of $50,000 apiece. Myklebust is no empire builder; his eight-person staff spends the money on youngsters, not on administration.

I had first seen Doctor Myklebust, far from Evanston, running the only diagnostic clinic for deaf-blind children in the United States at Perkins School for the Blind in Watertown, Massachusetts (WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY "HOPELESS"? The Saturday Evening Post, March 2, 1957). He still regularly flies there to hold diagnostic sessions.

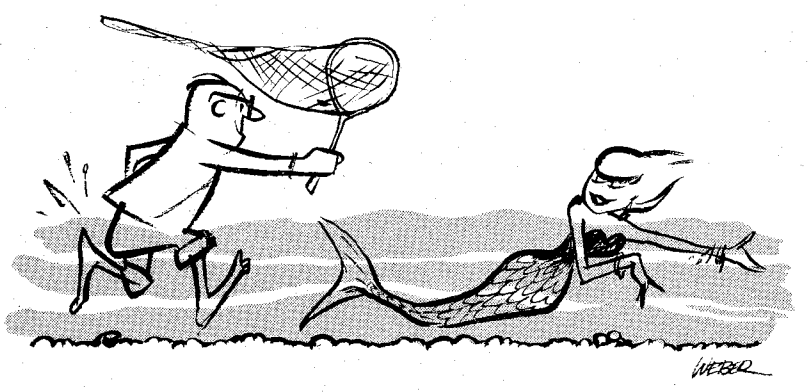
It had been an intensely moving experience to see him making contact with young human beings who had never had real communication with another person, to watch him using touch, smell, vibration, to guess what intelligence was locked in their brains. I did not expect to be as impressed by his work with aphasic children in Evanston. When I dropped in for a visit I changed my mind. He does a job there that may be less spectacular but is actually more delicate and difficult.

There is no way he can look inside the brains of these youngsters. Their eyes and ears are usually fine; there can be only obscure clues as to why they cannot or will not use language. Electroencephalographs can show some kinds of brain damage and hint at their location, but we really do not know what goes on in the brain.

Doctor Myklebust cannot predict what combinations of sound, shape and color will be the code which he can use to reach the undamaged part of the brain and reveal its intelligence. He can never predict what mixed-up reaction the brain will have to the symbols and sensations which it receives, but which it cannot sort out. Doctor Myklebust knows that if enough of the brain is undamaged, other parts can be trained to take over. He does not really know how or why this happens. If you are cheerful, skillful, and just plain lucky, the miracle may occur. Dean James H. McBurney, of the School of Speech, told me, "Myke is a pioneer, working at the outer reaches of knowledge."

Knowing his terrible limitations, Doctor Myklebust spends a full ninety minutes diagnosing each patient, in a quiet, green room filled with a delightful variety of toys. Most of the youngsters have been poked and prodded and quizzed by a hundred doctors and are gun-shy when it comes to being examined, but at Evanston they don't realize they are being tested. They just have fun. Doctor Myklebust helps them get a puzzle off the shelf, and sits relaxed while they take time to figure it out. He lies on the floor as a youngster builds bridges, towers and a huge truck garage with blocks.

I watched Doctor Myklebust quietly playing with these children and was impressed by the results, but I did not understand how he got reactions from youngsters who could not communicate with their own parents. In fact, as a parent who gets tired, irritated, impatient with his own family, I almost resented this



The Perfect Squelch

Somewhere in a Western office of our far-flung Federal bureaucracy there lurked an executive who was report-crazy. Employees at one of the Government dams along the Columbia River soon found this out. The executive demanded the most detailed reports on the dam, including volume of water over and through it and much else. Then he questioned, heckled and questioned again.

To jolt the report-conscious executive, the dam staff one day filled out an official count of fish using the dam's fish ladders, as follows: "Passed upstream, 312 Chinook salmon, 294 steelheads, one octopus, two mermaids." Perhaps the executive was on vacation, for the report was printed exactly that way. Within a month, however, there came a letter from him challenging the accuracy of the report.

"Obviously a mistake somewhere," the dam staff replied. "Everyone knows that octopuses and mermaids live only in salt water."

A. A. Peterson

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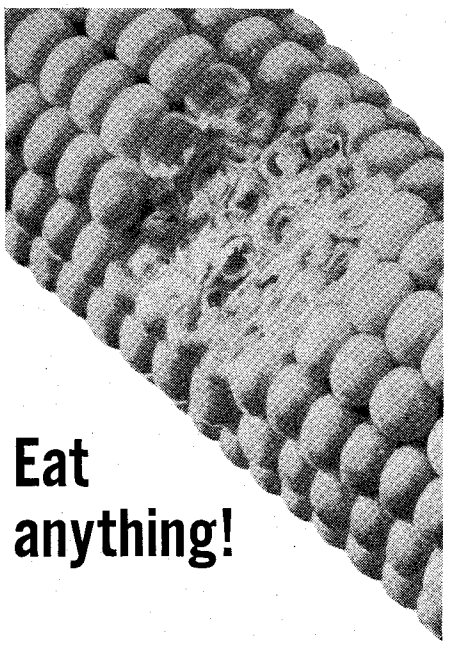

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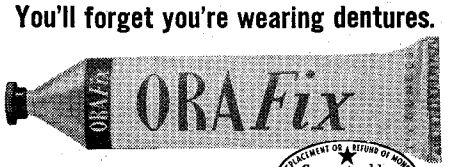

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academic pied piper who had no children of his own, yet who could act patient, relaxed, interested in everything a youngster was doing.

Then I began to see his secret. He was not acting. Doctor Myklebust's attitude was simple, and it was expressed in every movement he made; in the tone of his voice, in the look on his face, in the touch of his hand, in the things he left unsaid. His actions all said, "I know you. I accept you. I like you."

When one lad's interest faded, he did not give the boy crayons; he made them available. There was no pressure, no tension. The way the crayons were shoved across the table said, "This might be fun; try it if you want to." After a while it was suggested that the boy draw a man. This was a crucial psychological test, but the youngster didn't realize it. In this relaxed atmosphere his brain was given a fair chance to prove itself.

It all looked very casual, but it was hard work. Behind a large one-way picture window, a team of expert observers watched every move and listened to hidden microphones which picked up each word the doctor and his patient said. There must be no chance of losing any clue, however small. Doctor Myklebust knows too well that he is not practicing a science when he attempts to diagnose the intellectual future of such handicapped children. There cannot be an easy, simple intelligence test for the child to whom words are a babble of sound.

The most important tool Doctor Myklebust uses to evaluate their intelligence is his own experience. He has worked so long with youngsters who have language problems that he can sense which ones will learn and which ones will not. He can spot aphasic children who other people think are retarded, emotionally disturbed, deaf or even insane.

He knows, for example, that aphasic children have trouble in distinguishing strangers from members of their family, in becoming toilet trained, in playing with toys such as fire engines, which depend on a youngster's connecting the experience of seeing a real fire engine with the symbol that stands for it—the toy. But he knows these discouraging things can be signs of hope.

Every diagnostic session follows the strict order listed in a nine-page form. Everything is noted from the physical appearance of the youngster to his behavior. Although the boy or girl may think he is playing, he is being tested. The form reads, for example: "Uncovers round box (mental age—14 months); closes round box (16 months); builds a tower of three cubes (20 months); copies circle (three years); copies square (five years); copies diamond (seven years)."

Hearing is checked to make sure that the problem lies with the child's brain, not his ears. His motor functions are examined. Can he stand on one foot without help? Can he walk on tiptoe? For years diagnosticians have been able to tell a lot about brain-damaged children with these tests, and there is a long clinical record against which a boy may be measured.

The young patient's jaw movements, gait and grasp are a few of the details marked down. His speech and language are examined. Does he respond to his name, to a gesture? Does he ask you to help him or just grab your hand and try to make you do what he wants (sometimes a sign of schizophrenia)? How does he relate objects to each other, to people, to words? Can he speak or does he speak only when he's upset? What is his relationship with his mother? Does he leave her easily or cling to her knees, screaming? Does he adjust well to new people or does he ignore everyone? What is his interest span; does he rush indiscriminately from one thing to another or does he do the same task over and over and over and over again until he is stopped?

Not one—or even a dozen—of such questions will yield the crucial answer about a boy's future, but through hundreds of them a pattern may be found. Jimmy speaks only in grunts, but he's far beyond his age in reading; he plays intelligently with blocks; adjusts well to people; has a good interest span. He's a good bet; there's a lot for a teacher to work with.

Many times there is no response. Pete was a handsome, black-haired boy who had mentally left this world. He wouldn't laugh, cry, speak or even react to being tickled. Doctor Myklebust had to turn Pete away. He knew Pete's parents thought he was the boy's last chance, but he had no hope to offer. This haunts him. Then he thinks of Robin.

Robin hadn't spoken by the time he was four. His mother went to a doctor who pooh-poohed the problem. "I've observed your son at a birthday party," he chuckled heartily. "You haven't a thing to worry about. He'll turn out all right." A more scientific medical diagnosis arranged by Doctor Myklebust showed extensive brain damage.

"When we saw Robin," Doctor Myklebust remembers, "he didn't know he'd been born. He was a sallow child with large, empty eyes. He didn't do a thing. No rages, no temper tantrums here. He could walk, but most of the time he didn't try. You could put him in any position on the floor, even an uncomfortable, twisted one, and he'd not move until you came back, maybe hours later. On occasion he'd speak—a mumble of animal sounds."

Robin was lucky. Doctor Myklebust worked long and hard during the diagnostic session, and at last he saw a spark. The boy reacted to him, tried hard to learn, to work with the doctor. He had a good interest span; he seemed to understand much more than he could express. Myklebust gambled a big share of the institute's scarce teaching time on him. It was a good investment. The staff finally drew Robin out of his shell, made him see the wonder of life and, by skillful teaching, taught his brain to allow him to speak. When I saw him, three years after he had come to Doctor Myklebust for diagnosis, he was a bright, chipper boy. In the public school he attends not one pupil suspects he ever had a language problem.

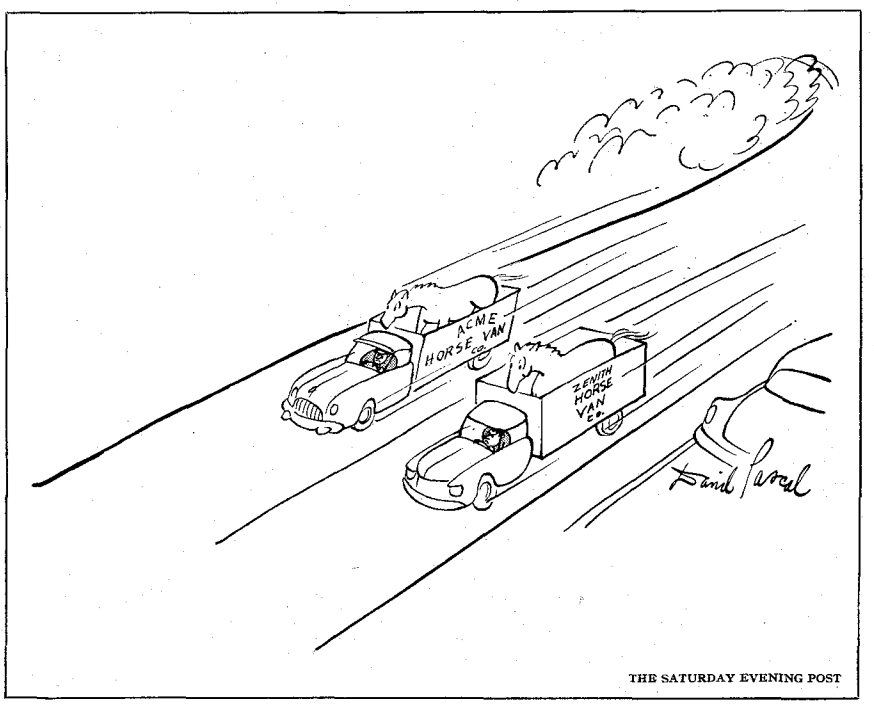
With the ruthlessness that is the ultimate kindness, Doctor Myklebust, immediately after each diagnostic session, sits down on the other side of the window and holds a conference with the staff members who have watched the examination—teacher, speech therapists, researchers and Ph.D. candidates. They decide the child's fate—at least as far as the institute goes. Only a few aphasic children can be accepted. They are the subject of research studies, and provide the practice necessary for a teaching program which is sending graduate students, experienced in handling aphasic youngsters, all over the world. The fortunate guinea pigs chosen from among the hundreds of youngsters who come to Northwestern for diagnosis receive more intensive help than they could get anywhere else in the nation, and for a token three dollars a week which pays only part of the cost of a two-hour class. Does this particular child deserve a chance at one of these restricted classes? That is the terrible question which has to be answered by the staff as the child plays unaware, just on the other side of a sheet of glass.

Once a youngster has been accepted, Doctor Myklebust's first job is to counsel the parents. I have watched the tension leave parents' faces and hands as Doctor Myklebust quietly teaches them about their own child. At last they know what is wrong, and what to do about it. "This is what you must realize," Doctor Myklebust begins: "your son's brain has been damaged so that most of the time there is something critically wrong with the part which tells him the meaning of things. He lives in a crazy, mixed-up world."

Most of the time he doesn't see anything sensibly, but as disconnected scraps of information, at best like a montage shot in the movies. He is unable to orient himself. Everything—a command to go to bed, the words "We love you," "You're a bad boy," "Hi-ho the derry-o," the smell of hot chocolate, a jack-in-the-box, grandmother, a puff of wind, the texture of an orange, the dark in the bedroom, the sudden brightness of a flash bulb—can be terrifyingly out of proportion.

When he was a baby, he never learned—as most babies do—that the sound of a spoon hitting the sides of a dish in the kitchen meant that mother was mixing up his baby cereal and that it soon would be fed to him. He never understood that when his father left the house in the morning he would return that night.

"Your son has little or no sense of anticipation," Doctor Myklebust explains, leaning forward and speaking intensely. "Think what that means. To such a child a simple game of peekaboo is a nightmare." (*Continued on Page 81*)



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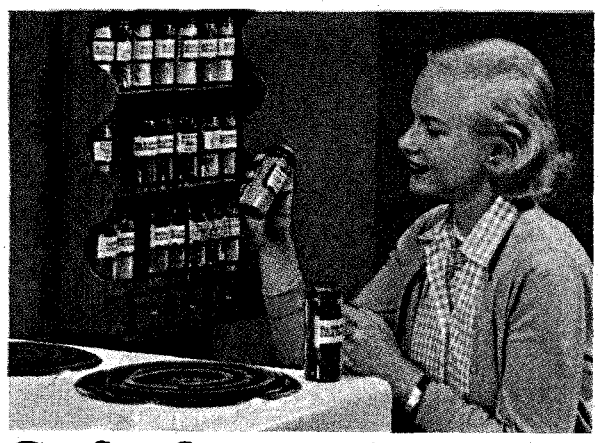

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(*Continued from Page 78*) Living conditions at home can make all the difference for such children. They have to have a "structured" environment. That means a simple, strict way of life they can learn to understand and trust. If they live within a simple pattern, the healthy part of their brains will be given a chance to understand the connection between the things they see, hear and feel. In the proper environment they may begin to find order in the confusion. One spoon and one small dish at the table is the rule at first. There can be no parties, no Wild West television shows, no shopping trips; just a rigid schedule, with the same bedtime every single night of the week without fail.

Then comes the teaching. Learning is a slow, agonizing process for them. I saw Mike, a burly football-tackle kind of a boy, break into racking sobs. He has three types of aphasia, three strikes against him: dyslexia, trouble with reading; dysgraphia, difficulty in writing; dyscalcula, a problem of understanding figures. And he has an estimated I.Q. of 140, far above average.

No wonder he's upset. He knows he's brighter than most boys his age, yet he has trouble subtracting four from six. "Mike's problem is like that of a man with money in a safe who can't remember the combination," explains Myklebust. "None of us can put intelligence into a brain, but sometimes, if we are lucky, we can let the boy spend it. He may have a lot in there, but he's poor until he can get at it."

The institute's prize safecracker is Miss Doris Johnson, an intelligent young lady with a relaxed manner and a marvelous sense of humor. Day after day, she puts to the test Doctor Myklebust's theories about teaching language to brain-damaged children. Apparently without effort, she walks a constant tightrope, commanding both affection and respect, giving both freedom and discipline, prodding a child to his limits, and yet keeping him from feeling a hopeless failure when he reaches them.

Essentially, Doctor Myklebust's theory is that careful, patient, inspired teaching will do the trick, if the youngster is given a world in which his brain can learn. I found this process a drama of raw emotions and agonizing suspense, more exciting than a good prize fight. On one side was a young child struggling to learn, and across the table a teacher, aching with her student's limitations, trying every way she could to help, to strike fire, to teach.

This drama takes place in a specially designed classroom, painted a restful green, with a green rug on the floor and a cream-colored soundproof ceiling. Miss Johnson's pupils are most distractable. An unknown noise, the shadow of a leaf waving in the wind can trigger their minds into wild flights of meaningless fancy, and a week's lesson can be lost. The room could have a beautiful view of Lake Michigan, but there are only small windows near the ceiling so that no student can see out. There is not a single picture on the wall. The furniture is simple—one desk, one table, a grownup's chair and three junior-sized chairs, a phonograph. Toys are shut away in a dark green cabinet. The room even has a partition halfway across the middle so two youngsters may be taught at the same time without seeing each other.

Here, in a quiet world where the child can learn to concentrate, Miss Johnson presents her lessons over and over again in a hundred ways, patiently fitting them to the student. No two of these youngsters are alike, and Miss Johnson must be alert to every clue, every barely noticeable hint which will tell her, "This is the way Johnny's brain will learn."

Miss Johnson cannot have a class plan, a cut-and-dried approach to every problem. She has to be master of all conventional teaching methods for youngsters from kindergarten through high school. In addition she has to know all the special techniques which have proved effective in teaching every kind of handicapped child, from those who are deaf and blind to those who are crippled or have cerebral palsy. On top of that, she has to have a few tricks of her own: special picture books in which the main figures stand out clearly from the background, toys that represent the concrete elements of her pupil's world—a chair, a table, a mommy, a dog.

Some way, any way, the brain must be helped to understand language. Miss Johnson probes for a youngster's brain, using every sense to get her lesson across. She will show him pictures of a cow, say the word, have him hear her say it, actually touch his fingers to her lips, make him watch her lips move. He may touch a model of a cow at the same time she says the word, hear a song about a cow on the phonograph, and be taught to mouth the word "cow." He may read a story about a cow, draw a cow. Doris Johnson will try anything to make a connection in his brain between the object cow and the symbol c-o-w.

Watching Miss Johnson teach, you can see what Doctor Myklebust was looking for in the diagnostic session: a desire to learn, a reasonably long interest span and an intelligence which is at least average. If a boy can, for example, read the word "cow" and understand it, he can use a symbol for an object. He has language. Yet even then, if he cannot say "cow," he has a serious problem. He cannot use language to express himself; in fact, he cannot even understand that the sounds he makes symbolize anything. Still, the teacher may be able to build on his written language to teach him how to speak. The end of the road comes when the undamaged parts of the brain take over the function of the injured area. Then he will speak as well as he reads. It is one of the miracles of the human brain that this happens.

Miss Johnson encouraged this miracle in one bright-eyed redhead by first teaching him to jump, using a technique I had seen work with deaf-blind youngsters. She said, "Jump," then she put her hands under his armpits and swung him into the air. She repeated, "Jump," and then she jumped. Again she said, "Jump," and hoisted him into the air. She repeated the word, "Jump," and she jumped. Time after time they worked. Before many lessons, he had learned to jump when she gave the word, and they would bound all over the office together, shouting, "Jump."

"The joint was really jumping," she laughs. The young redhead had discovered something about co-ordination, about his own senses, about anticipation, and he had found the meaning of a word. Most of all, he had learned how to learn.

Once these youngsters can make sense of the world, they can shoot ahead by leaps and bounds, especially if their handicap is discovered early enough. Unlike deaf-blind children, who need years upon years of special training, aphasic youngsters need only a key; then they can learn on their own. With an hour or so of special classes a week they can continue in a regular school. And those who would normally go to college can go to college.

But finding the key that will unlock the door to each particular child's future can be heartbreakingly difficult. Doris Johnson improvises a hundred techniques to get through to her pupils. Timmy, for instance, couldn't make an "L" sound. Miss Johnson put a pat of peanut butter on the roof of his mouth. He tried to lick it off, and learned what an "L" sound was. Soon his brain took over the function of the peanut butter.

For no known reason, most of the youngsters who suffer brain damage are male, but Jennie was an exception. For months Miss Johnson couldn't get her to understand the reason for numbers. Jennie could learn them by rote, but they meant nothing to her. She could see no order or pattern in things that went one—two—three. Three oranges were just a lot of oranges to her, or perhaps she saw just one orange at a time, and then saw the next one by itself, never connecting the two.

Miss Johnson didn't give up. She had Jennie count a hundred different objects. She had her see numbers with her eyes and hear them with her ears at the same time. Week after week she traced cut-out numbers with her fingers and wrote numbers in the air and on paper. Patiently, over and over, Miss Johnson assaulted her brain, trying any way to get through.

Then one day when I was visiting the institute, Jennie walked into class with a secret grin on her face. When the arithmetic lesson came along, she did it just right, right away. The secret burst out. "I can think 'em!" she shouted. "I can think 'em!" Miss Johnson clapped her hands with joy and they laughed together. Jennie had taken a giant step toward a normal life.

Doris Johnson will never know just what teaching technique did the trick. Still, while she cannot entirely understand scientifically what she has done, she can go on to repeat the miracle. She has no magic wand, only the gift of painstaking, patient teaching. It's not an easy job.

Another afternoon I walked into Miss Johnson's classroom late in the day. She'd been teaching since breakfast time, and there had been no miracles, just slow lessons with no apparent progress. Her face was tired, robbed of expression, the way a soldier's is when he comes out of combat. I asked her why she did it.

She paused, and then said, "Remember Jim?" I did. I had read his case history—"He's the most hostile child this interviewer has ever seen"—and I had talked to his mother. "He was an animal, just an animal; it was terrible." And I had met Jim the day before—now a sharp little character with a chuckling laugh, a huge grin and the most mischievous black eyes I had ever seen. That morning when Miss Johnson had gone to answer a knock at the classroom door I had seen him wink to the two other children in his advanced class. The teacher had been using cards with words printed on them to teach the students the shape of problem words. She would shuffle the cards and flip them up one at a time to quiz the class. With the light-fingered skill of a Mississippi gambler he quickly stacked the deck so the easy words would come up next. Yes, I remembered Jim.

"When he came in here, he wasn't anything. Not anything at all," Miss Johnson said. I had thought she hadn't seen him stack the deck. I think I was wrong. She smiled with justifiable pride, and added simply, "Now he's a boy again."

THE END

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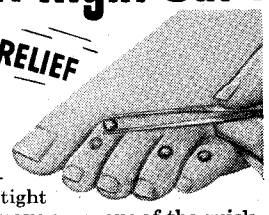

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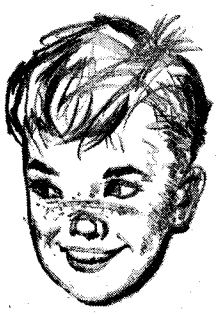

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The Fort Myer Incident

(Continued from Page 49)

Army wagons. The requirements weren't too rigid; at least, the Wrights didn't think so. They had every confidence in their machine despite public skepticism.

"The truth is," Orville Wright once explained to this writer, "we helped write the specifications. Nobody down there in the War Department had the slightest idea what a flying machine of this kind could or couldn't do."

There were forty-one bidders in all. But the Wrights were the only ones who had a heavier-than-air flying machine that could come anywhere near the required performance.

Even so, they did not drop everything and jump at the Army's want ad. It was January 27, 1908, when they wrote the Signal Corps enclosing their bid. Then they asked for 200 days to complete the machine and have it ready for delivery. They also sent along a photograph of the 1905 model, which, they explained, would be "similar to the one we propose to furnish."

Two weeks later the Government accepted their bid, subject to test. About the same time, the two inventors decided they would modify their 1905 machine, incorporating certain features they deemed necessary for the military version. They also decided that Wilbur would go to Europe and continue the negotiations and demonstrations in France. Orville would stay at home and be in complete charge of the Fort Myer aeroplane. Work on the machine was done in the bicycle shop on the Dayton Westside where the Wrights had built their first plane.

There were problems and delays during the construction period. Spruce and ash of the quality and size required for wing ribs and spars were hard to find, and when a source was found, shipments were slow in arriving. Moreover, not just a plane was being built; work progressed simultaneously on spare wing assemblies and body frames. Then there was the new engine to build, and its parts were also hard to get. It was the middle of August before the machine was completed.

On August nineteenth, his thirty-seventh birthday, Orville left the family party and took a train to Washington. The plane, in a special freight car, was hooked onto the same train. The engine was to be shipped later.

On arriving in Washington, Orville checked in at the St. James Hotel. Charlie Taylor, the Wrights' chief mechanic, was already in Washington. Charlie Furnas, assistant to Taylor, preceded Orville by several hours. The plane was left in its freight car overnight. But early next morning it was hauled to Fort Myer in an Army wagon and placed in the balloon shed where it was to be assembled.

Lieutenant Lahm was now in charge of the Signal Corps balloon operation at Fort Myer. He was eager to help his friend Orville Wright, in any way possible. On Saturday, the twenty-second, while Taylor and Furnas worked on the machine, Lahm escorted Orville over the entire area, pointing out the hazards of the terrain. It was far different from the locations at Kitty Hawk and Huffman Prairie, near Dayton, where the Wrights had previously flown.

Fort Myer, still an active military reservation, is today about a five-minute drive from the Pentagon, where generals and admirals, more heatedly than ever, argue over how to use the aeroplane most effectively. Activated in 1863 as Fort Whipple, Fort Myer was one of a chain of 127 forts set up as a defense ring around the nation's capital during the Civil War. It was renamed in 1881 in honor of Brig. Gen. A. J. Myer, creator of the Army Signal Corps. When the Wright plane was first brought there, Fort Myer was the home of the 13th Cavalry Regiment and the fledgling Signal Corps balloon squadron.

Orville had been there before. He had made a special trip in May to survey the test site. He found it, as he was later to remark, "ideal for horses, but not very suitable for a flying machine." There was an orderly clutter of officers' homes, soldiers' barracks, artillery shacks, warehouses and stables. The parade-ground sector, which the Army had designated as the test site, wasn't much larger than three football fields. The Wrights had never flown in such a limited space before. It would require a lot of turns and tricky maneuvering.

The engine finally arrived on the twenty-fifth, but it was not until six days later that the plane, with engine and propellers mounted, was removed from the balloon shed to the balloon tent. The latter was closer to the spot at the north end of the parade ground which Orville had selected as the take-off point.

All of this time was not spent working on the plane alone. Other preparations were necessary. The Wrights employed a unique launching method for their machine. The plane took off not from the ground proper, but from a launching rail, with the assistance of a catapult device. This mechanism consisted of about sixty feet of monorail track—2 by 4's shod with metal and set on edge—and a twenty-five-foot-high derrick. A block-and-tackle arrangement raised and lowered a heavy weight in the derrick. The weight was attached to the plane itself by means of hooks, pulleys and ropes. When dropped, it pulled the plane forward, augmenting the thrust, or "push," of the propellers. The plane itself rested on the track, cradled on a small dolly with ball-bearing wheels. A spring release operated by the pilot triggered the catapult.

The Wrights had found this method necessary, particularly in areas where the winds were light. As Orville often tried to explain, "The machine will not fly in a high wind, but neither will it fly in no wind." The monorail-launching principle also made it easier for the pilot to hold a straight course during the critical take-off run. The track was, in effect, the first runway.

Setting up the derrick and laying the track kept the crews busy. Then, there were the preliminary taxi runs along the track and the ground tests of the engine, all needed before the machine was ready for its maiden flight. Orville announced on September second that he would try a first flight the next morning.

This was not to be an official test. Since he had not flown at all during 1906 and 1907, and had made a very limited number of flights in 1908, Orville wanted to get in some practice.

On the morning of September third he got up early and took a street car out to the fort. He was in for a disappointment, and he was forced to tell the crowd which had gathered, "No flight this morning, owing to wind conditions." That pleased the doubting Thomases. But late in the afternoon the wind conditions improved and the plane was taken out of the shed and readied for launching about five o'clock. By this time, since the trials were not secret and the post was open to the public, a crowd of about 600 had gathered. There were many high-ranking military and Government officers present. The rest were just the curious.

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Nearly every branch of the services was represented. Brig. Gen. Arthur Murray, Chief of Coast Artillery; Lt. Comdr. G. C. Sweet, of the Navy; Lt. Richard B. Creecy, of the Marine Corps; and, of course, Brig. Gen. James Allen, Chief Signal Officer, all were present. The official board, or committee, which was to judge the tests also was there to get a sneak preview. It was comprised of Maj. George O. Squier, Lt. Benjamin D. Foulois, Captain Chandler, Maj. Charles S. Wallace, Lt. Thomas E. Selfridge and Lieutenant Lahm.

A trio of civilians attracted considerable attention. One of these was Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, inventor of the telephone. Bell had a great interest in aviation. He was one of the principal figures in the Aerial Experiment Association, which also had built a successful flying machine, the White Wing. Another of the trio was Octave Chanute, one of the great pioneers in gliding and the science of aeronautics. Chanute had helped the Wrights, encouraged them in their own gliding experiments and in the development of their power-driven machine. The third was Glenn Curtiss, who at that time was working on his own aeroplane, the June Bug, which was to be the first successful seaplane in America.

Chanute's presence was a boost for Orville's morale. The others were welcome, but already there were strained relations between the Wrights and the Aerial Experiment Association, of which Curtiss was also a member. Orville and Wilbur were positive the AEA group was infringing upon some of their basic patent rights.

One impression of the crowd always stayed with Orville. It was that "most of the people had just come for the outing and that they didn't believe they were going to witness anything really important!" He also was concerned because the crowd kept milling around so close to the machine that he feared someone might get hurt.

The machine, a biplane, had a wing span of thirty-six feet, five inches. It was powered by a twenty-five-horsepower engine driving two wide-bladed pusher propellers. There was a benchlike upholstered seat for two mounted on the leading edge of the lower wing next to the engine. The frame body measured thirty-two feet, eight inches from the forward plane horizontal elevator to the vertical rudders which the frame body supported. A sledlike arrangement served as the landing gear, or undercarriage. The gross weight of the machine was 1360 pounds. It was larger and more powerful than any other machine the Wrights had built.

By 5:15 P.M., with the sinking sun casting shadows across the scene, the machine was in position on the track. There was a last-minute check of the derrick to see if the weight was working properly. Everything was ready.

Orville, however, took one last precaution. He was still afraid the bystanders were getting too close. Two photographers were right in the direct path of the plane to get a head-on shot. He asked the military guards to make them take another vantage point. The crowd, stilled now with anticipation, was ordered to form a semicircle in back of the machine.

Orville climbed into the seat and tested the controls. He started the engine. A small storage battery on the ground supplied the initial spark. When the engine started, the propellers also took hold, very sluggishly. Taylor and Furnas gave the blades an assist with a downward pull and the propellers started to revolve faster and faster. The big moment had arrived.

There was a throaty roar from the engine. A blast of wind hit the crowd as the propellers took bigger and bigger bites of air. Orville tripped the catapult release. The weight dropped and the plane started to move down the track. At about the forty-foot mark it began to lift itself free. The next instant it was brushing the tops of the weeds and climbing.

It rose to a height of about thirty-five feet, heading straight for Arlington Cemetery at the far end of the parade ground. Gracefully, it went into a sweeping bank. Then, it came straight back over the crowd under perfect control. Just beyond the derrick it made another 180-degree turn, coming back again over the heads of the onlookers. Again it banked as it approached the cemetery wall and headed back toward the spectators.

It never completed the third pass over the crowd. Suddenly one wing dipped sharply and the plane swung around, heading right for the balloon tent. Since it was flying at an altitude no higher than the tent itself, a crash seemed inevitable. The crowd gasped. But Orville put the craft into a quick downward dip, a sharp-angle glide. It hit the ground in a cloud of dust and skidded to a stop, with one of its runners broken, but otherwise intact. It was a hard landing, but a safe one.

The flight had lasted only seventy seconds. But in that time it had an electrifying effect on those who had seen the plane actually fly. Orville had done the impossible.

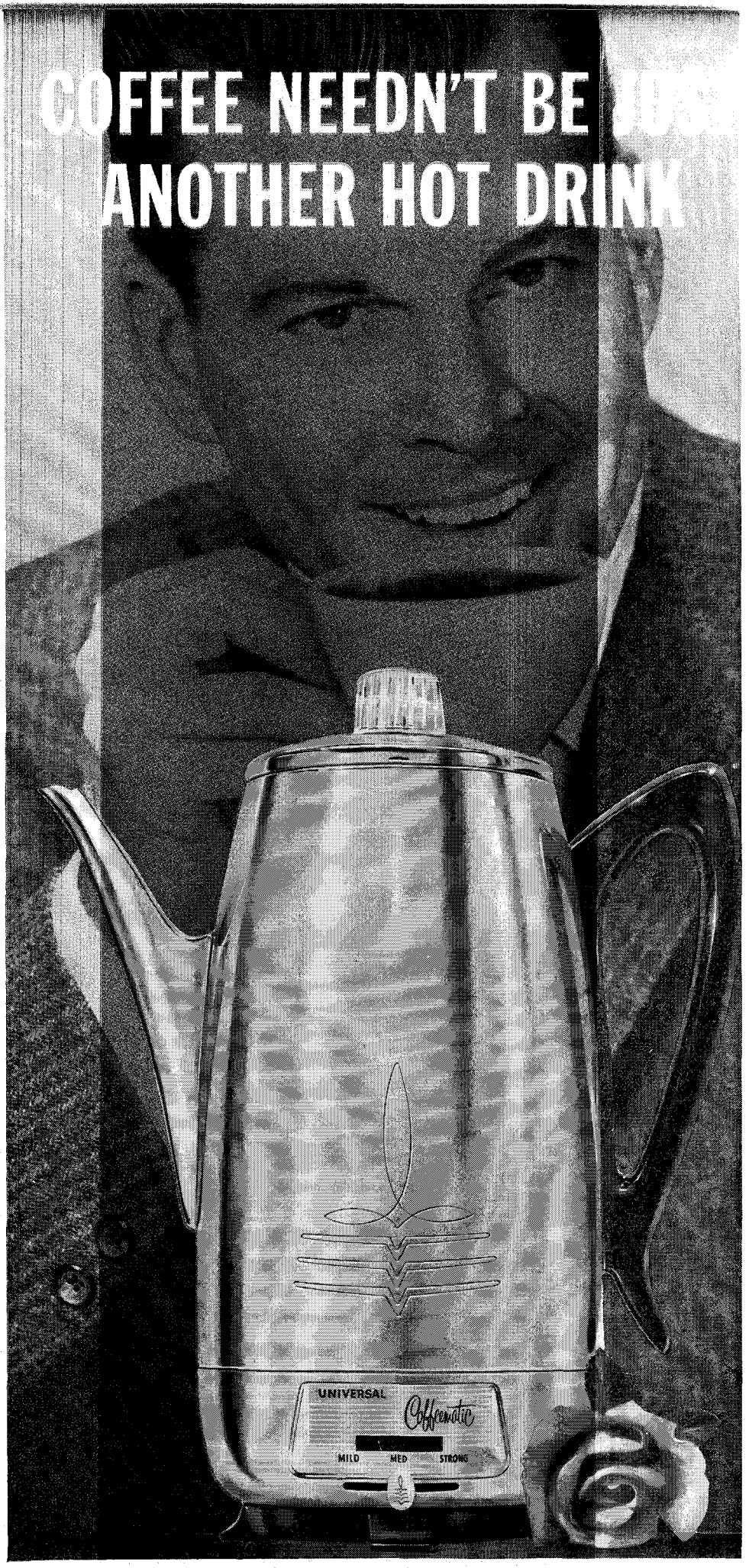
He got out of the machine and accepted the congratulations from those who pressed forward. Some of the newspapermen who had spread stories of disbelief and distortion about the machine and its inventors approached him with tears streaming down their cheeks. Never again would they write that the Wright brothers had not conquered the air. It was Orville's personal moment of triumph.

"The problem of mechanical flight is solved," (*Continued on Page 86*)

In an Old-Style Blacksmith Shop

By Elijah L. Jacobs

A workman likes his tools to
have left their marks.
The old smith takes a pride
in his well-graved floor,
Etched by sharp-calked
horseshoes, flying sparks,
And bits of red-hot iron.
Behind the door
Lie rusted fragments, relics
of old things made,
Repaired, forgotten—hinge
or brace or hitch—
His hammer prints are on
them. A good man's trade,
Its sounds are music, its odors
are strong and rich—
A mule's hoof singed; the
forge coal's heady fume;
The steam of the cooling-
tub; here is a scent,
An acrid essence suiting the
white-hot bloom
That grows in the forge pan
over the air tube's vent.
The blower whines and
ceases. In sudden clamor
The anvil clinks its clear
note under the hammer.



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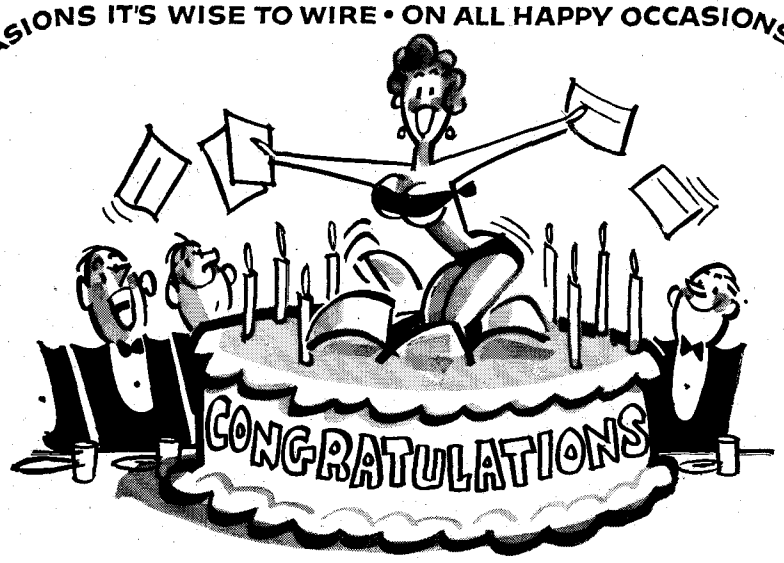
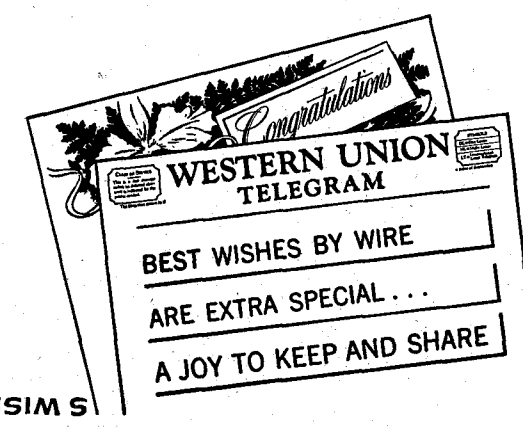


"A WIRE," CRIED DOLLY O'DARE,
"IS THE BEST WAY TO SHOW FRIENDS YOU CARE:
IF THEIR SHOW'S ONE BIG LAUGH,
OR THEIR COW HAS A CALF,
OR THEIR PEACH TREE PRODUCES A PEAR!"



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(*Continued from Page 83*) Brigadier General Murray, the Army's Coast Artillery Chief declared. "War on land and sea will find in the aeroplane a valuable means of reconnaissance and possible carnage."

The next day, with the skid repaired, the plane made another flight. It was in the air for almost five minutes. The altitude was increased to forty feet. On Saturday there were no flights because of unfavorable winds. Out of respect for their father, a United Brethren bishop, the Wrights never flew on the Sabbath. But on Monday, Orville made a flight of fifty-five seconds before a large Labor Day crowd. The word had spread. Everybody wanted a glimpse of the man and the machine.

On Tuesday, September eighth, Orville was in the air again twice for a total elapsed time of eighteen minutes and forty-four seconds. The last flight ended because of darkness. The next morning he took off and circled the field fifty-seven times before landing. On that flight he remained aloft fifty-seven minutes and thirty-one seconds—a world's record for any heavier-than-air flying machine. The machine attained an altitude of 110 feet. That afternoon he made fifty-five complete circles of the field.

Later the same day, Wright took Lieutenant Lahm for a hop. The two airmen circled the field six times, at about 150 feet altitude, and stayed in the air for about six and a half minutes.

"We could see Washington in the distance, and everything that went on below," Lahm said later. "I watched Wright closely as he handled the controlling apparatus. It didn't look too difficult. Flying this way was a great sensation, much different from flight in the balloons or dirigibles."

When Orville went out to the plane on the morning of September tenth, he discovered a split in one of the propellers. Some cloth and glue sufficed to repair it, and late in the afternoon he flew around the field fifty-eight times. The next day he made two more flights. And he gave the crowd an added thrill by doing two figure eights overhead, showing off the plane's maneuverability.

On Saturday, the twelfth, there were two flights. On the first flight, Major Squier, of the official board, was a passenger. They stayed up for nine minutes and six seconds—a world record for a machine carrying two occupants. The second flight was also a record breaker—one hour, fourteen minutes, twenty seconds aloft, seventy-one times around the field at a maximum altitude of 310 feet—highest of the whole series.

Major Squier, after the landing, called Orville aside. "If the machine is as good as it seems, the tests should be a cinch," he confided. "We'll be in business and the Army will be buying a lot of these planes."

Orville told him that he still wasn't satisfied. "It seems to me the machine is dragging, not making as much speed as it should," he said. He also told Squier they were going to put on a new set of propellers, which he expected would correct this situation. He didn't believe the plane had exceeded thirty-eight miles an hour in any of the flights so far, although he admitted it was hard to measure the actual speed attained in flight.

The next flight was made on September seventeenth, a day to remember—the day tragedy struck.

Lieutenant Selfridge, a twenty-six-year-old West Point graduate, a nephew of Rear Admiral Thomas Oliver Selfridge, had been assigned, at his own request, to accompany Wright on this flight.

The plane was released at 5:14 P.M. It began to rise slowly—slower than on any of the other take-offs, probably because at 175 pounds Selfridge was heavier than any previous passenger. Then, too, maybe, the new propellers weren't so good as they were believed to be.

Three times they circled the field at about 180 feet. Then, on the fourth round it happened. Wright heard, or felt, a vibration setting up in the tail of the machine. The next instant there was a thumping sound and the machine began shaking violently. It was all he could do to keep it under control. Knowing they might crash, and afraid of fire, Wright shut off the engine.

The plane was down to 100 feet now. Dead ahead loomed the patch of woods and no place to land. Orville tried to bank to the left and head back for the parade ground. Nothing happened. The rudder control was gone. He warped the wings, banking the craft toward a safer landing spot. But the plane was wobbling and threatening to fall off on one wing. Orville tried desperately to straighten it up and the craft went into a sharp nose dive.

Straight down it plunged for fifty feet or more. The ground was coming up fast. Wright used all his strength on the elevator control lever trying to stop the dive. For a few instants he seemed to be winning. The elevators were taking hold. The plane was starting to level off. But time and space ran out.

The plane hit the ground with a terrific impact. It threw Selfridge against a wooden upright, laying his skull open, and he lay motionless. Wright was stunned, too, but he didn't lose consciousness. He couldn't move, however, and he grimaced with pain. Selfridge died three hours later in Walter Reed Hospital.

What had caused the accident? Orville explained that a crack had developed in one of the propeller blades, lessening the thrust forces on that side and setting up the initial vibrations. As the propeller got more and more out of balance, its arc became a wild pattern. The blade tip knifed through a guy wire, twisting the tail rudder and causing the plane to go into the dive. With another ten feet or so of altitude, Orville sincerely believed, he would have landed safely.

The crash did not dull the interest or the enthusiasm of military men in the flying machine and its future. Major Squier remarked, "If Mr. Wright should never again enter an aeroplane, his work at Fort Myer will have secured him a lasting place in history as the man who showed the world that mechanical flight was an assured success."

Orville did fly again. He returned to Fort Myer in June, 1909, with another machine, basically the same as the 1908 model, which successfully passed all tests. The Signal Corps bought the machine for $30,000, including a bonus for exceeding the speed requirement. And the United States Army became the first in the world to have a military airplane. The Wrights were acclaimed the world over.

Orville, however, never really could put the accident completely out of his mind. Whenever he was asked to recount the details of the crash, the tone of his voice left no doubt that he was still fighting a mental picture of the tragedy. He blamed himself for being careless about that propeller and for Selfridge's death.

Not long before he died, in January, 1948, he granted the writer an interview which turned out to be our last. And right in the middle of answering a question, Orville shifted his position in his favorite big leather chair to make himself more comfortable.

"You know," he said, "my hip still bothers me. It's God's way, I believe, of never letting me forget the Fort Myer incident." THE END

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So Love Returns (Continued from Page 25)

milk, which Trisha got from the icebox. I cooked the dinner and we all washed the dishes. The children said their prayers before the fireplace and put themselves to bed, and I read to them.

I made a living, such as it was, out of children's books. I could write two or three a year, and twice I had written a novel of my own. As long as I could keep writing, we got along, but sometimes I lay awake at night, thinking of what would happen if I couldn't write. In the morning I'd be hopeful again; perhaps a book of mine would get a book club or a prize. Nothing like that had ever come my way, but it might. Every writer has thoughts like that all the time.

We didn't have any money laid aside, and it was understood that when one of us wanted anything out of the ordinary he had to wait until the next check came in. That's how Trisha got her paper dolls, and how Chris got his first pair of long pants. He was almost four at the time, and when he got them they were too big, and kept falling off. He cried, as he sometimes did, in a quiet, desperate sort of way; he sat in the big rocking chair, shaking his head from side to side, with the tears running down his face, and holding his pants up to keep them from falling down.

Trina was still alive then; she fixed him up with suspenders made of red flannel and string. After a while he grew into the pants, and didn't need the suspenders any more.

Now I was sitting looking out at the fog and the gray sea, and thinking about the book I was writing, and wishing I could get on with it. It was about a witch—a sea witch who lived in a cavern underneath the ocean. The trouble was, I'd made her a wicked witch, which disturbed Trisha, who wanted her to be beautiful and good. I told her I only knew wicked witches; I didn't know any good ones. But the truth was, I didn't know any witches at all, and didn't believe in them, and Trisha did.

"They dance on the sand," she said, "when nobody is looking. You can see the little holes they make with their wands. And they make little feet marks, like a bird. They dance the minuet."

And putting down her scissors, she slid off her chair and did a few awkward hops around the room. "Like that," she said. "That's a minuet."

"I see," I said. "Well, thank you very much."

And I turned back to my typing. At least I knew, now, that witches danced a minuet.

She climbed up onto her chair and gave her dolls a stern look. "All right," she said; "no talking or anything. My father is working. Everybody be quiet."

A writer finds a style, and he stays in it to the end. He may envy other writers their styles which allow them to do the bold things and see the strange places, but if his style is to stay at home, there's no use thinking about it. Perhaps Chris would grow up to hunt the slopes of Kilimanjaro or fish the blue Caribbean, but Trisha's world and mine was a small beach and an empty sea, paper dolls, and a sea witch who danced on the sand and who left footprints like a sandpiper.

I missed having someone to confide in; not so much to help me with my problems as to share the small pleasures and daily observations. Grief or even trouble is an alone sort of thing; you can't share it with anyone. But joy takes sharing, and so does love.

We had a few friends; sometimes on hot days other families came down to picnic on the beach, and other children with names I never knew played on the sand with mine. And sometimes Dick Basset dropped in of an evening. He had been a motion-picture writer in the days when motion pictures were a big industry, and now he wrote for television. "The old days are over," he liked to say; "the glory has departed. Stick to your children's stories, Lenny; this is no time for writers."

He still made twenty thousand dollars a year, but he said it was hard work, and I guess he was right. I wouldn't have known how to go about it myself.

"A writer has only one thing to sell," he used to say: "words. Words and his own dreams. Me, I use my own words to sell other people's dreams—deodorants and floor polish."

I had another friend, too, and that was Harry Cole, or Old Uncle Harry Cole, as he liked to be called. He used to come down to the beach to fish, from his house in Nichols Canyon. He'd thread the tiny, squirming sand crabs onto his hook and spin his line out into the surf a good two hundred feet, beyond the breakers. Then he'd bring it back in again. Sometimes there'd be a fish on it—a perch or a small bass. More often the crab was gone or only the limp, small, empty shell was left. The perch were too mealy to eat, and the bass were infrequent, but Uncle Harry didn't seem to mind. "It's the casting," he explained; "watching the line go out like an arrow into that secret water. And then waiting to find out what's there."

"It's usually a six-inch perch," I told him, "and you have to get the hook out."

"Well, yes," said Uncle Harry, "but it might be something else."

"A six-foot octopus," I said, "or a manatee."

"Hell," said Uncle Harry, "why not? You got the word, Lenny?"

I thought I knew the answer to that; I thought I had the word. "No one ever got a manatee on this beach," I said; "not yet, anyway."

"You're right," said Uncle Harry. "And nobody ever went up Everest, either, before last year."

So it was Uncle Harry who had the word, after all. Because I, too, went on casting my dreams out into that secret water. Tomorrow something would come; there'd be a letter from my publisher, there'd be a prize, a book club, a bottle top—a six-foot octopus.

Chris had a little fishing rod, too, but he only caught seaweed. He soon grew tired of it. Once he caught a sea anemone and couldn't get the hook out. He left the whole outfit on the beach and climbed back to the house to complain about it.

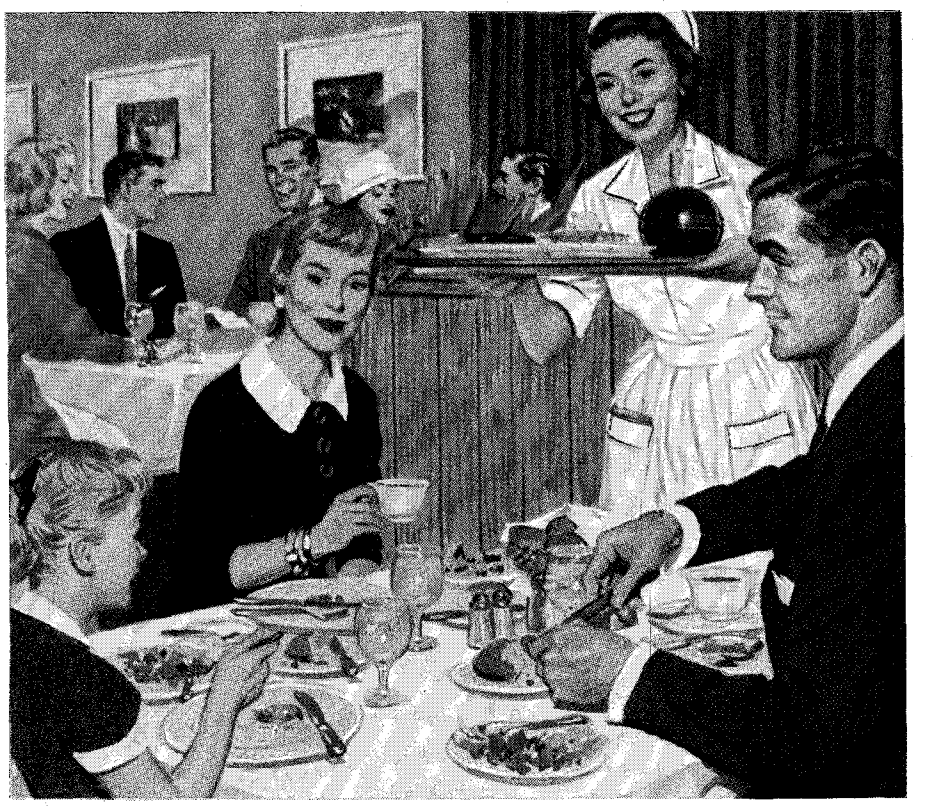
"It had things that waved," he said. "I didn't like it." I told him to put it into a pail of sea water and maybe it would let go of the hook itself. But it was Trisha who got the pail and filled it with water. It was always Trisha who did sensible things like that.

I think that was the way her mother had wanted it; she wanted our children to take care of themselves and of each other. I often thought that they had learned their lessons better than I had; it was hard sometimes to realize that Trina wasn't watching over me any more,

SO LOVE RETURNS

will be published in book form by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., New York, on September 22.

—The Editors



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and telling me what to do. She had never been possessive, only watchful.

She taught the children not to be afraid of anything—not to be afraid of people, or the sea, or thunderstorms. She wanted them to be at home in the world, and so they were; more so than I was.

Trisha had something on her mind; like the sea anemone, she couldn't let go of it. She sat there beside me, her blue eyes staring off into space. "I don't think you should make the sea witch a bad person," she said at last, "just because she lives in the sea."

"Well," I said doubtfully, "she does have odd friends. Lobsters and crawly crabs. And sharks and barracudas. And a blowfish," I added, to settle the matter.

She wanted to know what a blowfish was. "It's a little fish," I said, "and it blows itself up to make itself look big."

"What does it do that for?" she asked.

I explained that it kept the bigger fish from eating it.

"You mean," she said; "it's like when Chris is making himself big by yelling and stuff." She gave me a small-girl look.

"I thought maybe it was a spidery horror," she said.

"Anyway," she said presently, "the sea witch will fix it. She'll make the blowfish unblow itself."

Trisha's belief in the sea witch far exceeded my own. To her, anything in a book was real, and most of all if I had written it. The result was, I spent a lot of time at the library, looking up facts.

She had her favorites among the characters. There was the pirate whom I had hanged on a yardarm somewhere off Trinidad, and good riddance, I thought, to bad rubbish. But Trisha was quite sad about it for a while.

"He was bad," she admitted, "but he could have come-ye-and-repented."

I think she fancied herself in the role of the good woman. But she was too honest to be taken in very long by her own goodness.

"Chris is bad sometimes, too," she said "and I feel like I could smack him."

"He isn't bad," I said; "he's naughty."

I tried to explain the difference between bad and naughty. "When Chris is naughty," I said, "it's because he's mad because he's smaller than you. But he loves you, and if he made you cry, he'd be sorry afterward."

"No, he wouldn't," said Trisha. She thought it over for a moment, her young eyes wary and doubtful. "He only loves lizards and things," she said at last.

"He's your brother," I said. "Don't you love him?"

"Yes," she said, "but he's only little. When his pants fell down, he cried."

I could see she was headed for that part of herself where a little girl keeps her virtues, to take them out and gloat over; and like the blowfish, she was ready to make herself look bigger than she was. I thought I'd change the subject. "It's better if people are bad in books," I said, "rather than at home."

Trisha was like any other woman; she detested moral lessons. "Oh, pooh," she said.

"Anyways, the sea witch isn't bad. She's just lonesome, with nothing but crabs."

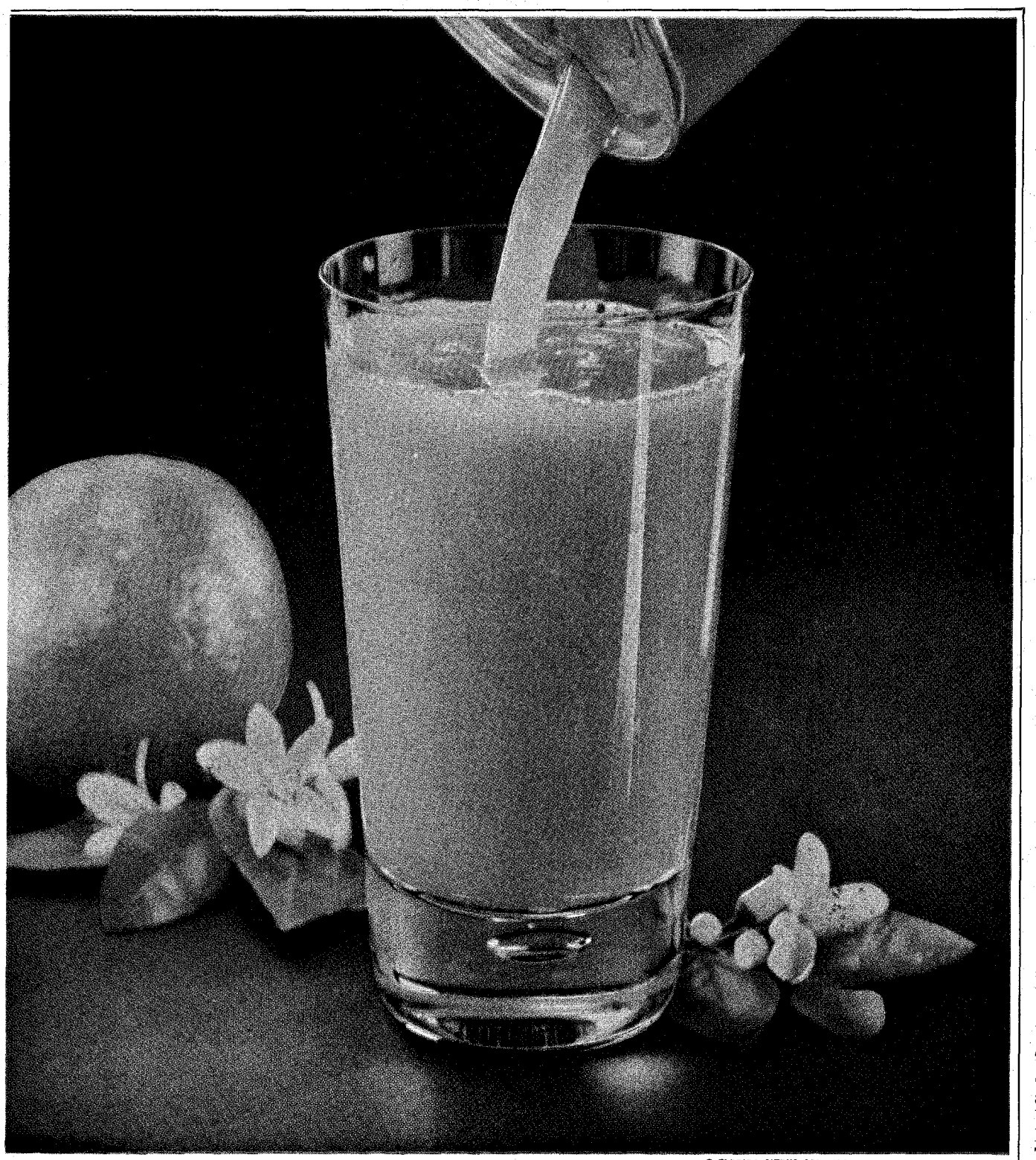
I wonder if you are lonesome, too, my daughter, I thought, but not out loud, because I was hoping she wasn't. After all, she had her paper dolls, and Chris, and other children sometimes, and the wide, wet sands with their tangled kelp and an occasional piece of wood or a colored stone. It was a lovely world to a child—or so I wanted to believe.

And, of course, she had her own private world, in which the pirate, having escaped hanging, might still come-ye-and-repent; and where the sea witch was beginning to assume a face and a body. She saw her clearly. She was all ready to love her.

After the usual lunch of peanut-butter sandwiches, milk and an apple, the children went down to the beach to play, and I settled back at my desk for a quiet afternoon's work. I had some letters to attend to and a chapter of my book to finish; and I wanted time to think.

And so I thought about my book, and about the children down there below me, playing on the sand; I thought of how the hills rose up behind me; I thought of the state of the world; I thought of Trina. I tried to remember how we'd met, at some party, but I couldn't remember. There had been so many parties in those days. I couldn't believe I'd never see her again. She always said I'd write a great book some day, and I always said that if I did, it would be because of her. But Trina didn't think so. She believed that every writer had a daemon who guided him through worlds of beauty and wonder he had never seen, and took him off into flights of wisdom he didn't know were there. All that was over now; if I had ever had a daemon, he left me when Trina did. I was just as sure that whatever I had done that was good or worth doing had been done because of her.

She had a way of saying "How pitiful," when anyone disagreed with her. I could hear her saying it now, looking at me with wide eyes, and laughing a little, and laying her hand against my cheek. It seemed so natural that she should be in some shadowy corner of the house, busy with household things. I held my breath a moment, listening. But there was noth-



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ing; only the sound of the sea outside, and in the house the sound of silence.

It is wrong to say that time passes, because it is all around us, like the sky; and we move on it like a blown leaf on a still lake, now fast, now slow. Last night is as far away as Troy, or just as near. Troy was old before the Argive ships beached themselves on her shore; and before that, still older and greater cities had turned to dust and been forgotten. Even their names were forgotten.

Avaris, Sodom, Ur, Tarshish, Ophir, Yumne—we scarcely know where they stood. And where is Ys? At the bottom of the sea. I thought of the traitorous princess with her golden key, who had opened the gates to her lover and let the ocean in. Trina, too, was far away. There is no distance on this earth as far away as yesterday.

Dick Basset loved Trina, just as everyone did who knew her. But he had no use for her daemon; he used to say that his own daemon only got him into trouble. "There I am," he said, "in a story conference with my producer, and already I'm way out beyond my depth. I'm alone—I'm drowning—and where's my daemon? In the commissary, lunching with a friend."

"How pitiful," said Trina. And she added, laughing, but half serious, too, "People shouldn't go too far out."

"Your wife is a wise woman," Dick said to me, teasing her.

He missed her too. As for the children, I didn't know. They rarely spoke of her, or when they did, it was simply—the way they might have spoken about an absent friend. Children don't think very much about death; they accept it as something that happens. What troubles them is to lose someone's love. They never felt they had lost Trina's love.

No, death has a hard time frightening children; there is too much life in them and around them. But children miss the living presence of love in a house—a love that falls like a dew from above, and that they can soak up like hungry grass.

A man alone can't teach his son to believe in angels, or his daughter to cook. And that summer Trisha wanted to learn to cook, among other things. I bought her a little cookbook, and she learned to make Indian pudding and to heat oatmeal in a double boiler, but when it came to noodles she almost gave up.

I found her one day, disconsolate beside the stove, on which a pot full of some glutinous material was slowly bubbling. She turned her harassed, puckered little face up to me.

"It says on the box," she declared, "'cook until tender.' But who knows when tender is?"

Who indeed? What father can tell a little girl when tender is? Tender is when a heart replies to the cry of another, when a mother comforts her child, when a woman turns at midnight to her lover.

"I wish I knew how to tell you," I said, "when tender is."

And Chris, playing in the yard, chasing a little lizard from stone to stone, was by himself, as all children are, even in the middle of a parade or at the circus. Children are used to aloneness, it doesn't frighten them any more than death does.

Not that children can't be frightened, for the world around them is full of mystery, and out of that mystery come things that go bump in the dark. Some children frighten easily—a wave or a wasp can do it. Others were tougher, as mine were.

But it had its contrary side—a brave child is usually in trouble. Chris in particular had a way of falling out of trees and off ladders, of skinning his elbows and scraping his knees. It never made him truly sorrowful; he might yell a little, but as long as his honor was safe, there was no real harm done. When his pants fell down, that was entirely different.

Trisha was the more solid of the two. When Trina died, she stepped, as far as she was able, into her mother's shoes, and soothed the skinned elbow and bandaged the scraped knee. It all seemed perfectly natural to Chris, who came to Trisha to have his buttons sewed on and his ears washed. I tried for a while to take over the buttons myself, but after Trisha saw how I handled a needle and thread, she took the sewing out of my hands. She was six then, and handy.

I had my windows open, looking out at the sea, and I could hear the children playing on the sand below. I wished their mother could have heard them, too, wherever she was.

There was nothing to worry me about the day; the weather was mild, the air warm. There was a little breeze, but not much, and the waves were small and broke close in, which would keep Chris in water not much higher than his knees. That is, if he had any sense. In any case, Trisha was there to watch him.

I turned back to my writing. Little by little the children's voices faded away in my mind, and that sense of timelessness set in in which all horizons are lost; the writer sits in the center of the universe and nothing moves. The hours stand still; and birds and waves and children's voices, crickets and distant sounds mingle and fade in a single silence.

I don't know how long it was before I heard the screams. I thought I heard Trisha's voice, and I got up fast, and my chair fell over on the floor.

I don't think I breathed as I went down the hill; I scarcely touched the ground at all. I hit the bottom in a shower of sand.

Trisha was huddled over something, and somebody was standing behind her—who or what I didn't notice. When I got closer, I saw that Trisha was huddled over Chris; he was lying with his face in the sand, and not moving. She looked up at me in a frightened way.

"I told him not to," she said, "but he did, anyway."

I put both arms around her, and we stared down at Chris together. I had a desperate feeling that there was something I ought to do, but I didn't know what. Some life-saving trick, I thought, artificial respiration, or was it too late! I leaned over Chris' little squablike body and put my hands on his back; his skin was cold and I could feel his ribs.

I could have sworn it was my dead wife's voice I heard, low and husky and sweet. "Don't be afraid," it said. "He'll be all right."

And at that moment Chris stirred under my hands and turned to look at me. "Hey," he said, "you're squashing me."

Relief made me weak, and I sat down suddenly in the sand. "Don't you ever do that again!" I exclaimed. And in a fine rage, I added, "Getting yourself drowned!"

Trisha leaned over to me and patted my hand. "He isn't drowned," she said. "He only thought he was."

You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

Mr. and Mrs. Blazer, touring cross-country by car and trailer, drove up to Harry's Haven one beautiful evening. As it looked like an ideal trailer park, they stayed. Mrs. Blazer later strolled through the inviting woods bordering the park. By the next day she was in anguish from ivy poisoning. So she sued Harry.

"Harry set up a trailer park and charged a price to use it," she pointed out. "It was up to him to clear away the poison ivy, or at least to erect warning signs. My suffering is due to his negligence, and he should pay for it."

"If Mrs. Blazer doesn't know poison ivy when she sees it, she should stick to the city," Harry replied. "I cleared the trailer park and an area around it. I can't be responsible for what happens elsewhere."

If you were the judge, would you make Harry pay?

• •

Harry did not have to pay. The court said: "The city dweller who chooses to spend his vacation in the great outdoors must, in addition to accepting the fresh air and lake breezes, assume the risks of natural hazards of the outdoors such as flies, mosquitoes, snakes, poison ivy and other natural conditions not found in urban communities."

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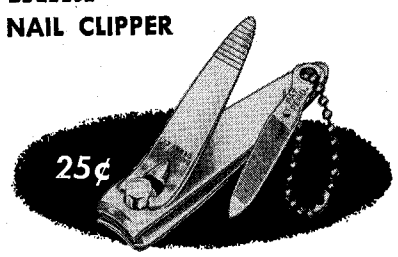

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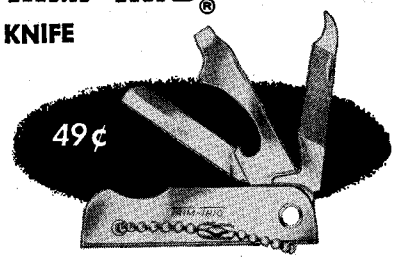

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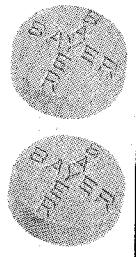

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And pointing behind her, she added, "The lady saved him. She plucked him from a watery grave."

I looked up then, but I was looking into the sun, and I couldn't see very well. I put my hand up against the light, and for one breathless moment I thought it was Trina.

It wasn't Trina. The girl was tall and slender, like Trina, but she had long hair the color of sea drift; her eyes were gray, I thought, or perhaps green. Her hair hung down almost to her waist, and it was wet as seaweed. "Your little boy's all right," she said. "He'll be running around again tomorrow."

Now that I'd seen her, she didn't sound so much like Trina either. "Thank you," I said. It was a weak thing to say, but I tried to say it with all my heart.

"It was nothing," she said. "He was never in danger, really."

She smiled and made a little shy gesture with her hand as though to say good-by, and turned and walked away down the beach. I picked Chris up in my arms and we went up the hill to the house, and Trisha came along behind us.

"I saw him in the water," she said, "and I told him he'd better come in, and then a big wave came and I didn't see him any more. And then the lady came right up out of the sea, and she was holding Chris, and his eyes were closed and I thought he was drowned."

"I wasn't drowned," said Chris. "I was plucked from a watery grave."

It was a line from a book I had been reading to them. "She had a kind of spear," said Trisha, "and fins on her feet."

"She must have been skin-diving," I said.

"She had seaweed in her hair," said Trisha, "like flowers."

"That was kelp," I said. "She must have been in the kelp."

I put Chris to bed between two blankets and gave him some hot cocoa to drink. After a while his teeth stopped chattering, and I could see there was nothing wrong with him, and he fell asleep smiling secretly to himself.

But I was still shaky, and I didn't feel like working any more. I sat at my desk and looked down at the sea, and I thought that I hadn't seen any fins or a spear in the girl's hand. She must have dropped them at the water's edge. Except that when she left, she didn't turn toward the water, but walked away down the beach.

I couldn't ask Trisha about it, because she was asleep too. Anyway, it didn't seem very important; she had probably imagined the whole thing—the spear and the fins and the flowerlike seaweed in the girl's hair. She had certainly saved Chris' life. I'd have to find out who she was and thank her.

The sea stretched away below me, blue and shining near the shore, darkening toward the horizon. It looked cold and deep, and full of secrets; and for the first time I felt a little afraid of it.

That feeling didn't last very long, and it wasn't meant to. You couldn't be afraid of the sea, standing on the beach in the bright summer weather, watching Old Uncle Harry Cole whip his line out above the breakers.

I went more often to the beach those days, looking for the girl with the long, sea-drift hair and the green eyes. I wanted to thank her for what she'd done, but I couldn't find her anywhere. No one knew her or even remembered having seen her, but she stayed in my mind. I kept thinking of her face as it looked framed against the light, and her long, wet hair, and her voice that had sounded—for a moment—so much like Trina's.

I asked Uncle Harry if he knew who she was, but he shook his head. "No, sir," he said; "if there'd been somebody like that around, I'd have remarked her."

I said I thought she might have been skin-diving, and had come in when she heard Trisha scream.

"Now what would a skin diver want around here," he asked, "where there's nothing but perch?"

As the days went by, I found myself more than ever determined to find her. I even went so far as to take my car and drive along the shore road, looking down at the houses, as though they could tell me something about her. But they were just the usual beach houses, small and blank, and they told me nothing.

I dreamed of Trina a few times. I was curiously restless, pacing my room with empty thoughts, while Trisha watched me with concern across her table. She could

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Look, I'm only in the way here. . . ."

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see that I wasn't getting on with my writing, and it worried her. "When are we going to get the next check?" she asked. She had her heart set on a doll's house complete with cutout furniture in the Victorian style.

As I looked at her in her wrinkled overalls, I realized that she and Chris were growing up. The overalls were too tight for her, and her little denim dress from last year no longer covered her knees. I ought to buy her some proper clothes, I thought—a little girl's dress, a party frock—the kind of things her mother would have bought. And Chris, too, needed shoes and a pair of trousers.

Trisha made me tea for lunch, and brought me a peanut-butter sandwich; she wanted to know if there was anything she could do for me. "You're probably tired," she said, "from thinking so hard."

It made me feel guilty, because I wasn't thinking about my book at all. I couldn't write. I went for a long walk on the beach by myself, rounding each sandy point in a kind of breathless rush, and then feeling disappointed and foolish when there was nobody there.

Two days later Trisha came up from the beach with the news I'd been waiting for. "The lady—" she said, "the one who saved Chris from being drowned? Well, I saw her." She made the announcement at dinner, with her mouth full of spinach. "I was standing with my feet in the water," she said, "and she looked out of a wave at me."

There was no sense of wonder in the remark; apparently to Trisha it seemed perfectly natural that a girl with long hair and sea-green eyes should look out of a wave at her.

"What were you doing?" I asked; "and what did you do?"

"She was doing wee-wee," said Chris.

"I was not," said Trisha. "Anyway, I just waved at her."

I tried to keep back the eagerness I felt. "Did you notice where she went?" I asked. "Did she come out onto the beach or anything?"

"She went back into the sea," said Trisha.

It was disappointing, but at the same time I felt suddenly lighthearted, as though I'd lost a weight of worry. The girl hadn't simply disappeared, then. She was somewhere around; she had come out of the sea and gone into it again, and she couldn't live far away.

I knew something else too; I knew that whatever it was that had drawn me to search for her drew her back to us as well. I believed I'd find her one day, and that I wouldn't be a stranger to her when I did.

And in the evening, when the children were in bed, having said their prayers, Trisha with her favorite doll on the pillow beside her, and Chris with the shell of a small crab, dried out and empty and broiled pink by the sun, I thought about this girl from the sea, about whom I knew nothing, but to whom I already felt drawn in a way I couldn't explain.

There are so many mysteries in the world, from the stars in their multitudes to the way of spiders. And the way a poet spins beauty and wisdom out of himself, that Trina called his daemon; and the hearts of children, who believe everything and accept everything, from a lizard on a leaf to a woman in the sea.

When I told Uncle Harry Cole that Trisha had seen the woman in a wave, he expressed no surprise. "I've seen many sights along this beach," he said, "including a dead whale. When she comes in from swimming in the sea, I'll be glad to meet her."

"So will I," I said.

Once, long afterward, I told her that Uncle Harry had classed her with a dead whale, and I thought she would laugh, but she didn't.

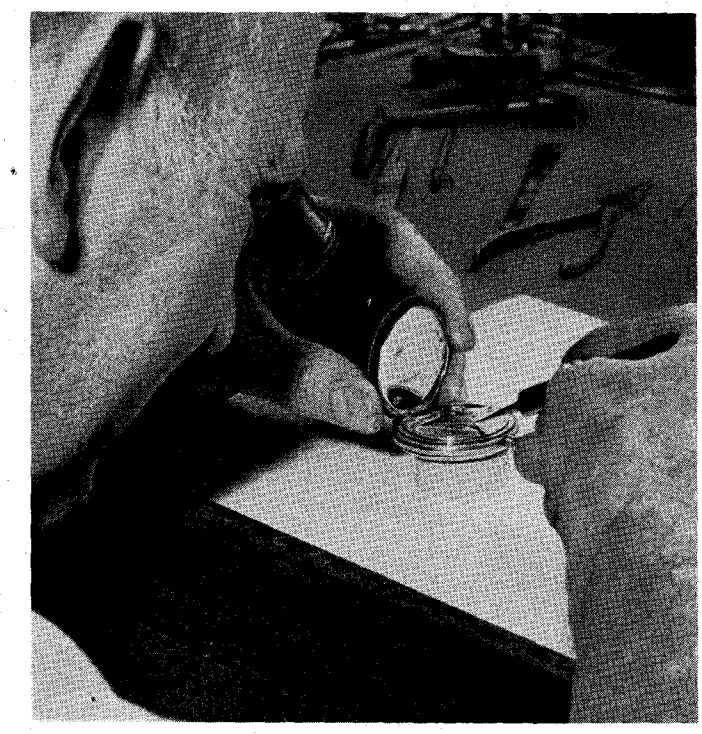
"I, too, will die in the sea someday," she said soberly, "just as others will die in the air and in the earth. It's nothing to laugh about."

A few days after my talk with Uncle Harry Cole I took the children on a picnic to a rocky point a half mile or so from our cove, where people sometimes fished for bass when the tide was in. It was low tide, and no one was there. I carried a little stove made out of a tin can with holes punched in it, and Trisha carried the basket of food, while Chris was given a bottle of milk and a pail to put cold seawater in.

The children were in high spirits; the thought of cooking their supper out-of-doors over a fire delighted them, though the fire was only in a tin can because the hills were dry and open fires were not allowed.

It was full summer, and the air was still warm. The children ran squealing into the surf, and jumped up and down in the foam, and I stayed on the beach and got the stove going. The sun sank down the west and glinted and danced on the water; at our backs the hills rose up against the sky's deep blue as night crept up behind them. Far out across the water the sea shone like gold.

The children came up from swimming, and I dried them off, and they got into their clothes, and hung happily over the fire on which the frankfurters were cooking and giving off a good smell. We ate our supper in the last low golden light and after that (*Continued on Page 94*)



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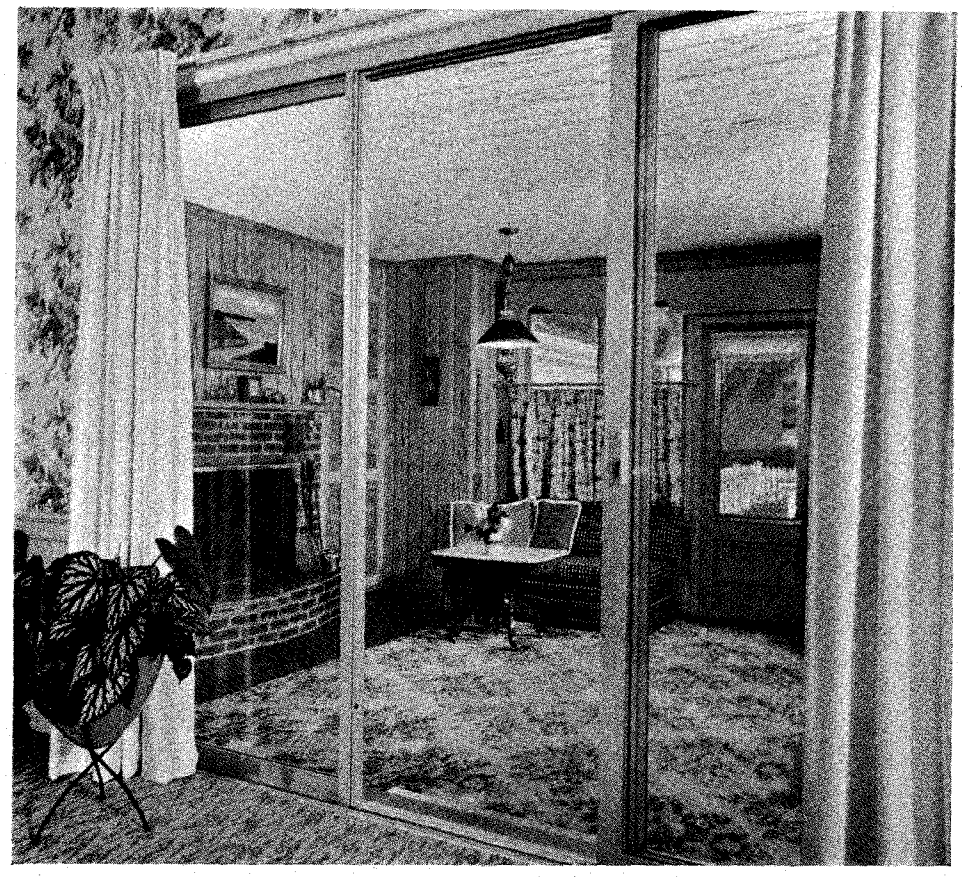

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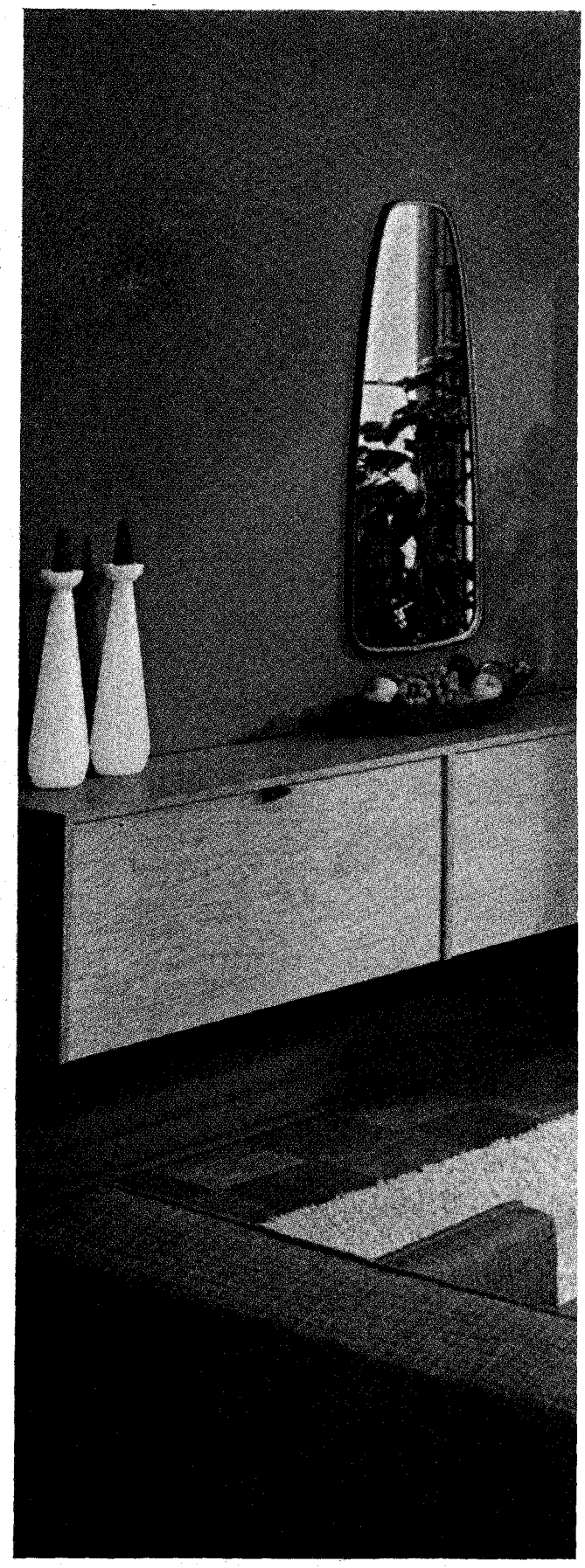

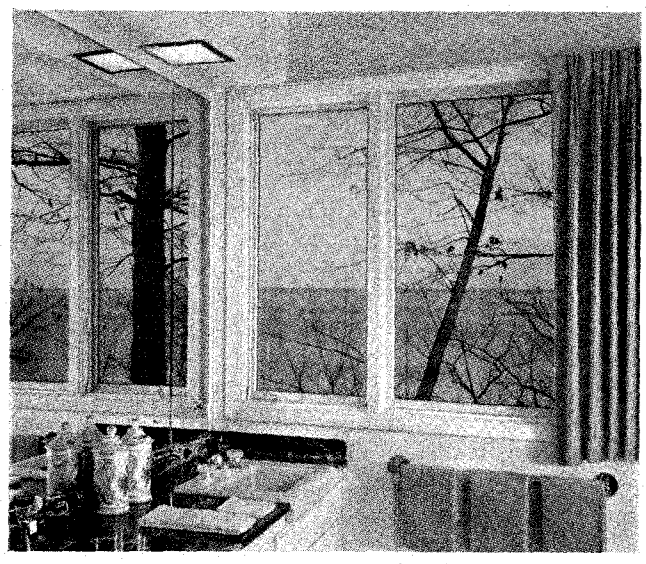

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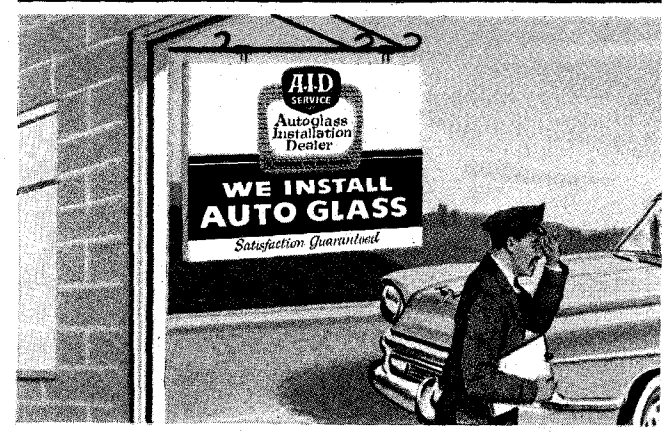

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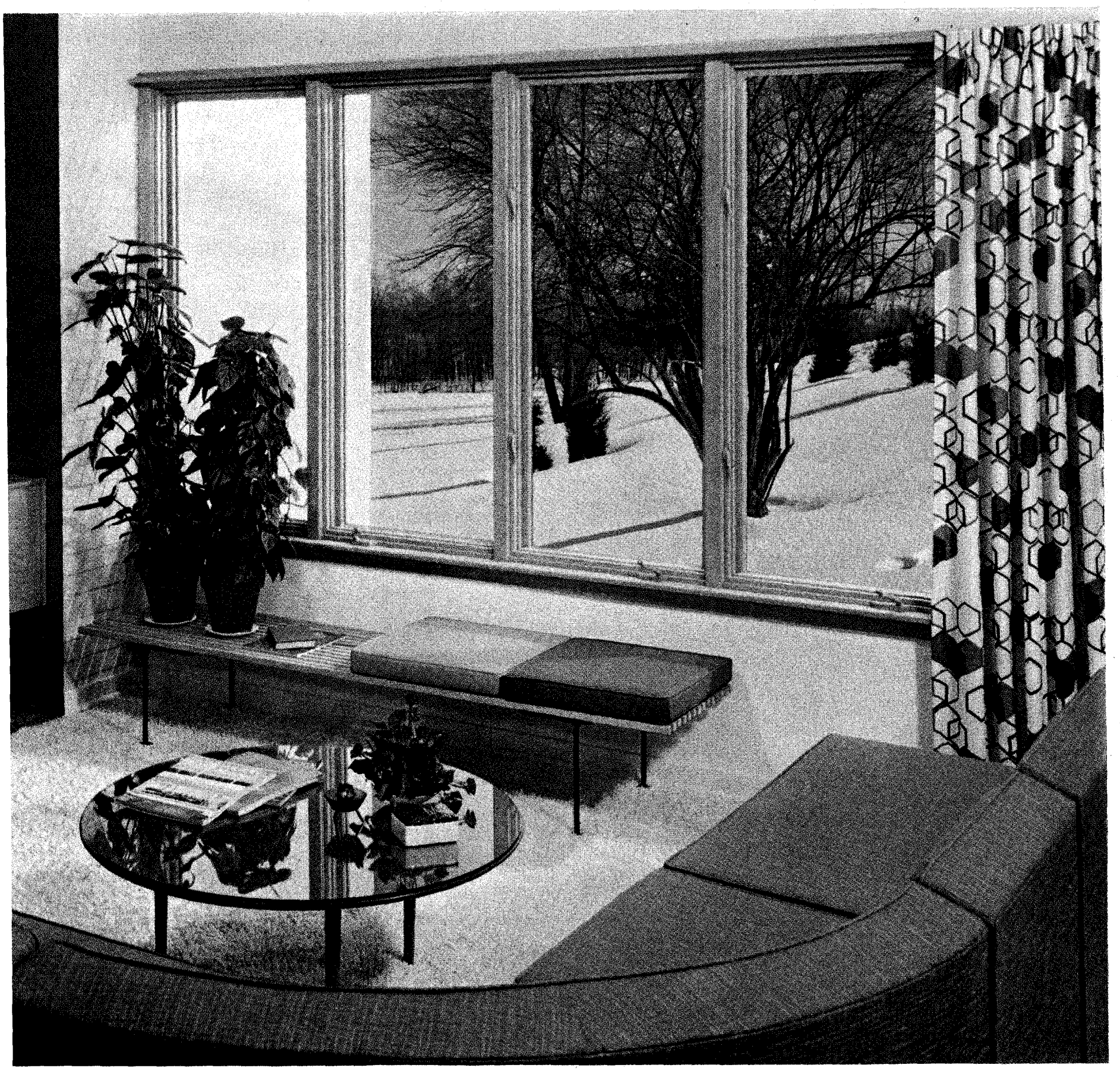

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(*Continued from Page 91*) we sat around the stove and the children asked me to read them a story.

"I have no book," I said.

"Well, tell us, then," said Trisha. "Tell us about the sea witch some more."

"I want to hear about the pirate," said Chris.

"He told us about that twice already," said Trisha.

But that didn't make any difference to Chris. "I like it," he said. "Where he gets hanged and everything."

"Well, I don't," said Trisha. "It's just boy stuff. Tell us about the sea witch. Tell us about that part where she comes up out of the sea like a fog, all gray and everything, and old Triton blows his wreathed horn."

"Well," I said, "she came up onto the beach, all gray and dripping, and she walked along the sand, looking for the children."

"That's the part that always scares me," said Trisha happily.

"She had her friend, the black whale, with her," I said, "and the children knew she was there because of the footprints."

"She didn't have footprints," said Trisha. "She left marks like a bird, remember? Tell us some more about her."

"The children were hiding," I said, "in a cave in the rock, and they held their breaths in terror."

"She only wanted to play with them," said Trisha. "You told us that was only it."

"Well, yes," I admitted, "but that was before. This time she wanted to take them down with her to her cave at the bottom of the sea."

I tried to make it sound as doomed and drowned as possible. Trisha wriggled herself closer to me and held her breath. "Then what?" she said.

But Chris was getting tired, and nobody was getting killed. "Aren't there going to be any pirates at all?" he asked, and lay back and closed his eyes.

After I'd returned the sea witch to the sea where she belonged, I covered the children with a blanket and went for a walk along the beach. It was the time of day when I liked best to be alone; evening was coming on, twilight was around me, and the sky in the west was a pale, clear green, like water under ice. The evening star hung there by itself, alone in the heavens. The hills were dark now, and everything was quiet. At such a time a man's thoughts about his life and his work are apt to be gentle and peaceful.

After a while I found myself walking through an area of white mist; a small sea fog must have rolled in without my noticing it. It was strange, because the evening was clear and there wasn't any other sign of fog along the coast. I hesitated a moment, wondering if I ought to go back, but at that moment the mist seemed to lift a little, and a sandpiper went by, skittering along the water's edge. I took a few steps forward and came around a pile of weedy rocks, and the girl was standing there waiting for me.

I didn't say anything, and neither did she. In the dusk, her face was indistinct; she looked shadowy, but at the same time familiar.

We stood there staring at each other, and after a while I said, "I wanted to thank you for what you did for us." She didn't answer, and I thought she hadn't heard me. "I'm very grateful," I said. "I tried to find you."

It seemed to reach her in some far-off place. "I know," she said. Her voice was the way I had remembered it, low and sweet, like Trina's. "You don't have to thank me," she said gently.

I didn't know what to say next. "Do you come often to the beach?" I asked. It sounded stiff and stupid, and she shook her head in what might have been a yes or a no. I thought she smiled, but it might have been only a shadow on her face. "Do you live here?" I asked.

She didn't answer. She made the same little gesture, half shy, half friendly, that she had used before when she left me kneeling on the sand with Chris.

"It's getting late," she said. "It's time the children were in bed."

A gull swept in suddenly from the sea, with such a loud cry and so close to my head that I ducked out of the way. When I turned around again, she was gone.

I looked in the sand for her footprints, thinking they'd tell me in which direction she'd gone. But there weren't any; all I could see were the marks of sandpipers. It was dark by then, and I could have missed them. I gave up after a while and went back to the children. Chris was asleep, but Trisha was singing to herself.

There were some days of fog after that, and we stayed close to the house. It was cold, and we had a fire going most of the time, and the eucalyptus logs made a sweet, smoky smell in the air. There was a steady drip from the roof, and the sound of the sea below us was muffled and heavy. The days were long, the hours went slowly. I finished a chapter of the book; Trisha cut out a new wardrobe for her dolls, and Chris caught a spider and put it in an empty glass, where it stayed for a while and climbed out during the night.

On the third day the phone rang, and it was the girl. I knew her voice right away. All the coldness and the dampness went out of the world, and the house was suddenly snug and warm and smelled of wood smoke and paper dolls and paste. I must have sounded the way I felt, because I thought she pulled back a little, and there was a pause before she asked how the children were. I told her they were fine. She sounded shy, and I could tell that she was embarrassed.

"I wish I knew your name," I said. "Who are you?"

She seemed to hesitate a moment, as if she were making up her mind, and then she said, "I'm Kathleen."

"Is that your name?" I asked. "Kathleen?"

"Yes," she said.

"Is that all?" I asked; and she said, "Yes." "It's an Irish name," I said. "Are you Irish?"

My Satellite

By Norman R. Jaffray

My wife's eccentric orbit
Is a scientific freak:
She gets around me once a day—
That's seven times a week;
Her path, although elliptical,
Is terribly oblique.

But why reprove a satellite
For somewhat errant action?
However wayward be her course,
I'll still find satisfaction
As long as she is tied to me
By mutual attraction.

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"No," she said.

I told her that I had kept the children at home because I was afraid they might get chilled on the beach.

"I know," she said; "I looked for you." The way she said it was grave, but a little breathless, like a young girl, and I put a lot of warmth into my voice when I answered her.

"We'll be there tomorrow," I said, "come rain or shine."

"There'll be no fog tomorrow," she said. "The weather will be fine."

It never occurred to me to wonder how she knew. "Will you be there?" I asked, and she said yes, she thought so.

The next morning the sun came out bright and hot, as she had said it would. She was waiting in the cove when we got there, a young, slender figure, just as I had remembered her; she wore a bathing suit of some green material that looked like fish scales, and her hair was piled up on her head and caught in a loop of kelp. She was prettier than I had remembered, though perhaps "pretty" isn't the right word for it; there was a delicate beauty about her face that made me think of a shell long polished by the sea. Her eyes, when she looked out over the water, were green, but it might have been the reflection of the waves, for when she turned to smile at the children or at me they were gray. Her arms and legs were the color of ivory; there was no tan, no mark of the sun on her. I remember thinking it strange at the time.

The children went to her at once, as though she were an old friend. Chris had to tell her about his spider, which, to listen to him, must have been at least six inches in circumference, and Trisha had a long story about a butterfly, which I knew she was making up as she went along. Kathleen listened to them gravely, only expressing a little worry that the spider might have been a black widow, which I assured her it was not, and nodding her head occasionally, with her eyes looking far away over the water.

"It would be nice to think that the spider went home and told his family about you," she said to Chris.

"Spiders don't have families," said Chris, "and anyway, he didn't know me."

"Spiders are ladies," said Trisha, "and they do have families; they have little-girl spiders."

I thought that Kathleen looked at her oddly. "How do you know?" she asked, to which Trisha replied that I had told her so. And regarding Kathleen with serious, round eyes, she inquired, "Are you a girl or a lady?"

What she meant was that she would like her in either case, but if she turned out to be a girl, they'd have more fun playing together.

Kathleen seemed to hesitate a moment before replying. I had a feeling that she would have liked to say "a girl," as much for her own sake as Trisha's. "I don't know," she said at last; almost sorrowfully, I thought.

"Well, anyway," said Chris, "I'd rather be a whale." And he jumped up and ran down to the water.

A moment later Trisha joined him, and they played at being whales, chasing each other through the shallows, splashing and shouting.

Kathleen watched them, her face expressionless, her body in harmonious repose.

It was good to be out in the sun again, to smell the fresh salt smell of the sea and the dry, rotted smell of the sand, to listen to the roll of the surf breaking a little way out and the hiss and follow of the foam as it swept up the beach.

"They are dear children," she said. "How pitiful that their mother is dead."

How pitiful! It sounded so much like Trina that I caught my breath. "You seem to know a lot about us," I said shakily, not looking at her.

But I could tell that she was smiling. "After all," she said, "you're well known around here. All I had to do was ask."

I looked at her then, but she was serene and kind; she wasn't laughing at me. "Well," I said more boldly, "how about you? I couldn't find out anything."

"Nobody knows me," she said.

I thought I could at least get her to tell me where she lived, but she only shook her head. "It's no use," she said; "you wouldn't know the place."

We talked about ordinary things—about the weather, and Chris' spider, and the life and death of the little sand crabs which Uncle Harry used for bait. "They cry when the hook goes into them," she said, "but nobody hears them, and they resign themselves to their fate, which is to be eaten very soon."

"They must know they're going to be eaten," I said, "the first time they know what they are."

"They never know what they are," she said. "They think they're beautiful."

A moment later she was laughing at Trisha, who came out of the water dripping like a little spaniel, and ran up the sand to us and threw herself down on a towel.

"Where are your fins?" she asked. "I don't see them anywhere."

Once again I thought the girl gave her an odd look. "I didn't need them," she said, "so I left them at home."

It was a good day on the beach with Kathleen. I found her gay and quick, responsive to all the life about her, and gentle with the children. Her mind was crowded with unexpected bits of information, such as the travel habits of eels, and the making of bouillabaisse, and the sounds that crabs make when they talk to each other. It enchanted the children, and they spent several minutes with their heads under the water, saying, "cri-ik, cri-ik," and blowing air bubbles.

I couldn't get her to tell me anything about herself. She parried my questions lightly, but I felt that she was disturbed by them. I couldn't help being a little vexed at the mystery she made of herself. I thought the best thing to do was to ignore it.

We swam together while the children rested, walking down to the water, side by side, my body so dark next to hers, and plunged through the first big wave together; and almost at once I missed her and didn't find her again until I had churned my way out beyond the breakers and was floating on my back in the long, easy swells. She came up to me with a curiously graceful, lazy motion, and we swam for a while side by side, I doing my usual crawl and throwing up geysers of spray with every beat, and she moving like an eel, with scarcely a ripple. Then she dived suddenly, and came up some distance away, and I swam over to her while she watched me with a kind of grave concern, and then we raced each other in to the beach, planing in on the breakers in a smother of foam.

We lay on the sand together to rest and catch our breath, and I found myself looking at her and wondering. She lay there beside me, relaxed, breathing easily, her long hair, free of the kelp that had bound it, spread out over her shoulders, drying in the sun, and little drops of water still on her arms and legs. *What do I know about her?* I thought. *She is well educated; I'm quite sure of that. She has probably taken a course in zoology somewhere, perhaps at the Marine Biological Laboratory in La Jolla or Woods Hole.*

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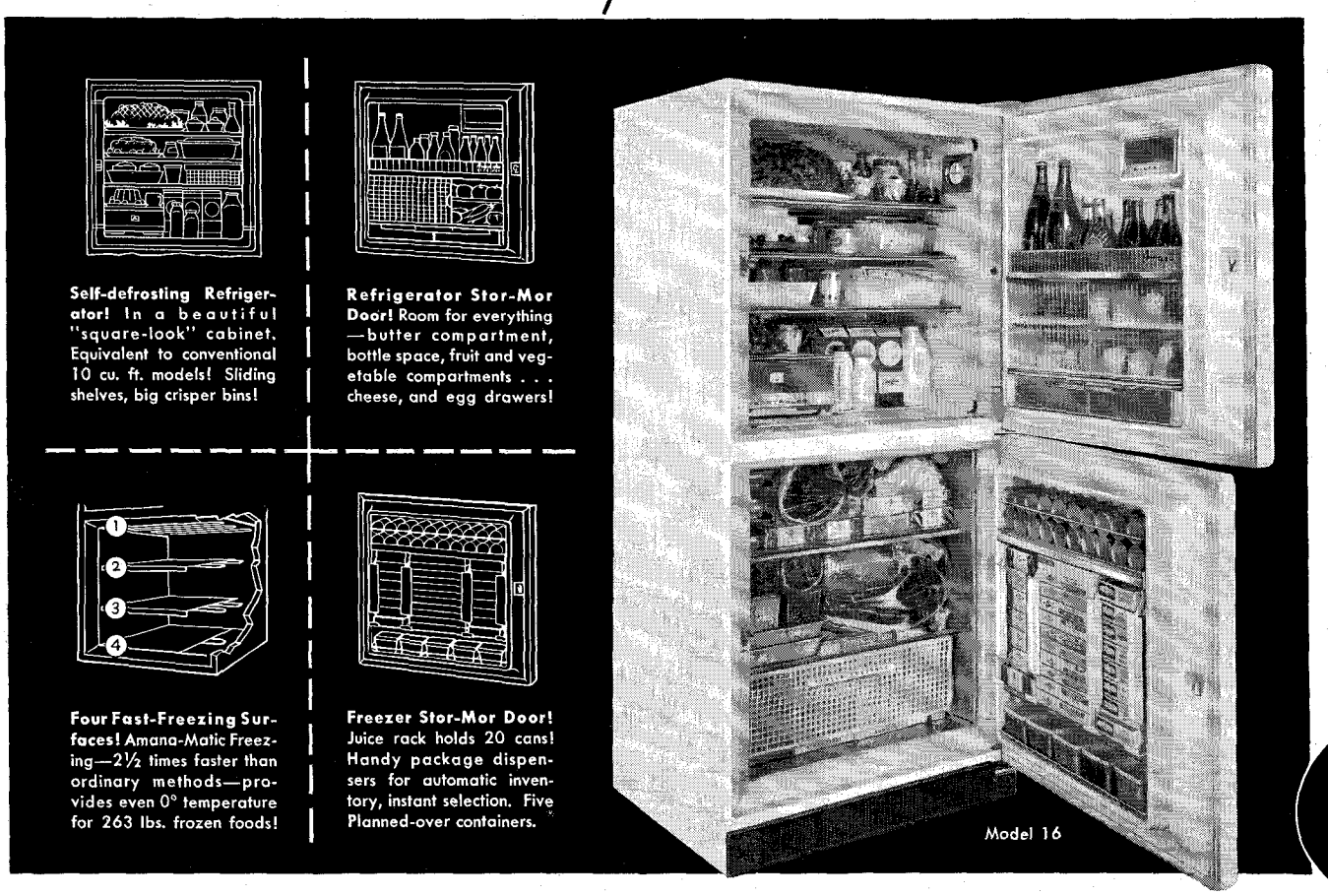

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She is traveled, because she knows that you can't make bouillabaisse without merlan, which is a fish found only in the waters off the south of France. And because she is gay and gentle with children, I imagine she was brought up in a convent, which would make her a Catholic—though she wears no medal around her neck. I think she is Irish, from her name, for all she says she's not, or at least Welsh; and she has either run away from a cruel stepfather or her heart has been broken by an unhappy love affair. And she is the best swimmer I have ever seen.

The children and I had brought our lunch to the beach, and we shared it with Kathleen, who added to the usual peanut-butter sandwiches little filets of raw fish, which she ate with lemon, and which were quite delicious. They seemed to be some kind of herring. After lunch the children lay down to nap in the sun, and Kathleen told them the story of Ysot of Brittany, who jumped into the sea for love of a shepherd, and was turned into a whelk; she remembered her father's palace with its hundred rooms, and built her own house of many chambers, each finer and more delicate than the one before.

"I wouldn't want to be a whelk," said Trisha. "I wouldn't want to be anything except what I am."

"The whelk," said Kathleen, "lives on oysters; it's a very rich life."

"I don't want a rich life," said Trisha sleepily. "I'm only little." And putting her face down on her hand and closing her eyes, she added, "It should have been a prince on a milk-white steed."

Kathleen turned to me, quite mortified. "He should have been," she said, "shouldn't he?"

"*Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,*" I said, and that made her laugh.

"Children are all the same," I said; "life is either all black or all white to them. You don't throw yourself into the sea and become a whelk for nothing."

"Oh," she said, "but he was such a lovely shepherd."

I was right, I told myself; *it was an unhappy love affair.*

And I murmured—quite falsely, as a matter of fact—"I'm sorry."

If I had expected her to blush or to look grateful, I was in for a disappointment. "Sorry for what?" she asked; and the surprise in her voice made it clear that she hadn't the faintest notion of what I was talking about. *Well*, I thought, not without relief, *it isn't that, anyway.*

The children slept, and woke, and bathed again, and we lay and watched them, and swam, too, as before, Kathleen easing herself along beside me; and then it was time to go home and start the children's supper.

It had been a long, lazy day. I couldn't afford to be lazy, but I didn't regret it. We said good-by to Kathleen, and she smiled up at us from the sand and shook hands with the children, and we started back to the house. Halfway up the hill we turned to wave at her, but she wasn't there. I caught a glimpse of her head far out in the water; she was moving with that effortless motion of hers, her long hair floating out behind her.

"She's wearing her fins," said Trisha triumphantly.

I hadn't thought she had them with her. But it did seem to me that she was moving very fast, and I thought I saw one fin gleam for a moment in the sunlight as she dived.

It was Trisha's idea to invite Kathleen to a dinner party at our house. It was a great occasion, being Trisha's first dinner party, and we spent the whole day getting ready for it, driving to market in the morning and preparing our chicken paprika in the afternoon. Chicken paprika was what I cooked best, and we decided on fresh corn and gingerbread and ice cream. Trisha made the gingerbread, while Chris set out the forks and knives and our best plates, and the good water glasses. I brought out the silver candlesticks for the table, and laid a fire in the fireplace, although the weather was too warm for it, but Trisha said it made the house look nicer, and I thought so too.

Trisha had got herself up in the blue denim dress that was too short for her, and Chris had put on his long pants, and his shirt with the French cuffs. At six o'clock I went in to dress, with the chicken, brown and savory, warming in the oven, and the smell of gingerbread in the house.

Kathleen came at dusk. She had coiled her hair into a pale, soft knot at the back of her head, and she wore a light green dress the color of the sea the way it is sometimes near the shore or in the shallow estuaries. She stood in the doorway and looked at the room and at us.

"I knew it would be like this," she said simply.

Chris went up to shake hands with her, bashful and awkward, and Trisha followed, smoothing down her little skirt and tossing her head to show off her ribbon. I asked Kathleen if she would like a drink.

"Yes, please," she said.

I made two martinis, and we moved over to the window seat to drink them. "Well," I said, "skoal," and Kathleen said, "Skoal," and we smiled at each other.

"It was so nice of you to ask me to dinner," she said. I told her that it was

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Trisha's idea, and Trisha blushed and bridled with pride.

"I made the dessert," she declared.

Chris came up to Kathleen and put his hand very gently on her hair. Then, without a word, he bounded across the room, threw himself head down into a chair and made swimming motions with his arms. After that he turned around and sat up very straight, and looked at us stonily. I knew what the matter was: he felt that he had been left out of things.

"Chris set the table," I said. Kathleen glanced at the plates and glasses glinting in the firelight, and then she looked at Chris. "It's beautiful," she said. Chris looked up at the ceiling with an air of indifference, but I knew that he was ready to weep with delight and self-pity.

Kathleen was good with the children. Trisha was solemn and full of manners, and Chris beamed and said nothing, and ate steadily. We all helped wash the dishes, and then it was time for the evening story, and after the story, it was the children's bedtime. I asked Trisha if she'd like Kathleen to hear her prayers, and she said no, and so Chris said no too. But she gave me a particularly hard hug afterward, and I guessed that she would have liked Kathleen to hear them after all, only she was too shy to say so. She and Chris God-blessed the usual people—myself, and Aunt Clara and Nana McHugh, and each other—and Trisha wished blessings on two little girls she'd met on the beach and whose names she didn't know. I was sure I heard Chris mutter Kathleen's name very fast at the end.

"Chris said a God-bless for you," I told her when I came out. She was silent for a moment, and then she said, "Poor little soul."

I didn't think Chris thought of himself as a poor little soul, and I told her so. "He was only three when his mother died," I said, "and he's almost six now. He lives in a man's world."

She gave me a merry, mocking look. "A man's world?" she asked. "With Trisha in it?"

I had to laugh at that too. "Oh, well," I said, "Trisha ——" as though she were not to be counted in the ordinary run of things. It was a man's world, I meant, not counting Trisha.

But she was not to be put off so easily. "It may be a man's world," she said, "but it's run by women. By women's love," she added—still mocking me, I thought.

"Men have always had the great thoughts," I argued, "and the inventions."

"True," she said, "and the great wars too. But love is a woman's life. From the cradle to the grave—and beyond it."

When a man is alone with a woman, sooner or later they always speak of love, though it may not be for each other. Their pulses beat a little faster, and their glances become more thoughtful, and even tender; it might be you, their eyes say, or it might not; someday, perhaps, or never.

She wasn't mocking me now; and something in her voice—some note of sorrow, perhaps—stilled the light answer I might have made. I thought of the great love stories of the world: of Jane Eyre, of The Red Lily, of Green Mansions. It was true, it was the woman always whose love brought all about and moved the mountains. It was the woman who was immortal, not the man. It was Juliet's story, not Romeo's; it is for Juliet that people weep and throw pennies into the well at Verona.

But if women moved mountains, they made the wars, too, I thought, remembering Guinevere and Cleopatra, and that wife of Tiernan O'Ruairc, King of Breffny, who ran off with the King of Leinster and brought the English into Ireland. "And what about Helen," I asked, "who brought about the ruin of Troy?"

"It was only an excuse," she said. "What they wanted was gold."

"Well, then," I said obstinately, "if women made no wars, there have been men who loved as well as any. What of Orpheus, who braved the underworld for his Eurydice?"

"That one!" she said in scorn. "How well did he love? He had no faith at all, for he looked back and lost her."

"What of the fisherman," I said, "who caught the little mermaid?"

I was smiling, but she was silent, looking out through the darkened window in which the lights of the room were dimly reflected against the pale night sky.

"That is the saddest story of all," she said.

TO BE CONTINUED

Tranquilizer for Mother

Farewell to beach and
balmy breezes,
Lovely summer has
departed.
Embrace instead the
autumn bonus;
School has started!

Lee Fanta Shyer

LIFE PHOTO BY LARRY BURROWS

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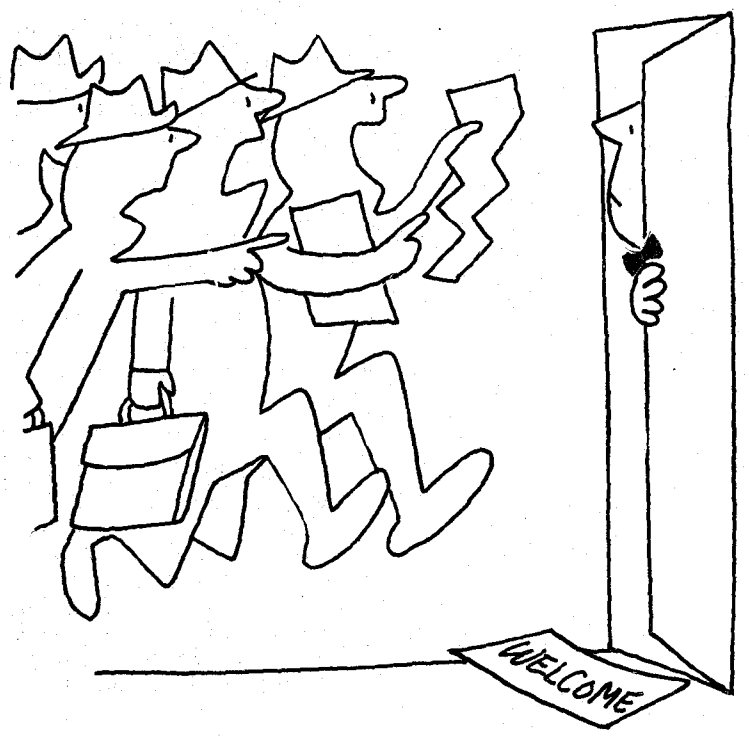
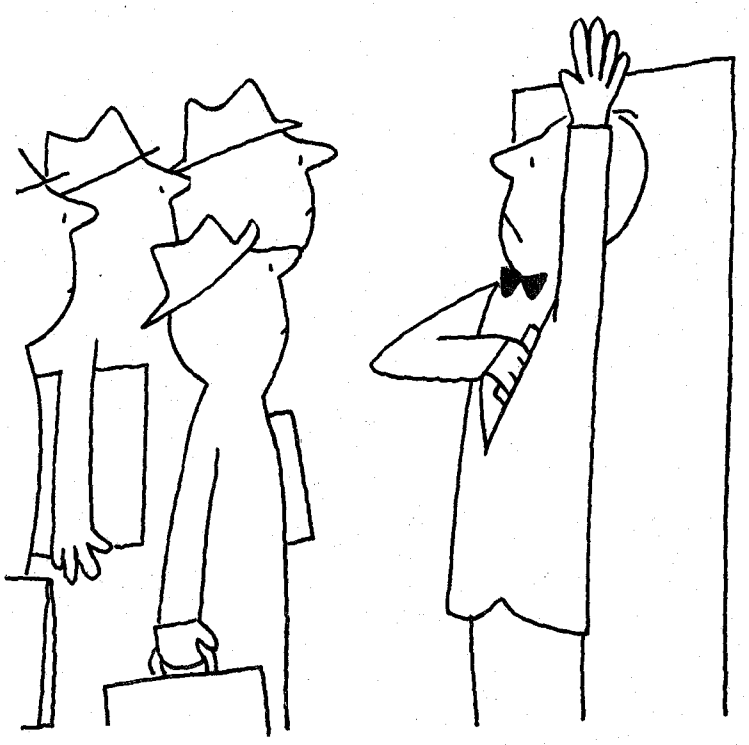


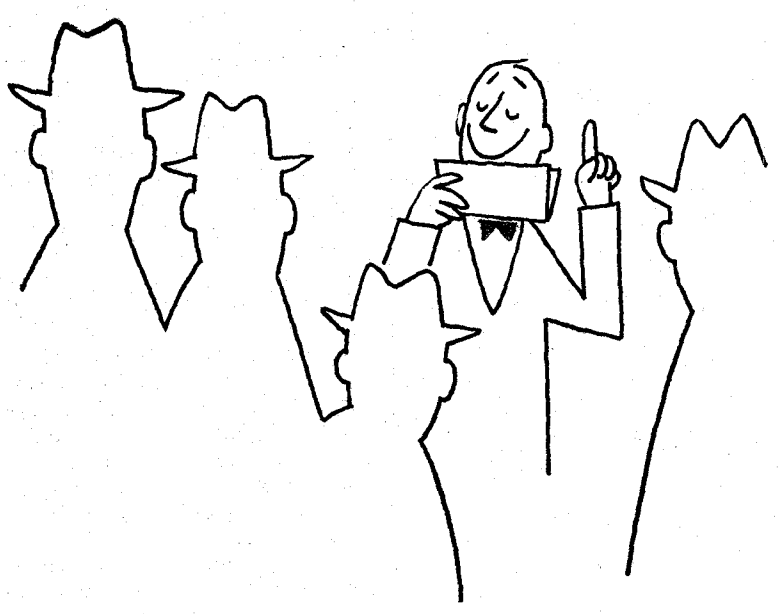
1.

When Bill Brownell moved into town he thought it was a raid—
Insurance men came charging in just like the light brigade.
"Brownell, you need insurance for your home and on your life;
And, if you're in an accident, what happens to your wife?"



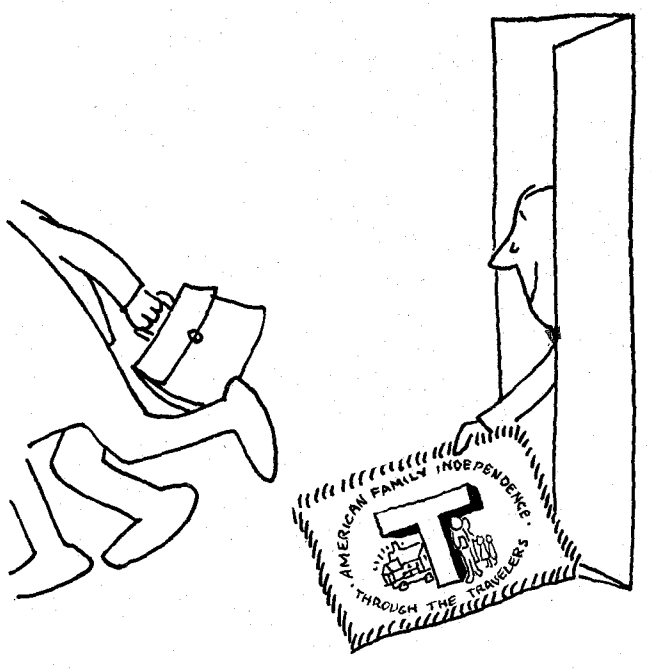
2.

Another said, "You have two kids that you must educate."
A third held forth on liability. But all too late.
For Bill replied he dealt with just *one* trusty Travelers man,
And all he loved was guarded by his balanced Travelers plan.



3.

"This monthly-payment package plan to which I now subscribe
Insures my home and car and health and all the Brownell tribe.
No overlapping policies—no gaps in my protection,
If any mishap does befall, one call will bring correction.



4.

"A carefree life for me and mine—the thought is so enthralling.
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Just telephone your Travelers man—you'll always bless the day.

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Do Managers Make Much Difference?

(Continued from Page 31)

good ballplayers came out of the service all at once. With such a big supply of talent, managers had more room to maneuver. Previously most clubs operated pretty much on a set basis, with the same eight men playing every day. Once in a while they'd do something like substituting a right-hand hitter for a left-hand hitter against left-hand pitching. Most of the time, though, they seldom even put in a pinch hitter, unless it was for the pitcher—or maybe for a weak-hitting infielder—in the late innings when they were behind.

Some of the old-line managers would just sit in the dugout and play the starting line-up right down to the hilt. They'd hardly ever make a move during a ball game. That day is gone. Most of the managers now are constantly maneuvering to take full advantage of the talent that's available to them. They go in for two-platooning. They juggle their line-ups according to who's pitching for the other team and the situation in the game. They shuttle pinch hitters in and out to the point where they'll wear down your pitchers unless you have a strong bull pen. That's the chief reason relief pitching has become such an important specialty.

Yes, a manager has much more to think about nowadays than whether to bunt or hit and run or steal. Any baseball man knows the percentages on those things. For that matter, I think the average fan knows when to bunt and when to steal—and perhaps when to hit and run, if he's a bit of a student of baseball.

I don't mean that these basic tactics have no importance at all. The good manager can get a little edge here too. Certain managers play the percentages all the way. They're generally the least successful, because they become typed, and the other team knows how to defend against them. Most managers today try to stay away from that. They'll gamble. In a bunt situation, for instance, you can never be sure that they might not hit away.

But there's an old saying in baseball that you can't beat the percentages. Those who gamble eventually come back to percentage baseball. In other words, they might gamble all through the ball game, but if they come down to that eighth inning with the score tied, a man on first and nobody out, they're going to bunt nine times out of ten. And in extra innings, they wouldn't dare gamble on a hit and run with nobody out and a man on first.

The manager's main responsibility on these things is to adapt his tactics to his material. Let's suppose he's one run behind, with one out and a man on first. That's a natural hit-and-run situation. But if the hitter is somebody like big Gus Zernial, who can wallop the ball a long way, but also is liable to miss it completely, then the manager must switch to some other strategy.

Or it can work the opposite way. Some hitters are very skillful at the hit and run, like Pee Wee Reese or Nellie Fox. They'll almost always get a piece of the ball. With that type of man at the plate, you might risk the hit and run with nobody out. That's the manager's job—to know the capabilities of his men and call on the right guys in the right spots.

When it comes to getting the most out of material, the two greatest managers I've seen are Casey Stengel and Paul Richards—the one with superior ballplayers, the other with inferior talent. I think it was Stengel who really put over the big swing to platoon baseball. With the Yankees he generally has twenty-five men who could play for almost any club in the majors. His problem has been to play only nine men at a time—counting the pitcher—and keep those sixteen others satisfied and ready when he needs them. Somehow he handles it so that when he calls on Jerry Lumpe or Elston Howard or Bobby Richardson or whoever it might be, they go in there and give him a good week of baseball. And then the original man seems to come back sharper than ever.

With Richards at Baltimore it's been just the reverse. He has been handicapped in his tactics by not having men who could execute all the moves he'd like to make. To a certain extent, he's had to play his team's game instead of his own game. Yet he's manipulated his men in such a way as to get the benefit of whatever each individual had to offer.

Richards is a genius at handling pitchers, and that's the most important single item in the day-by-day running of a ball club—deciding which pitcher to start and when to take a pitcher out. When I played under Lou Boudreau with the Boston Red Sox, he evidently didn't feel that he was very well qualified in this department. But he had a coach who was a marvel with pitchers—Bill McKechnie—and he turned it over to Bill. Well, that proved to me that Boudreau was an outstanding manager, because he was smart enough to recognize his limitations in this field. They say the same thing happens on the Yankees. Casey Stengel relies a great deal on Jim Turner, his pitching coach.

One phase of managing that's pretty standard is positioning the fielders. When I began under Connie Mack on the Philadelphia Athletics, he'd sometimes shift us around with that score card of his on practically every pitch. Today the regular procedure is to have a meeting at the start of each series, and run down the other club's line-up and decide how you're going to play every hitter. It varies somewhat with who your pitcher is, and occasionally a special situation will come up in a game where the manager will change the fielders around. But it's mostly routine.

I haven't played for almost a year, but if I had to go against the Yankees tomorrow, I'd remember how to play just about every hitter, from having been over it so many times in the past. You play Berra to pull all the way, Mantle to pull, Skowron to hit straight away. In a certain spot the manager might decide to pitch Skowron tighter than usual, and you'd have to shift a little. But that's discussed right then and there on the mound, so everybody knows what to do.

So far I've been talking mainly about the moves a manager has to make on the ball field. Beyond all this, he must be able to handle men. He has to take twenty-five personalities and blend them together, and keep everybody in the right frame of mind. I've never played for a bad manager, but some were better at this than others.

The first requirement is for a manager to have the respect of his players. It isn't necessary for them to like him. That's a misconception on the part of many sports writers and fans. One of the finest fellows I ever played for was his own worst enemy because he wanted to be like a father to everybody. That was Steve O'Neill, my first manager at Detroit. He treated his players too well. O'Neill won a pennant with the Tigers in 1945, but eventually some of the boys began to take advantage of him.

Red Rolfe, who succeeded O'Neill in 1949, was a hard-nose manager—a driver. He had winning ball clubs at first, but in the spring of 1952 we got bogged down in last place. There was a newspaper story that the players were in open rebellion against Rolfe—a typical press reaction when a team is going badly. I suggested to Freddy Hutchinson—now manager of the St. Louis Cardinals—who was our player representative then, that we'd better have a meeting and get the situation clarified, once and for all. So the players got together and issued a statement that there was no rebellion.

Oh, there had been a little whimpering among some of the boys that Red was driving them a bit hard. But I never heard anybody say that our poor showing was his fault, or that the owners should get rid of him—which they eventually did in the middle of the season. We all admired and respected Red.

With the exception of Paul Richards, Rolfe knew more baseball than any other manager I ever worked for. Red had a very studious approach to the game. He was forever making notes. Sometimes I'd go into his office to talk to him, and if he wasn't there, a note that he'd written about me might catch my eye, such as, "A slow sidearm curve got Kell out today."

It kind of shocked me until I got used to it. I remember one note especially. I'd come to bat in the ninth inning against Boston with the bases loaded and one out. I popped up, and the next hitter went out, too, so we lost the game by a run. Well, Rolfe had written, "I was going to squeeze on the second pitch, but Kell missed the take sign and popped up on the first pitch." And he was absolutely correct.

The one thing that kept Red Rolfe from being a great manager was that he didn't have a knack for getting along with men. He used to have a reputation as a lone wolf when he was playing with the Yankees. In Detroit his approach to the fellows was strictly cold and businesslike, and some of them resented it a bit.

NEXT WEEK

MICKEY COHEN:
The Private Life of a Hood
By Dean Jennings

ARE YOU AFRAID TO LAUGH?
By Corey Ford

IN COLOR:

LES HALLES:
The Best Show in Paris is Free

Aku-Aku: The Secret of Easter Island
The Treasures of the Caves
By Thor Heyerdahl

He Does Things Big
How a Superpolitician Operates in Italy

The Case of the Vanishing Grizzlies
A Spectacular Beast Faces Extinction

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When he was trying to get a player to correct a weakness, he wouldn't put it as a suggestion. It was always in the form of a command. It would never be, "Don't you think if you move your back foot a little you'll hit the ball more solidly?" He'd just say, "Move that back foot and you'll hit the ball better."

A manager who was really great at building up a young ballplayer's confidence was Connie Mack. I broke into the American League under him with the Philadelphia Athletics late in 1943. They called him "The Grand Old Man of Baseball," and it was easy to see why. When I was feeling blue and discouraged, as a rookie often does, I'd just go down to the hotel lobby and talk to him. He'd be sitting there every night, and he'd perk me right up. He'd say, "Well, son, I got you up here to play, and you're going to do all right, and don't you worry." He'd have you feeling that you were going to make the All-Star Game—I eventually did play in it a total of seven times.

Mr. Mack once told me that I was going to be a pretty good third baseman, but that I could never expect to be an outstanding hitter. Maybe I crossed him up a little there, because I wound up my career with a lifetime batting average of .306.

Anyway, he was a fine old gentleman. As far as managing is concerned, though, Mr. Mack was way past his peak by the time I got there. He was already over eighty, and it wouldn't be fair to compare him with the alert young managers you find in today's changing game. Mr. Mack didn't make many moves. But he was still calling the shots, although sometimes Al Simmons would question his decisions. Al was the only one of his coaches who could do that.

I remember one day in the ninth inning we got the tying run to second with one out and the pitcher due to bat. Mr. Mack told Jo Jo White, who was our best available pinch hitter, to go out and run for the man on second.

Simmons stopped Jo Jo and sent him back to the bench. He said, "Mr. Mack, you're going to want somebody to bat for the pitcher, and this is your best man."

Mr. Mack said, "You're right. I just wasn't thinking." So he used another player as a pinch runner, and sent Jo Jo White up as a pinch hitter. It would make a better story if I could say that this won the ball game for us, but to tell the truth, I just don't remember how it came out.

When I got traded to Detroit in 1946 I came under another fine man—as I've already said—in Steve O'Neill. He was a baseball man of the old school. He played solid, down-the-line baseball, with more sticking to the percentages and less gambling than any other manager I ever had. He played for the big inning in the early stages, then from the fifth inning on in a close game he stuck strictly to orthodox baseball—bunting and playing for one run. O'Neill's successor, Red Rolfe, was also a conservative, percentage manager, although he'd gamble once in a while.

The most unorthodox of my managers was Lou Boudreau at Boston between 1952 and 1954. He was the inventor of the famous Williams Shift against Ted Williams—he originated that back when he was with Cleveland—and I believe he was the first manager to experiment with putting the pitcher seventh in the batting order, and even sixth. He was always looking for some daring move to improve his ball club.

Boudreau liked to get close to his men—not as a father, but as a sort of big brother. He'd advise players on their personal problems, and so forth. He was the college-coach type. He believed in lots of meetings and lots of pep talks. He'd stress that every ballplayer has a responsibility not only to the ball club and himself, but also to his family. Boudreau had a great influence on young ballplayers.

My next club was the Chicago White Sox, where I first played for Paul Richards. Then he left to go to Baltimore, and Marty Marion came in as manager. He was a real sound baseball man. He played close to the vest, with hardly any gambling or daring at all.

He had been a great shortstop during his own playing career with the St. Louis Cardinals, and I'd say he was the Cardinal type. I don't mean the old Gas House Gang. Marion played for one run early, liked to bunt, liked to hit and run. He wanted a speedy ball club with good defense and strong pitching. To me, that was the type of ball the Cardinals had played for a number of years.

If Marion had a weakness, it was in his handling of men. He wasn't cold or distant, the way Red Rolfe was, but he was a little impatient. Marty was so intelligent, and always picked things up so quickly himself, that he couldn't understand why he should ever have to tell a player something more than once. I know he and Chico Carrasquel had disputes several times over the way Chico was playing shortstop, and it seemed to me that this was because Chico wasn't picking up suggestions as fast as Marty thought he should.

I finished up playing for Paul Richards again at Baltimore in 1956 and 1957. As you've already gathered, I think Richards is about tops. All of my managers had their strong points, but if I were managing a ball club today I'd model myself after him more than anybody else.

In his tactics, Paul can be a regular Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. I mean, he may play straight percentage baseball for a period of time, then turn like the wind and be the most daring manager in the game.

He also can handle men, although he's more distant than I'd want to be. He doesn't mix and mingle with his players, but they look up to him. He has their respect.

Once in Detroit he replaced Don Ferrarese with another pitcher. Ferrarese came into the dugout and slammed his glove down and kicked the bat rack. Richards didn't say a word at the time, but in the clubhouse the next day we were having a meeting, and he said, "There's one other thing I want to bring up. The pitcher I took out yesterday, Mr. Ferrarese, threw his glove and kicked the bat rack and stormed around. Now, I know he didn't mean anything by it, but I'd just like to tell all of you that whenever I make a change, I'm doing it for the good of the team and every man on it." He wound up by saying, "I know Mr. Ferrarese wasn't mad at anybody but himself."

Well, if Ferrarese was mad at anybody but himself, from then on he kept it to himself. Richards hadn't bawled him out or shown him up before the club, but at the same time he'd made it clear that he wouldn't stand for demonstrations like that. That's the way Richards does things.

Unlike a lot of managers, Richards doesn't assume that a ballplayer knows it all by the time he's established in the major leagues. He works on his veterans just as much as he works on his newcomers. For instance, Connie Johnson at Baltimore last year had one of the best curve balls I've ever seen. He's had arm trouble this year. Anyway, even when Johnson was throwing good, Richards would be showing him how to vary his delivery in little ways, so that he wouldn't get in a rut of serving up exactly the same curve every time.

Richards would keep after me about my hitting. He'd say, "I've been watching you in the batter's box, and you're dropping your hands a little and getting them too close to your body, so that you're pulling everything. That's not your style. Now get your hands back up there and start hitting straight away again."

The only big-league training camp I ever went to where we really worked on fundamentals, such as running bases and cutoff plays, was under Richards. He takes nothing for granted. He'd put men on all three bases and explain exactly how big a lead he wanted each runner to take, depending on whether there was nobody out or one out or two out. So when those situations came up later in regular games, there was no question about it—Richards had told everybody what he wanted done.

It's possible to have too much instruction, of course. That's particularly true with young pitchers and young hitters. They sometimes get so much advice from so many different people that they wind up completely confused. That happened to Johnny Groth, a good-looking young prospect when I was at Detroit. He stayed on in the American League, but he never did become the hitter that people had expected him to be.

Connie Mack did me a tremendous favor in this respect. After I joined the A's, Al Simmons was going to change my batting stance, but Mr. Mack said, "Let that boy alone. He hit .396 at Lancaster last year standing just the way he does now."

I got a kick out of something Willie Mays said after he pulled out of a hitting slump early this season. The Giants had been taking movies of him at bat to try to find out what was wrong, and Willie was asked if the movies had helped.

He said, "Oh, I just let them take those pictures to humor them. Old Willie works his own way out of slumps."

Just as there can be overinstruction, there's also such a thing as overmanaging in a ball game. I said earlier that a good manager can win at least half a dozen extra games a year for you. Well, the way it works out with some of them is that they may win ten or twelve extra games, but at the same time they'll blow three or four through overmanaging—through gambles that go haywire.

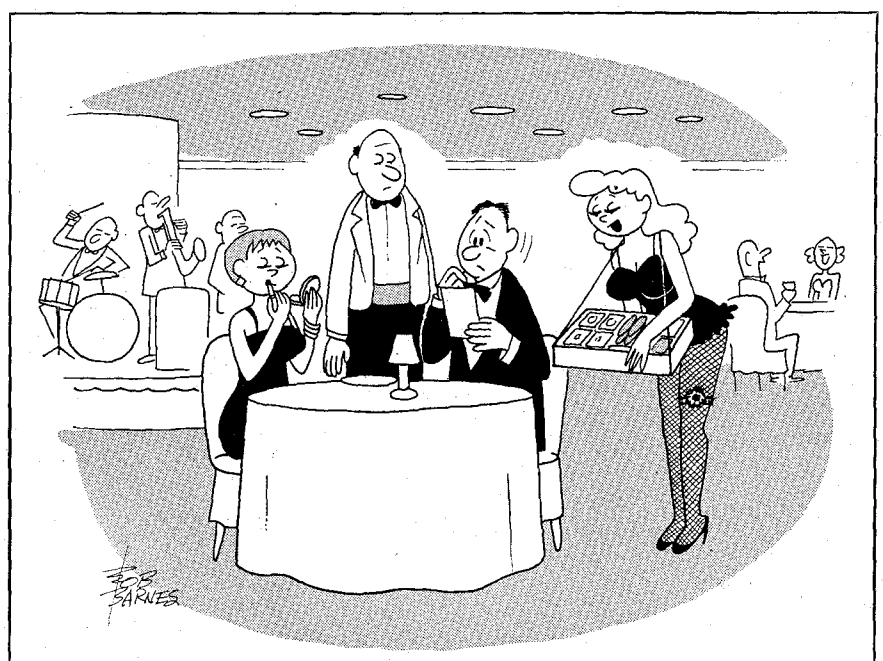
Sometimes a daring manager gets a little carried away. He makes too many moves and leaves himself in a jam. This is most likely to happen when he's playing the Yankees, and trying to match Stengel's maneuvers without having as much talent to shift around. First thing you know, he may find himself stuck with an inferior ballplayer in a spot where he didn't want him. Or maybe he takes out a right-hand pitcher who's been going good because a left-hand hitter is coming up—and then wishes he had the right-hander back. The daring manager falls into his own traps every now and then.

Casey Stengel sometimes does things that look like overmanaging. I once saw him take Hank Bauer out of a game for a pinch hitter after Bauer had hit a home run and a double his first two times up. A right-hand pitcher had come in, and Stengel wanted a left-hand hitter at the plate. But it's pretty hard to second-guess Stengel, with his knack for reaching into that deep bench of his and coming up with the right man. I'm sure that in Stengel's own mind that day he was playing the best percentages when he substituted for Bauer. Anyhow, the Yankees won.

About Al Lopez, who beat out Stengel in 1954 and has been runner-up to him so many other times in Cleveland and Chicago, I don't know much beyond what players of his have told me. The talk I've heard on Lopez has been nothing but great. They say he treats everybody the way a man wants to be treated, and minds his own business.

That's how I'd want to operate if I were managing. I wouldn't go in too much for strict curfews, and certainly not for bed checks—which they had a couple of times on clubs I played for. I also played for managers who had no curfew at all, but they didn't allow the boys to take liberties. They'd say, "Now we're not going to tell you when to come and go, but you're grown men and you have a job to do. And out of respect for this ball club and me as manager and your own families, you should keep decent hours." Of course, there are usually a few bad apples, and with them a manager has to crack down.

When all is said and done, it's still essentially true that the ballplayers make the manager. But don't underrate the manager's contribution. Nowadays he makes more of a difference than ever. I suppose it will always be possible for a ball club with overwhelmingly superior talent to win the pennant under a poor manager. If I were a club owner today, though, I sure wouldn't want to take a chance on it. THE END



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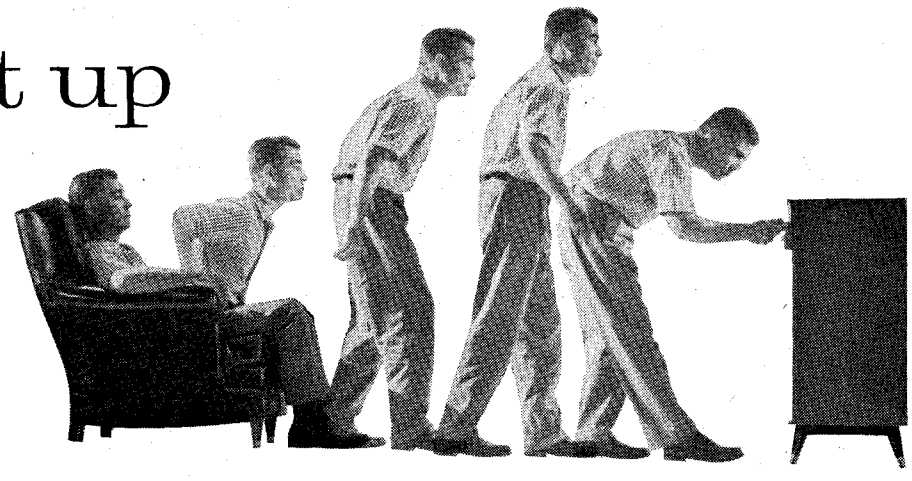

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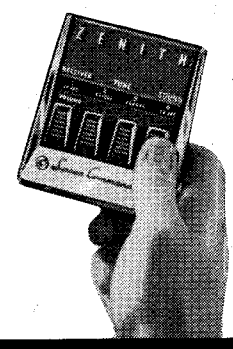

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De Gaulle's One-Man Brain Trust

(Continued from Page 33)

"and no one makes it up for him. Still, he will listen to Malraux more than to anybody else. Something passes between them when they talk—a kind of spark—that does not pass between the general and any other person."

The spark, no doubt, is generated at a lofty height. Having become acquainted only at the end of World War II, the two are not "old friends." Nor have they, on the face of it, too much in common. De Gaulle, the brittle, introverted soldier, seems far removed from the spontaneous, communicative, vibrant Malraux. If, in the frequent conversations they have held these last twelve years, the soldier and the intellectual have found a common bond, they've found it in the notion—the almost abstract notion—of grandeur. Intolerant of the petty game of party politics, disdainful of the sordid clamor of the market place, they meet on the snow-covered mountaintops of a heroic world where noble men do noble deeds—where thinking big and acting big become the same.

This somewhat humorless, Wagnerian concept is mellowed by the fact that both men happen to be highly educated Frenchmen with a deep interest in history, philosophy and metaphysics. It is De Gaulle who wrote a quarter of a century ago, that "nothing great can be achieved without the light of thought." The prose the general turns out himself—a French of almost Latin crispness and lucidity—is much admired by the literary public; and as he has, for several years, been busy with his memoirs, the frequent company of a professional of Malraux's class lent itself to some animated give-and-take. "He was learning my business," Malraux explains, "and I was learning his."

In Malraux's case, a further factor enters into the relationship. Having spent much of his life in frantic search of the flesh-and-blood hero, and having searched in vain in the four corners of the world, he is satisfied that he has found him in the person of the king-sized, stern-faced soldier. He would not dream of calling him anything but "*mon général*" to his face; and, when he speaks of him in the third person, the very name seems clad in shining armor.

But while Malraux appeared ideally suited to serve as catalyst of a new policy that spelled Honor, Dignity, France, his appointment to so high a post also gave rise to a good deal of speculation. No doubt, the presence of one of the country's best-known intellectuals lent "tone" to the regime. However, as a man whose own affiliations had long been with the extreme Left, would he consider it his function to keep the Gaullist revolution from sliding off into dictatorship? Would the new "Minister of Ideas," as he was quickly dubbed, attempt to counterpoise the pull of Right-wing firebrands, both in the army and without, who had propelled De Gaulle to power?

"I am a Leftist, certainly," Malraux said to me. "As such, I am one of the people in this government who will assure its left-of-center course."

But what is Left and what is Right these days? And where, precisely, does Malraux fit in?

To ascertain his own position, one has to know a little more about the man himself—no easy job, for he has, down the years, taken good care to cover up his traces. Delighting in the role of the romantic hero, he rarely bothered to confirm or deny what the minstrels of the publicity departments of his publishers told a worshipful public. One noteworthy exception to this rule was his denial of the allegation that he had been a member of the Communist Party. Accused, after the publication of his classic, Man's Fate, of having glorified the Communists, he tersely stated that he had taken grandeur where he found it, in this case on the side of China's early Communists—a no doubt honest explanation which tells us a great deal about Malraux.

That he has led a life crowded with action is beyond question. What kind of action is another matter, as it becomes, at times, extremely difficult to differentiate between man and myth. His typical hero is the rogue male, self-exiled from society, subject to his own law, pitting his courage and his will against terrific odds, bent only on "leaving a scar on the map." And if the reading public came to see, behind the fellow's various guises, Malraux himself—risking his neck now in this, now in that conspiracy or revolution—it was because it found, all through his writing, the precept that "ideas are not to be thought, but lived." As legend gradually grew around him, Malraux could see no reason to discourage it.

"One simply knows," says one of his admirers, "that what he writes is first-hand stuff—not something thought up by some little man scribbling away behind a desk somewhere."

If fate had picked him for a superman, it made him graduate the hard way. Disaster has beset his path. His father, a financier who lost his fortune in the crashes of the '30's, committed suicide. His two half brothers perished during the war, one fighting in the French Resistance, the other in a German prison camp. André's first marriage ended in divorce, his second in violent death when his wife fell in front of an oncoming train. He has been wounded several times by German bullets, been taken prisoner twice, and suffered much from illness.

We find him at the age of twenty-two, accompanied by Clara, his first wife, leading a line of creaking oxcarts through the underbrush of Indochina. Just out of the Sorbonne's School of Oriental Languages, fascinated by archaeology and art, he had set out in search of some extremely valuable, long-forgotten statues which, by his calculations, could be found at a certain spot. His calculations proved correct. And though the expedition ended in a prison sentence—soon canceled by an amnesty—because the courts out there did not consider finders keepers, it also yielded an exotic novel, The Royal Way.

But while the reader does not really care whether or not a character named Perken, whom he encounters in The Royal Way, is partly a self-portrait of Malraux, the question where fact ends and fiction starts takes on a more immediate meaning with The Conquerors. Malraux, we know, had bounced off to East Asia a second time in 1925—no longer in pursuit of statues, but of politics. The scope of his activities, this time, is shrouded in Oriental mystery. Working for a nationalist newspaper which he helped found in Saigon, Indochina, he no doubt crossed the border into China proper, and may have been in Canton during the climactic events that form the background for The Conquerors. But whether he became a commissar in charge of propaganda for the Communist wing of China's revolutionary party, the Kuomintang, like Garine, the novel's hero; whether he sat, in fact, high in the councils of the revolutionary movement, as the Malraux legend assures us, we simply do not know.

What we do know is that his sympathies, in those years, were with the Chinese Communists, and that the revolutionary ferment of the situation affected him profoundly. When Chiang Kai-shek, commander of the Kuomintang armies, turned on his Communist allies and destroyed them in the Shanghai coup of 1927, Malraux worked the affair into a brilliant, singularly forceful novel, Man's Fate.

Published in 1933, the rushing tale of violence and valor was universally applauded as a stroke of genius. In France, Malraux was given the Goncourt Prize, the country's most distinguished literary award. In the introduction to the American edition, he was presented as "a writer in whom the revolutionary and the artist are one," and who had written a book that was important "both as a revolutionary document and as a work of art." Throughout the Western world, Malraux was recognized as one of the outstanding writers of his generation.

At the same time, he had become the Communists' pet intellectual. His work, it is true, did not always reflect the party line; his revolutionary heroes were, at times, incapable of taking orders, and their romantic inclinations tended to run away with them, at the expense of Marxian discipline. If Borodin, for example, in The Conquerors, was "dominated by the unbearable Bolshevik mentality, the stupid glorification of discipline," Malraux, quite plainly, disapproved. But though the party did take Malraux with a grain of salt—The Conquerors was banned in Soviet Russia—it saw no harm in using him. And Malraux saw no harm in being used.

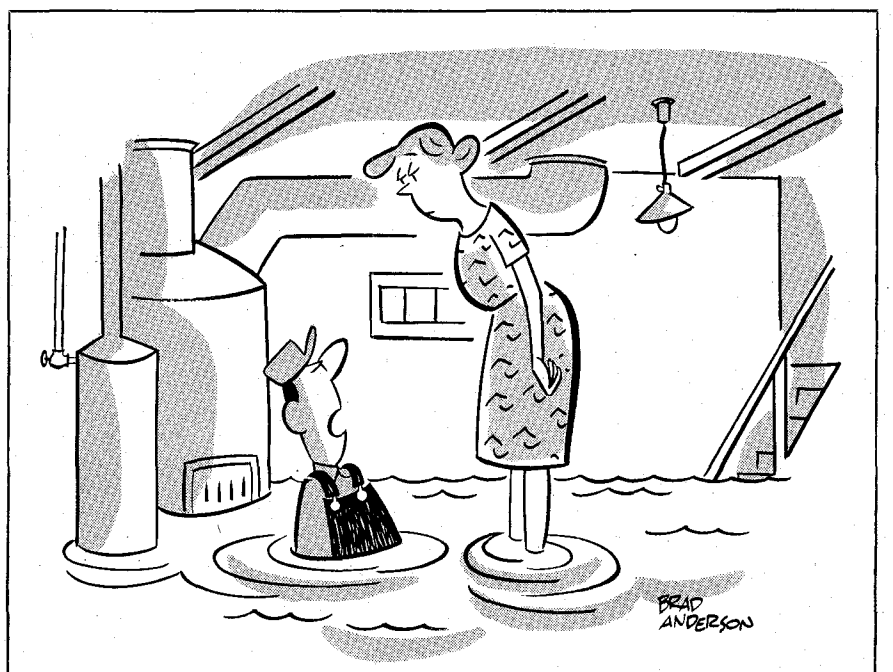
Closely identified with numerous Left-wing causes, he was the main attraction, as a speaker, at many a Communist-sponsored rally. In 1934, he and his friend, the writer André Gide, went to Berlin to plead with the Nazi chiefs for a fair trial for Georgi Dimitrov, leading Bulgarian Communist, accused of having had a hand in the burning of the German *Reichstag*. In the same year, Malraux attended the Moscow Writers' Congress as a "Marxian humanist," and, a year later, he published Days of Wrath, a novel about Nazi Germany, whose hero, Kassner, was a Communist—this time a disciplined one.

Why did he not himself become a Communist? For one thing, he undoubtedly had found—as Garine puts it in The Conquerors—that "there is no place in Communism for the man who first wishes to be himself." For another, Malraux, like many bright, confused young men in the mid-1930's, favored the Communists because he was, primarily, anti-Fascist. No sooner had the Spanish civil war begun than he rushed off to help the Loyalists; as leader of a ragtag international air squadron which he himself had put together, he flew some sixty combat missions before his planes were swept out of the skies by Hitler's Heinkels. The literary fruit of this adventure, Man's Hope, did much to reinforce his reputation as a creative writer and accomplished stylist. Malraux considers it the best of all his books.

He was, by now, a legendary figure. From the great mass of interviews, critiques, appraisals, and the chitchat of the cafés, there rose the picture of a dashing, virile, profoundly intellectual young man—a man who acted out his part in life by fighting for ideas and ideals, and who could pass on, to a rattled generation, a new, affirmative philosophy. By pitting action against destiny, he seemed to say in all his books, man can emerge triumphant in the end. And he himself, like Kyo, the hero of Man's Fate, had clearly "chosen action, in a grave, premeditated way, as others choose a military career or the sea."

Small wonder that his record in World War II reads like a Malraux novel. A soldier from the start, he was captured by the Germans, escaped, paused to turn out a book, and then joined the Resistance. As Colonel Berger—his Resistance name—he brilliantly commanded a large guerrilla unit harassing German panzer troops in France. "His men would have let themselves be cut to pieces for him," one former fellow officer recalls. Malraux was wounded, and taken prisoner a second time, when, having driven his car into a German trap, he drew the enemy's fire by running across open country—allowing his companion, an Englishman, to get away. Liberated when the Germans pulled out of France, he went back as a colonel with the Free French forces and came out of the war with a chestful of decorations.

As for his politics, the German-Soviet pact of 1939 had soured him on Communism; and the highhanded way in which the party had tried to turn the French Resistance into a Soviet revolution had done (*Continued on Page 104*)



"I think you're standing on my helper."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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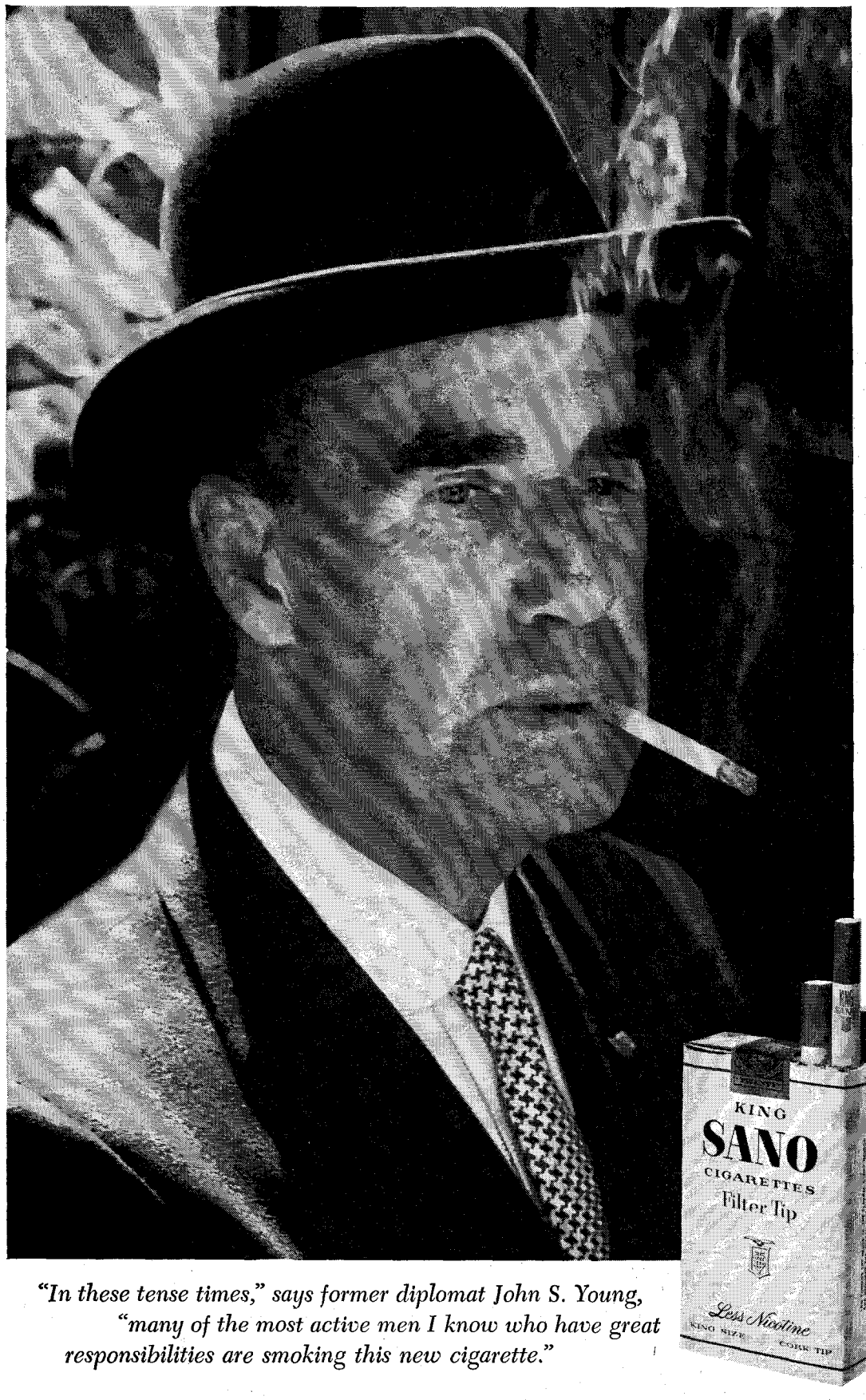
The world leader in nicotine and tar reduction, United States Tobacco Co., now announces an achievement of compelling import. A new advanced reduction of tars and nicotine which softens the smoke, achieving the highest total performance of any cigarette today. Here is startling news for every thoughtful smoker.

Announcing New "soft smoke" King Sano

Reduces nicotine 50%...cuts tars 26% below any other cigarette....and that is the truth!



"In these tense times," says former diplomat John S. Young, "many of the most active men I know who have great responsibilities are smoking this new cigarette."

If you are serious about cutting down on nicotine and tars, here is *real news for you!*

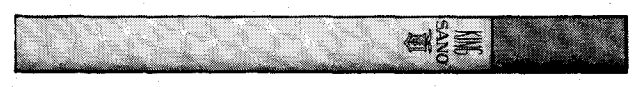
United States Tobacco scientists have created a new King Sano cigarette which *reduces nicotine and tars substantially below all other cigarettes today*—leading, non-leading, filter, non-filter—*and that is the truth!*

Now for the first time, you get filtering so advanced that you can actually taste the difference in a fresh, new "softer smoke"!

New Advanced Process filters both the tobacco and the smoke

Improved reduction of tars and nicotine in tobacco here. ↓

Improved filter reduces tars and nicotine in smoke here. ↓



There is no secret to this new advance. The simple fact is that King Sano has *perfected* the process of reducing tars and nicotine where it counts most—in the *tobacco itself* . . . and added a *vastly superior filter*. Thus, the new King Sano filters *both the tobacco and the smoke* far more effectively than any other cigarette . . . *and that is the truth!*

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(*Continued from Page 102*) the rest. When, at a meeting of Resistance leaders shortly before V-E Day, the Communists were making their final bid for control of the National Liberation Movement, Malraux delivered an impassioned speech which swung the majority of delegates in line behind him. Word of the meeting reached De Gaulle, who presently sent for Malraux.

They had not met before. Malraux, needless to say, had watched De Gaulle, with admiration, ever since the then virtually unknown general had told the world from London, in 1940, that France had lost a battle but not the war. "In the Maquis," Malraux recalls, "we did not know his face. We never saw a picture of De Gaulle—for all we knew, he might have been a little fellow, black all over."

Their first encounter went off well. "I think he was impressed," Malraux explains, "with the precision of my answers to his questions."

The general had read his books and liked them; and Malraux had come to see in Charles de Gaulle the noble figure behind whom Frenchmen could unite in the hard task of reconstruction. For two months, during the cold winter of 1945–46, he served as Minister of Information in De Gaulle's provisional government. When, a year later, the French republic threatened to fall prey to squabbling party politicians—none of whom seemed to have the makings of a Malraux hero—Malraux was easily persuaded to join a group of activists intent on bringing back De Gaulle, who had retired from the scene in frank disgust.

As national propaganda chief of the new Gaullist party, *Rassemblement du Peuple Français* (R.P.F.), Malraux returned, for one brief, dizzy moment, to his element. Enchanted to have found a cause, he rapidly created the familiar, conspiratorial atmosphere around him. His fellow workers of the time recall that he would carry a pistol in his pocket, and tell them, on occasion, that he was shifting his quarters for the night for safety reasons. But though the R.P.F. did find a following—its total of 4,125,500 votes in the 1951 elections was surpassed only by that of the Communists—the movement that had been conceived as a tremendous ground swell sweeping up all Frenchmen of good will quickly deteriorated into just another group of very human, ever-bickering politicos. "We did not cross the Rubicon just to go fishing," Malraux said darkly, and quit the R.P.F., which shortly afterward broke up.

At this point, we may briefly pause for an appraising look at the postwar—the middle-aged—Malraux. He had no reason to complain. Married to Madeleine Malraux, the widow of one of his half brothers—a beautiful and highly cultured woman and an accomplished concert pianist—he had found happiness in his third marriage. He lived in a fine house in one of Paris' most fashionable suburbs, surrounded by his wife and their four children (three his, one hers, by previous marriages). His reputation as one of the world's best living writers was solidly established. He had a steady income from his books. He was, in short, the incarnation of success.

But he was also, for the first time in his life, without a cause. There was no glamorous foreign affair, no war or revolution to plunge into. The place was here, the time was now, and he was turning fifty. Was he burned out, like Ferral, in Man's Fate, who "realized he was no longer young and tried to convince himself that his legend made up for it?" Once, during a trip to Persia in connection with his literary work, he briefly toyed with the idea of joining the "cause" of Doctor Mossadegh, then fighting his own battle with foreign oil interests; but it was, manifestly, no challenge worthy of the Malraux legend.

This large hiatus, this oppressive lull, was back of Malraux's late excursion into art. Finding himself without a cause and, hence, without material for a novel—his only wartime novel, The Walnut Trees of Altenburg, had been published in fragmentary form after the Gestapo had snatched part of the manuscript—Malraux turned to his first love, art. Not only had the subject fascinated him since his early youth, but it was *à la mode;* art galleries were jammed in every city of the Western world, art books and magazines were snapped up by a culture-hungry public, and art collecting was the pastime of the day. Like revolution in the '30's, art was the timely thing.

Establishing himself, virtually overnight, as the world's leading essayist on art, Malraux proved, once again, amazingly successful. His classic in this field, The Voices of Silence, made international publishing history, selling, in France alone, 100,000 copies, at roughly ten dollars apiece—"unique" for a book of its type, according to its publishers. In its American edition, the 661-page volume has thus far sold nearly 30,000 copies at twenty-five dollars each; and 150 specially bound copies, autographed by Malraux, were snapped up at $100. "A fascinating man!" says Mr. Douglas Black, the president of Doubleday & Company, Inc., who published the American edition.

What was his secret? All his art books—The Voices of Silence, The Imaginary Museum of World Sculpture, The Metamorphosis of the Gods, among others—attempt to trace the common inspiration behind works of art which seemingly are "worlds apart." In our minds' "museum without walls," Malraux explains, we can place a primitive South Sea sculpture against a Gothic angel, a drawing on a chipped Greek vase against a Botticelli Venus. This modern vista, opened up by the invention of photography, gives us a new appreciation of all art, according to Malraux, and he proceeds to whisk us through his own imaginary art museum by way of hand-picked photographs and a rich, always brilliant, prose.

Undoubtedly, Malraux is less at home in this "museum" than he was in the world of blood and violence that yielded the material for his early novels. Art experts have been quick to point out flaws in his approach. But is he really writing about art? On careful scrutiny, his art books prove but one more summing up of the essential Malraux thesis—man can beat fate. Maintaining that a work of art defies mortality by carrying on a timeless dialogue with future generations, he finds in it the "victory of its creator over destiny." Thus art becomes, to Malraux, one more vehicle for his essential humanism.

But, whether they were monumental potboilers or not—depending on the reader's point of view—these art books kept Malraux involved and busy. Conceiving each of them as an organic whole, he would devote as many wearying hours to the selection and the cutting of photographs as to the text. And he would edit, change and improve up to the minute where his publishers, in their own words, had to "tear the thing out of his hands" to send it to the printers. Between these chores, Malraux would travel widely, in search of new material and new views.

He was in Venice, lecturing on sixteenth-century painting, when he received De Gaulle's historic summons. "Whatever he asks me to do," he said, "I'm ready," and hurried up to Paris. There is no reason to believe that he was not delighted—destiny, at long last, was giving him another rendezvous! Once more, he was *l'homme engagé.*

It is too early to pass judgment on the new Malraux, just as it would be premature to judge the merits of the Gaullist revolution of which he has become a standard-bearer. But one has only to take a close look at him—his happy, bloodshot eyes, his rumpled, double-breasted suit—to see that he is thriving in his new assignment. "Before I took this job," he said to me, "I worked twelve, thirteen hours every day. Now I work fourteen. I'm evidently using excess energies I had stored up—I feel more fit than ever."

His colleagues in the kitchen cabinet describe him as a "veritable idea factory." De Gaulle, one must remember, operates, in some ways, in the grand manner of Franklin Roosevelt during the early days of the New Deal. Rather than give his trusted councilors well-circumscribed responsibilities, he frequently prefers to leave their functions and assignments vague; if they wander off into the clouds, as great minds will, he has technicians ready to translate their dreams into realities. Malraux is paid to think. And, as his notions get a thorough airing in almost daily talks with General de Gaulle, a look behind Malraux's high, furrowed brow may prove worth while. What are his thoughts and attitudes today? In what direction does he want to see the country move?

For one thing, Malraux backs up his statement that he is still a "Leftist" with a consuming interest in social action. Only by giving the French proletariat a chance to prosper, he earnestly insisted in his talk with me, could the new government prove that it is "serious." Only in doing so could it expect to "neutralize" the French Communist Party and change the minds of the 5,450,000 Frenchmen who, in the 1956 elections, voted Communist. Among the shapes of things to come Malraux envisages a mammoth workers' city outside Paris, providing low-priced housing for a million people; and a vast, government-sponsored credit system which would permit French workers to buy prosperity on the installment plan. A healthy "syndicalism," finally—consisting of a working partnership between the government and the trade-unions—would wrest control of France's largest labor federation from the Communists and allow France to go ahead with such ambitious projects as the development of an Algerian "model county," patterned on the New Deal's TVA.

As for the great Algerian quandary, Malraux is likely to be in accord with General de Gaulle's "war on two fronts"—a military war against the rebels, and a political one against extremist elements among French settlers. However, as a lifelong devotee of action, he cannot nurse a grudge against the "action boys" among Algeria's French, whose revolution, on May 13, 1958, ended a regime of sterile party politics in France which he himself despised. In turn, those "men of action," both in the army and without, see in Malraux the fighter and Resistance hero they can respect, and his good contacts in the forces—the impatient paratroopers not excluded—have proved an asset to the Gaullist team.

From all this there emerges the complex, sometimes confusing picture of a brilliant and devoted Frenchman who is sufficiently grown up to see no simple answers to unsimple questions. Malraux may find it hard, at times, to free his thinking from his past involvements with authoritarianism. Still, his determined stand against press censorship and his continued protests against the use of torture in Algeria are not the actions of a commissar—or of a Fascist. "If there is Fascism in France," he told me, "it's outside our government, not in it. In fact, we are a guarantee against it. While we are not the heirs of the discredited and bankrupt 'system,' we do consider ourselves the heirs of the republican institutions, and we intend to work with them. Let the American people judge us by our deeds!"

Then, switching from the grandiose "we" to the first-person singular, Malraux continued: "Not that I think De Gaulle is Joan of Arc. But what I want to see done for my country cannot be done without him. His coming into power, at this crucial moment, opens up vast, new opportunities. That's why you find me in this job—before I die I want to see the rebirth of my country." THE END

"I'm afraid Fidgely isn't cut out for this sort of work."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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I Call on Zsa Zsa Gabor

(Continued from Page 45)

can be a charming gentleman, I'd like you to read a letter I got not long ago while I was staying at the Statler during a night-club engagement in Washington. I work very hard for my money and I have to pay out plenty in state and Federal taxes, so I asked Connie for a reduction in my Statler rates."

She handed me a letter and commanded me to read it. It contained a refusal to ask the Statler management to reduce her charges. It gave this as a reason: Her expenses were deductible, therefore her room really cost her less than it did other guests whose expenses were not deductible. It also suggested that inasmuch as she was a stockholder in the Hilton hotel chain, her rate really should be raised instead of lowered. In that way more money would come to her as her share of the hotel earnings.

"That letter seems genuinely amusing to me," I said. "Is it meant to be?"

"It was not," she told me grimly. "It is telling me I would have to pay my bill in full, and what is so funny about that? It is all very well about it being deductible, but if I am ill and I cannot make any money, I have no big organization to fall back on the way Connie can."

[In his autobiography, Be My Guest, Conrad Hilton says he hadn't realized how expensive glamour could be in Zsa Zsa form. When he tried to teach her sensible business practices, he found a vast gap separating his hardheaded thinking from Zsa Zsa's feminine reasoning. He thought he had everything solved by announcing that he would give her a monthly allowance, and out of that sum she was to pay for everything not directly connected with household expenses.

[It had seemed simple enough—too simple for the complicated workings of Zsa Zsa's mind. As she saw it, gifts, of course, did not fall under her husband's financial prohibitions. Accordingly, there were gifts for herself on all times and occasions, but she was thoughtful and generous about others too. She went to great pains to seek out and purchase presents for Hilton's mother and sons, and there were innumerable gifts for Hilton himself. The catch was that the tab for these benefactions usually showed up on Hilton's own charge accounts.]

Still concerned with her tax problems, Zsa Zsa quoted her third husband, George Sanders, to me. "George always told me that we actors have only ourselves to sell," she said. "If we are ill, the income-tax people don't take that into consideration. And an actor's life is a declining one. We reach our peak very quickly; then, when we get older, we begin to slip. Nevertheless, the Government gets the same income tax from us it gets from a businessman whose business is always building."

"You could always be a character actress," I suggested.

"I do not want to be a character actress," she announced passionately. "I may be a character, but I do not want to be a character actress. Connie's empire keeps getting bigger, while my empire is my face and my body, and no one gets any younger. It is disgusting, but it is true."

Her mind did a hop, skip and jump and she said, "That's why I liked young Trujillo. He sinks the way I sink." (I tried "sink" out on my word unscrambler and it came out "think.") "As long as he has a dollar, I am sure he will give it away," she went on. "Did you hear what his father, the Generalissimo, said when he read the publicity about his son giving away Mercedes-Benz cars and a chinchilla coat? 'The publicity is too much,' he said, 'but the gifts were not enough.' A man who can say that sinks big, whether you like him or not."

She put away the Hilton letter and brought out a cablegram. "This was sent to me by the mother of General Rafael Trujillo, Jr.," she said. "Read it. It will give you a different idea than anyone has had about my relation with that boy." The message was dated May 26, and it read:

"MISS ZSA ZSA GABOR, PLAZA HOTEL. DEAR MISS GABOR: CERTAINLY A PLEASURE TO RECEIVE YOUR RECENT LETTER. STOP. JUST WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT I THOROUGHLY APPROVE YOUR FRIENDSHIP WITH MY BELOVED SON, GENERAL TRUJILLO, JR. STOP. HE OFTEN SPOKE TO ME ABOUT YOU WITH DEEP ADMIRATION AND RESPECT. STOP. AM REALLY PROUD AFTER READING YOUR REMARKS ABOUT HIM. STOP. HE IS A DEVOTED SON AND I AM OVERJOYED THAT YOU CONFIRM THE SUCCESS OF OUR LOVING CARE. STOP. THE GENERALISSIMO AND I ARE DEEPLY GRATEFUL AND HOPE THAT WE SHALL HAVE THE PLEASURE OF MEETING YOU. SINCERELY, MARIA MARIANNE TRUJILLO."

I had had it in mind to ask her how she felt about the fact that a member of Congress had compared her with a courtesan. Madame Pompadour was the courtesan the congressman mentioned when he made his comparison, but she had already been queried about that, and her reply—from her point of view at least—was one which I didn't think she could top. She

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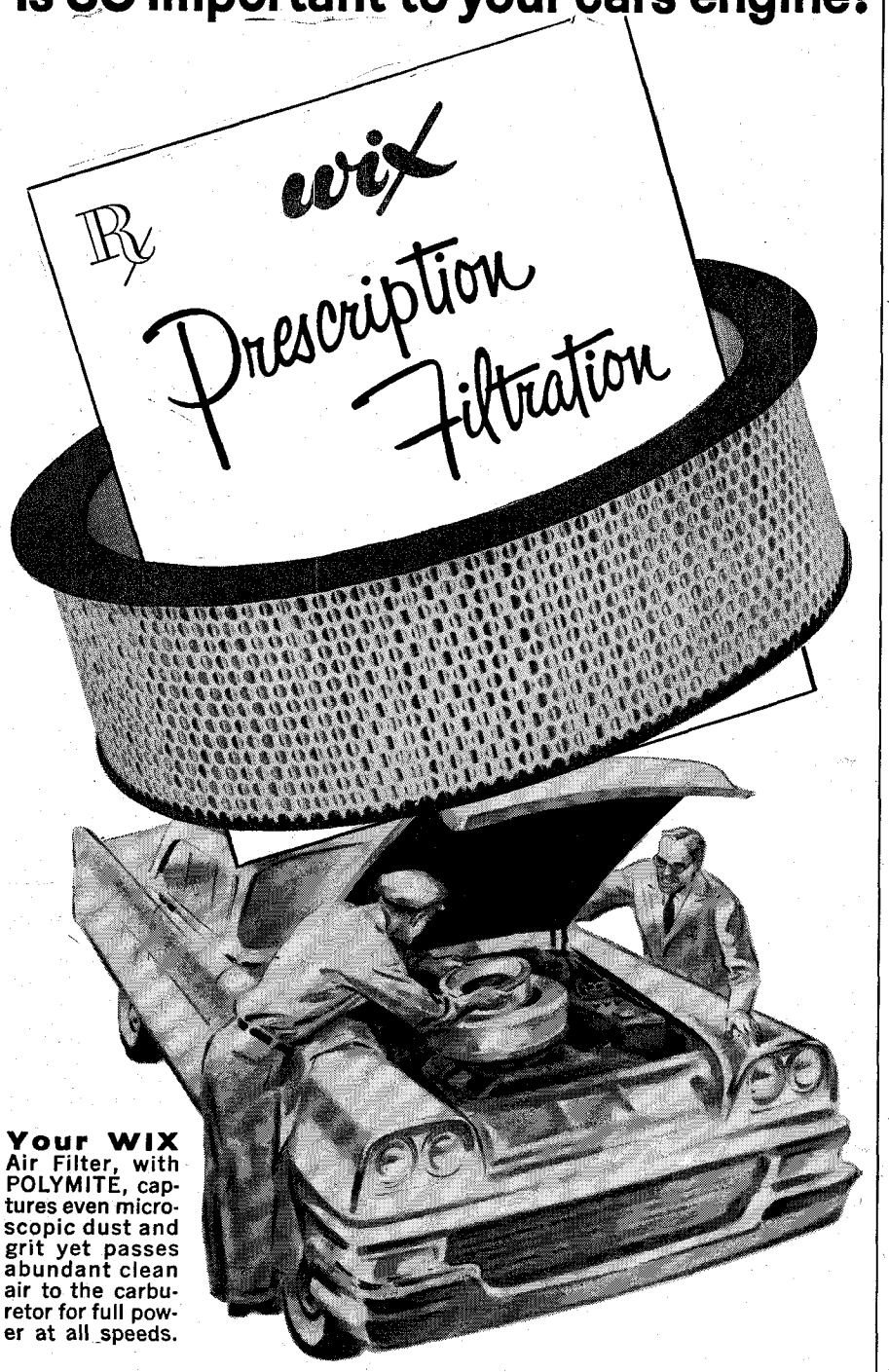

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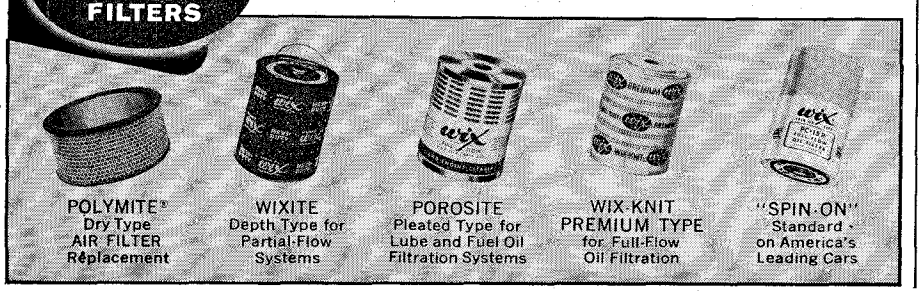

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had launched into a stanch defense of Louis XV's mistress. She put it this way: "Madame Pompadour helped Louis XV run France for twenty years, and she did not do it badly—twenty years is longer than De Gaulle will last—and she did it with intelligence, not sex. She knows that sex is here today and gone tomorrow."

She said, "I really don't understand all the hellabaloo." [The way she pronounced the word gave it a special eloquence.] "Why should Americans attack a nice boy because he made a gift of a car and a coat to me and a car to Kim Novak, which, by the way, is the most publicity Kim ever got. If the Russians had given me those gifts, I could understand all the uproaring, but Ramfis—which is what I call young Trujillo—bought me some wonderful presents. So what! We're old friends, and he could have spent the money in another country, couldn't he? And while Ramfis has fun, he doesn't run around with married women. That is more than I can say about some other men I've known." [Zsa Zsa failed to mention that Ramfis had a wife and six children in the Dominican Republic.]

I pointed out that our talk wasn't following an orderly sequence. I said that we were discussing young Trujillo without any real reason for discussing him. She brushed my objection aside with a "So what? We can come to him later or we can finish him now."

I knew how Jack Paar must have felt when, as a guest on his TV show, she had barged into a commercial he was delivering and had begged him not to cut himself with an electric shaver he was praising.

"I want to tell you something you may not know," she went on. "It cost me ten thousand dollars to throw a party for young Trujillo, although I didn't do it only for him. Early last winter my exfiancé, Rubirosa, wrote me a letter about young Trujillo, telling me that he was a nice youngster, that he was in an army school in Kansas, and that he wanted terribly to meet some of the movie stars. Trujillo wanted to pay for the party I gave to introduce him, but I said, 'No. These people have invited me to many of their parties, so I want to give them a party.'

"I have given many parties in my life, but I have never given a more beautiful party than that one," she went on. "A London paper sent a writer to cover it, and he cabled home that it was the party of the year. I tented my garden over with a dark green marquee. The air was full of white and red balloons, the tables were decorated with red tablecloths, silver candelabra and red roses. The swimming pool was filled with white gardenias. I had two orchestras and I sent limousines for the waiters. It cost a lot of money."

"How much did it come to, per cover?"

"About fifty dollars each head," she said. "In addition the tent cost a thousand dollars, and there were the flowers and the balloons and the rented silver candelabra and the rented limousines and many extras I hadn't counted on. There always are. I did it because first, young Trujillo's a friend of Rubi's; and second, Ramfis is a charming man who had sent me a Mercedes-Benz for Christmas."

"You got that car before the party?" I asked. "I thought he gave it to you *after* the party. When did you get your chinchilla coat?"

"The party was this past April," she said. "I got the chinchilla recently."

"It was quite a bread-and-butter gesture," I said.

"You don't understand," she told me. "Nobody understands. Ramfis knew what I had to pay for that party and he wanted to give me a present. He called up my fur man and asked what furs I had. The man told him I had a mink I bought myself. I also had a sable stole, which I bought myself. 'But,' my fur man said, 'she doesn't have a chinchilla.' Certain columnists who hate me have called me 'Gay-boor,' but I really would have been a boor if I had returned a present given with so much gallantry."

She thought of something else. I'd wondered how long it would take her to get around to it. "I met you once before, in 1951," she said, "when you printed some things I said to you. I was told later that you made me out a dope. I don't remember that, but I do remember that you spelled my name wrong."

"I'm sorry I goofed," I said.

"I am spelled Z-s-a Z-s-a," she said, "and you spelled it Zhah-Zhah. But no one knew me then, so your mistake wasn't tragic. Actually you didn't really talk to me. You talked to George Sanders, who was my husband."

Her memory was good. I had intended to interview Sanders alone, but Zsa Zsa had insisted upon being present and she had thrown me a few verbal curves, so I'd decided to put them into what I wrote.

Now that I was in Zsa Zsa's suite in New York, I said to her, "I've always thought that your needle-sharp remarks I reported in my interview with George helped land you a spot on the TV panel show, Bachelor Haven."

"They're both good men. It's just that they never see eye to eye on anything."

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She said, "All I know is somebody asked me to go on a television program and debate the relations between men and women."

"As I recall it," I said, "you made some startling remarks on that hour. Tell me in your own way what you said."

She kicked off her shoes, wriggled her toes inside of her nylons and tried to remember. "A woman wrote in that her husband was a traveling salesman. But even when he was not traveling, he was not at home, so she wanted to know what should she do. I said, 'Shoot him in the leg!' and everybody thought it very funny. Three weeks later a California woman, whose husband was a traveling salesman, actually did shoot him in the legs, and, of course, the magazines and newspapers said I had put it into her mind. Another woman wrote in to say she was engaged to a fellow who had given her a beautiful home, lingerie, a mink coat, diamonds, a stove and a big expensive car; and what should she do now that they were not engaged any more. On the spur of the moment I said, 'Give him back the stove.'"

"Even then, in 1951," I remarked, "there seemed to be an idea that you knew more than many women about love."

She plunged into the subject confidently. "One of my theories is that men love with their eyes; women love with their ears," she told me. "The proof is the fact that when men see a pretty girl, right away they fall in love; then sometimes they find out that everything is not gold that's plated." It seemed as apt a version as Shakespeare's. "Look at all the show girls who have made brilliant marriages throughout centuries," she went on. "Some of them have become queens, duchesses, even millionairesses. Take one of the sons of the king of Spain—I forgot his name, but he's a friend of mine—he married a chorus girl. The proof that women fall in love with their ears is this: If a small, bald, fat man knows how to talk to a woman and make her believe he thinks she is intelligent, he can make her fall in love with him."

"I take it that you want a manly man too," I said.

"Of course, darleeng," she said. "But a he-man doesn't have to have big muscles. I could not fall in love with muscles alone. He has to sink like a he-man."

I asked, "Do you think you came through all the publicity about the presents from young Trujillo better than Kim Novak?"

"I think I have more class," she said; "but, darleeng, it was not her fault or mine about the presents. Don't forget, this young man not only sent me presents and Kim a present, he bought one for his secretary and one for his aide, only those gifts got no publicity because they were not made to movie stars."

"I didn't know about the secretary and the aide," I said.

"I think he also sent a Mercedes to one of his classmates in Kansas," she told me. "The papers didn't talk about that, either, maybe because they couldn't compare his classmate with Madame Pompadour. Ramfis was lonely in Kansas, in the Army school, and he liked me, so, although he didn't really want anything from me as a woman, he kept on calling me long distance. When he called and said, 'I would like to come to California and meet some of the glamorous and exciting people there,' I rented a house for him and I got in a butler and I opened charge accounts for him at the liquor stores and the markets. I work very hard for him."

"No interview with you would be complete without a discussion of your mother's remark when queried about the propriety of young Trujillo giving you the car and the chinchilla: 'What would you expect a man to send a girl like my daughter, flowers?'"

"Actually, her remark was very intelligent," Zsa Zsa told me, "because she knew how hard I had worked to make Ramfis' stay comfortable in California. And on top of that, there was the bang-up party I gave for him. Mommy was right. What would you expect a man who is accustomed to shower gifts on people like a rajah to send a girl who'd done those things for him? Two gardenias?"

"Somehow it didn't come out that way in the papers," I said.

Words rushed forth in her light, high, hurrying voice. "The American papers love to misquote us. If we Gabors sound the way the press wants us to sound, we are more colorful. Take mommy, who also works hard; she is this kind of gold digger: Two years ago she had an offer of marriage from a Philadelphian worth thirty million dollars, so she married a man who didn't have one dollar. Most women would have married the man with the thirty millions. Darleeng, in case you don't know it, most women don't marry altogether for love. That is for the story books. My mommy liked the millionaire well enough; he was charming, but he was not what she wanted. So she married a Hungarian freedom fighter who came here after the revolt in Hungary with only one suit.

"Unfortunately for me, I love to work," she announced. "A man I marry can be anything. He doesn't have to have money. I will take care of him. Anyhow, he would be deductible. If I make $200,000 a year and my husband earned nothing, I would

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pay between $30,000 and $40,000 less income tax, so that way he would be a bargain. But at the moment I can't think of any man who would be a bargain in any other way. And speaking of greed and selfishness, last year I flew forty-eight hours from here to Johannesburg, to appear in eighteen shows for cerebral palsy, and I was paid nothing for them. Naturally I wanted no pay."

"I don't think many people know that," I said. "Certainly only a fraction of those who've heard about your chinchilla coat."

"I don't know how much money those eighteen stage appearances helped raise," she said, "but it must have been a lot, for I played in a place with a seating capacity of five thousand, and it was always sold out. The trouble is, when people read about my chinchilla and my Mercedes, they try to gouge me. Recently, when I was in Washington, a store sent me beautiful nightgowns for me to try on, but I couldn't afford them. They were a hundred dollars each."

"What were they made of?" I asked. "Spun platinum or hundred-year-old handmade lace?"

"The price is not as fabulous as you think," she said. "I know many girls in Hollywood who have nightgowns costing two hundred dollars. I buy sixteen-dollar nightgowns myself, but usually I wear none at all. Once, about ten years ago, I was the victim of a holdup when I had nothing on. I was Mrs. Hilton then, and a man came into my bedroom where I was asleep and said, 'Get up! This is a holdup!' I told him, 'Come back later. I have nothing on.' But he pointed a gun at me, and I had to get out of bed."

"Where was your husband?" I asked.

"Connie was in Chicago buying another hotel," she said. "I put a towel around me, and the man took all my jewelry and I made a little speech which always makes George Sanders double with laughter when he thinks of it. I told the holdup man, 'This is America. If you don't do this sort of thing you might become president.' The holdup man looked at me. Then he looked around the house and at my jewels and he said, 'For a little foreign girl you haven't done so badly yourself.' But I had the last laugh. With the money I got from the insurance company for the loss of those jewels, I bought the house I live in now."

"Your family seems to gather more headlines than most families," I said; "even so, you seem to be far out in front of the rest."

"I am the one who gets most of the headlines," she admitted. "That has been true since I was fifteen and a half. When I was a young girl, I came home to Hungary from school in Switzerland to marry a Turk, Burhan Belge—it is pronounced Belgay. He's in the Turkish Senate now, but then he was representing Turkey in Hungary.

"One of my first headlines happened when Belge took me to see his brother and his sister-in-law in Albania," she said. "His brother was the Turkish ambassador to that country. At a dinner I met King Zog of Albania. I had a passion for horseback riding and when the king asked me if I would like to ride, I said yes. So out of politeness, he sent me out riding next morning. He also sent two of his guards, because a young woman didn't ride in Albania without guards. Next day the headlines said that I was the king's new mistress; and I hardly knew the man. All my life such things have happen to me.

"The trouble with my first marriage was that I was a child of fifteen and a half who could not make a marriage work with a man who was twenty years older than I. Belge is a great man, and I wasn't intelligent enough for him."

"When did you get your first American headlines?" I asked.

"When I marry Conrad Hilton, a few months after I arrived in the U.S.A. Although he is a wonderful man in many ways, it was not a happy marriage."

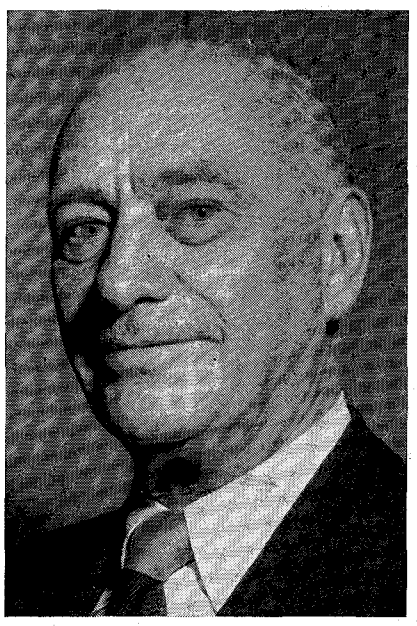
"A number of weird things happened between your marriage with Hilton and its ending in divorce," I said.

"If you talk about those things," she warned me, "I will not give you any more interview. They are behind me; I have talked enough about Hilton. It was a very unhappy time for me and it was unhappy for him. All kinds of unpleasant things happened and I won't talk about them."

"In 1950—I've counted them—there had been ten marriages in your family," I said. "How many have there been now?"

Green sparks shot from her eyes. "That," she said, "is a ridiculous thing to ask. Why don't you count the marriages in the Roosevelt family? There are four of

Mrs. Conrad Hilton in 1945: Her nose was broken, she said, by a jealous wife.



She married Conrad Hilton (above), because he looked like her father (right).

Papa Gabor, now 74, lives quietly behind the Iron Curtain with his second wife.

us Gabor women, and if you divide four into ten, we have married only two or three times each. Take four other American women. Take Elizabeth Taylor, who is twenty-six and who has been married three times; or take Doris Day, the clean-cut, freckle-faced All-American girl, who has had three marriages. And she has married men nobody remembers. At least I have married important people."

She was winging now. "Practically every actress in Hollywood has had what you call multiple marriages. Rita Hayworth has had five. Add together Rita Hayworth, Doris Day, the All-American, freckle-face girl; Elizabeth Taylor and Lana Turner and see how many marriages you have. Rita Hayworth, five; Lana Turner, five—that's ten. Doris Day three—that's thirteen. Elizabeth Taylor's three makes sixteen for those four. And both my sisters' first husbands died, so that's two of our ten husbands who were not divorced." [I have not been able to verify the demise of these two gentlemen. According to my research—admittedly incomplete—they were casualties of the Gabor domestic wars rather than physical.]

"When I married Hilton, I had every intention of being a good wife," she told me. "I tried hard. That is proved by the fact that he wrote a book about his life and he paid me some compliments in it. I married Sanders, too, with all my heart. I was sure it would last, but it didn't because an actor's temperament makes marriage difficult, and we were not one actor but two. I have made my share of mistakes, but at least I have not married clods."

I said, "You once wrote an article for a magazine which indicated strongly that you were in love with Rubirosa."

"It may have sounded that way," she said, "but I was never really in love with Rubi. I liked him immensely. To have loved him, I would have had to be proud of him, and while he is a man a girl can be proud of in many ways, I admire men whose achievements are different from Rubi's."

"At least you must have been fond of him," I suggested.

"I still am," Zsa Zsa said. "I will be all my life. If he ever needs any help, I will give it to him if I have it to give; but I didn't admire Rubi's way of life. I don't mean that it is not good for him. It is not good for me. Rubi likes sports, he likes night clubs and he likes auto racing. I hate auto racing and I'm bored stiff in night clubs. I love to get up at five in the morning and go to a studio and work. To me, that's living. Not long ago I flew back from New York to California with an atom professor. During the flight he told me that he makes only three hundred fifty dollars a month, yet I was never more impressed with a man in my life."

I said, "I know a woman who carries a torch for Dr. Robert Oppenheimer because of his brilliant mind."

"Oppenheimer the diamond man?" Zsa Zsa asked, her own mind alert.

"No, the physicist at Princeton."

She shrugged and resumed discussing her three ex-husbands. "I'm proud I was married to every one of them. If I had married three squirts, people would not have talked so much about my marrying. My big mistake was my friendship with Rubirosa, and I committed that mistake only because George made me feel insecure and unattractive, and I had to prove I wasn't."

She said, "When I first met Rubi, George kept telling me, 'I'll wait until you get over your infatuation; then come back to me.' I could not do it. I am a one man's woman. I cannot play the field and I cannot lie about it. But it wasn't all my fault. It was George's fault too. He will tell you. He hurt my ego. He was a man all the women were after, and I resented that and I wanted to prove that I was desirable, too, so I did."

I remembered another question I'd planned to ask her. "At one point," I said, "you were quoted as saying that you doubted that American men were emotionally mature."

"In New York and Los Angeles," she said, "people are running the whole day long, so a man or woman has no time to become emotionally mature. They don't even have time to sink. How can you become emotionally mature if you don't sink? There are many men in America who are not emotionally mature. In fact, that is the great charm of American men. That's why I adore them. In Europe being emotionally mature is mixed up with being a wise guy, and wise guys make me sick in my stomach."

"In general," I asked, "do you think women are jealous and destructive, and men protective and helpful?"

"I am jealous and destructive," she said, "but I can't speak for other women. I'm not destructive when it comes to such things as breaking beautiful vases, but when I love a man I am jealous. As to men being protective, I would love to meet a protective man. It would be a switch. I haven't met one in a long time. Always they want to be protected."

"From whom?" I asked.

"I don't know," she told me, "but I think that subconsciously they are looking for their mother. The other night a man telephoned me long distance—I won't tell you who he was—and I finally said to him, 'What you want me for is a mother.' He admitted, 'That is true,' and I said, 'The trouble is I want you as a father.' So there we were; nowhere.

"There must be something terribly wrong with me," she went on. "I am only attracted to men who don't really want a wife. When I was a little girl and I went to a party, if most of the boys made a fuss over me but there was one boy who didn't, I had to dance with that boy or die. I have been that way all my life. That was why I had to get Hilton. When I met him, everybody told me, 'If you mention marriage to him, you will never see him again.' I said, 'We will see.' So he married me, although he didn't want to be married. My third husband, George, has been famous as a woman hater, so I had to have him, too, because he didn't like women."

"I hear you've been working hard," I said, changing the subject.

"I don't think I've had two weeks off in six years," she said. "Only a few nights ago I made a television appearance on the Jack Paar TV show, and I had fun. What I love about Jack Paar is that he is not a

(*Continued on Page 111*)

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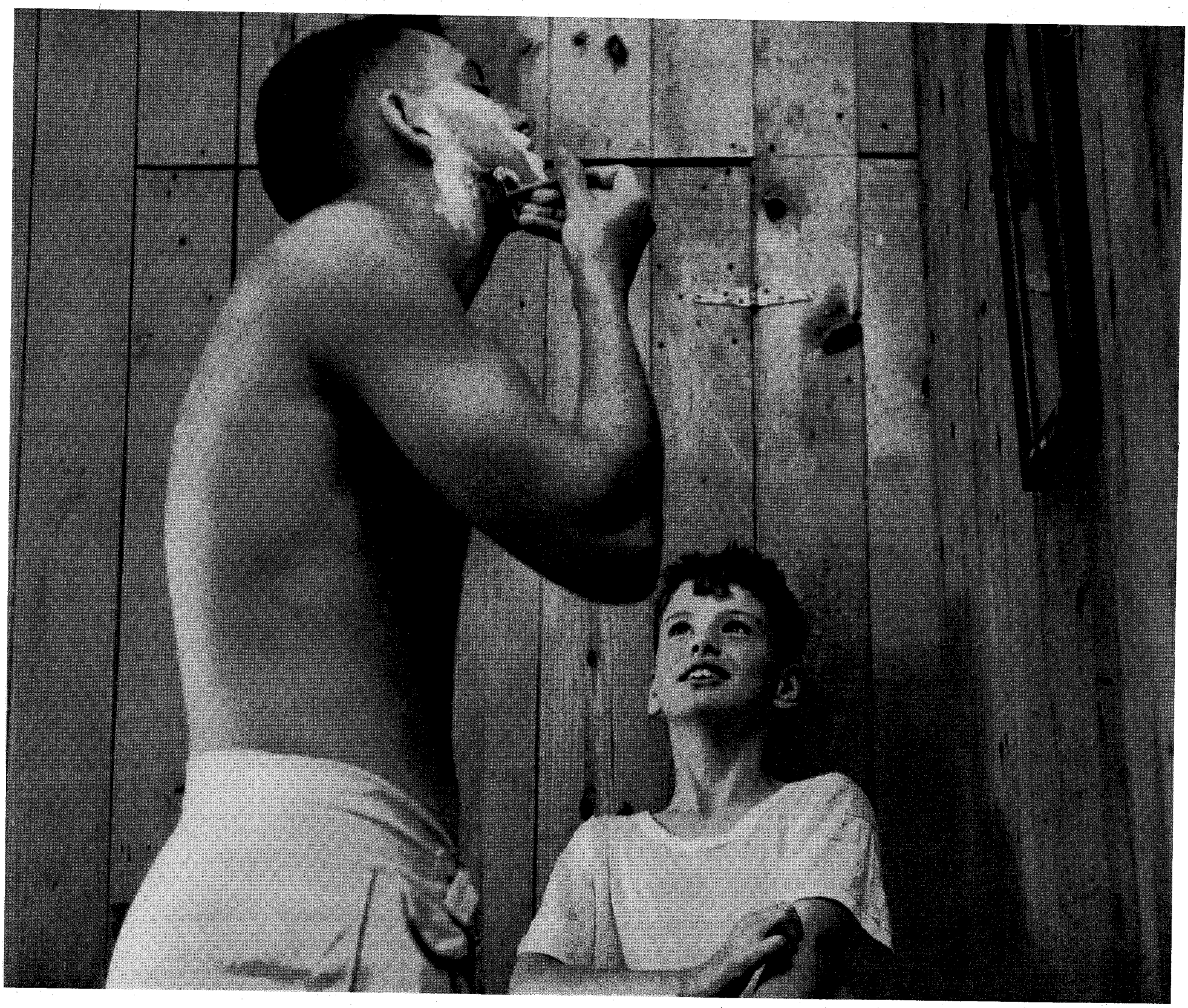
When a young lad dreams of manhood...



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(*Continued from Page 108*) pushy-type comedian. Comedians are usually pushy, but Paar is like an attractive college boy. Most comedians make people laugh at other people's expense—not people like Bob Hope or Jack Benny; they are divine—but the others who make a living out of insulting people; the second-rate comedians. It's easy to make people laugh if you insult them. They will laugh out of nervousness; but, personally, I am allergic to people who insult other people to get by."

"Tell me more about the Jack Paar show," I asked. "How did it affect you?"

"The Paar show—I have been on several times, you know—has made me famous. While I'm not sure I like it, I can't walk on Fifth Avenue now without having somebody talk to me. They think I'm their pal."

"Do you prefer television to movies?" I asked.

"I like motion pictures when I have a good part," she said, "as I had in Lili and Moulin Rouge. But I like television best of all because it's like a play. I've done many pictures, among them one with Fernandel in French and another in which I spoke German. It is a plus that I speak five languages."

"How well do you speak them?" I asked.

She answered, "I speak Hungarian no better and no worse than I speak English."

"You mean you speak broken Hungarian?" I said.

"Mother dies of laughter when she hears me," she said. "And I can't spell in any language. When she reads one of my letters, mother says she's going to ask the girls' school in Switzerland to send her money back." She smiled and tossed a bubble of silvery blond hair. "When the headlines came out about young Trujillo and the Mercedes-Benz and the chinchilla coat, mother said the cutest thing. She said, 'Sank God I only have *one* of you.'"

She sat there laughing at her mother's remark, and I tried a blunt approach. "Do you think you have an unusual talent for love?"

"I think I have a great talent for love," she said, "but I have even a greater talent for choosing the wrong people to love. When George and I were divorced, I said that we had one thing in common: We both loved him. It may sound funny, but it was a fact."

I interrupted her to say, "Once when someone gave you a black eye, you said, 'A woman really hasn't been loved until a man has hit her.'"

"I didn't say quite that," she objected. "But somebody did give me a black eye. Let us not beat about the bushes about it. It was Porfirio Rubirosa. It was pretty silly, but a man who beats up a woman surely loves her more than a man who just walks out on her when he is violently angry. It must take real love to bring out such a tremendous burst of passion in a man that it makes a gentleman do something he has been brought up *not* to do—unless, of course, he's a beast. I don't say it's a terrible thing to hit a woman. It pays to be firm with a woman. I admire a man who shows me that he is the man and not me, although it takes a pretty good man to show me."

Looking at her thoughtfully, I said, "I don't think anyone would ever mistake you for a man. But you seem to know how to please men. I suppose they teach girls that in Europe."

"They teach girls nothing like that in Europe," she said. "When I was a girl they didn't even teach me to brush my hair, but in America they teach your girls how to make up, how to walk, how to do this and how to do that."

"But," I insisted doggedly, "there is a theory that European women are taught the art of pleasing men."

"You must have moved a whole shipload of geisha girls to Budapest in your mind," she said. "The truth is in Europe women are brought up not to be cleverer or smarter than men. That is what you really mean when you say 'taught to please.' The American woman always tries to be clever or smart, and immediately she has one strike against her. If a man is going after a woman and discovers that she knows more than he does, he does not want her any more. In fact, I'm afraid that I have acquired this fault myself."

"That dueling-sword tongue of yours must have frightened many men away," I said.

"I have frighten away many men," she agreed, "but I do not frighten away the ones who are my match. Those are the only ones I really care for. Thank God there are many men who are cleverer than I ever hope to be," she said happily. "I am not clever. I have a fast mind. There is a difference. Before somebody finish a sentence, I know what they want to say. But this can also be a drawback because frequently I don't allow people to finish sentences, which annoys them. But that doesn't mean that I'm unusually intelligent. It just means that I understand things fast."

"Let us talk about your father," I said. "Is he still alive?"

"He is now in Hungary," she told me. "I don't like to talk about him, because he's behind the Iron Curtain, and the less you write about him the better. But he's a wonderful man and I adore him. My father was a very rich man, and he sent us to the best schools. We didn't learn to support ourselves, because it never entered my parents' minds we would need to; still, when the war came and the Russians took everything we had, we could support ourselves. When I first went to school I was unhappy because we were sent there with a chauffeur, while the other little girls walked. We used to have very chic little sandwiches with the crust sliced off. I was so jealous of the little girls who brought great big peasanty bread-and-butter or marmalade sandwiches with them that I traded sandwiches with them."

"About your father . . ." I said.

Once more her froth of words boiled over. "You should have seen the way my father spoiled my mother. American men talk about how they spoil their women, because it makes them feel big. An American man gives his wife charge accounts. Mother had no charge accounts, but father never came home without a present for her in his pocket. A European husband who could afford it gave his wife six, seven or eight servants.

"My sisters and I all had maids who waited up for us when we came home late from a ball," she went on. "They helped us take off our clothes, massaged us and put us to bed. Life is changed for me now. I am the only woman I know who is working her way down instead of up. When I was a little girl I was brought up like a princess; now I am working down to becoming a chorus girl. Other girls start out as chorus girls and become princesses."

"Why isn't your father here now?" I asked.

"When the Russians came to Hungary," she said, "the Portuguese Ambassador to Budapest, a dear friend of father's, brought father, mother and my older sister, Magda, out of the country with him. He and mother stayed in Portugal for a year; then they came to America. I sent them money for the trip. That was very hard for my father, who had given all of his life and had taken from nobody. In fact it broke his spirit, but mother is wonderfully young in spirit. She started a shop and she made a success of it. But father couldn't be a refugee. Life here moved too fast for him and he could not talk to his old friends, so he went back to Hungary and he lived in a pitiful little house for three or four years. Father is proud, and a proud man takes pride in living in his own country, even if everything there is hopeless. Thank goodness he had his secretary with him. She had always loved him dearly, and eventually he married her.

"We have bought him a little co-operative apartment in Budapest, and he lives there quietly. Father is seventy-four, but he is with his friends, and they can talk about their troubles and about the good old days. They drink beer, eat goulash and visit their coffee houses. The young people are afraid to talk, but the old people say, 'What have we to be afraid of? We can only die once.'"

She pulled a photograph from her purse and looked at it. "It is funny," she said slowly, "but father still looks exactly like Conrad Hilton. It is hard to tell the difference." THE END

"Small wedding."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Nutrition Discoveries To Meet Growing Needs

While youngsters dream of growing swiftly to adulthood, their parents concern themselves with such practical realities as daily nutrition.

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Heroes Don't Sound Off

(Continued from Page 30)

support Able's second platoon garrisoning the place.

It was a little before 2300—the night clear and the moon full—when Lieutenant McGraw came into the bunker where Joe had his heavy water-cooled .30 sited to shoot down into the valley. McGraw was an artilleryman—new out here—who'd come up front tonight to see what the place was like. It was a fool thing to do.

He said now, "Evening, sergeant. How's it going?"

Joe answered absently, "O.K., lieutenant," and finished checking the belt feed pawl on the .30; he slammed the cover down and yanked twice on the bolt handle and saw the belt jerk forward as the block slammed home. Beyond the embrasure the valley lay white in the moonlight, empty except for tree stumps showing sad as the snags in an old man's senile smile. Joe squeezed off a short burst and the gun stuttered its ghoulish laughter into the night.

"She's O.K. now, Benny," Joe grunted, and straightened out of the way. "Take her over, boy."

Joe had been out here two years now, and nights like this were an old story to him. He was lanky and whipcord-tough and he had a homely face and big ears and freckles. People instinctively liked Joe.

McGraw asked, "How's for a look?" and was moving toward the embrasure when the grenade came through as the Chinese attack hit Jubilee.

Benny yelled, "The Chinks are sproutin' out of the ground ——" and then the crash of the explosion cut his words off.

He must have been out for quite a while, Joe was thinking as consciousness crept back into him; the first thing that he noticed was that the poncho was gone from the door of the bunker, so that moonlight streamed in. After a while he crawled over to look out. Nothing moved on Jubilee, but he could hear firing in the direction of Harry's Hat. He went back toward the gun—one of the tripod legs was bent so that the gun, bulky in its water jacket, was canted up at an angle. Blood dripped from a gash in his face and Joe wiped it away; as he got the dirt out of his eyes he saw that Chinese were climbing toward him.

He found a sandbag, rolling Benny out of the way to get at it, because Benny was dead. Everybody in the bunker was dead except himself, Joe guessed as he tried to wedge the bag beneath the tripod's bent leg. He didn't have much luck and the Chinks were getting closer. They moved boldly in the moonlight, believing Jubilee knocked out.

A voice behind Joe said, "Give me a hand. One of my legs is no good, but prop me against the wall and I can help."

It was McGraw, and Joe was glad to see him. They leveled the gun until Joe could get the Chinese in his sights. He pressed the trigger and the heavy .30 made a noise like a small boy dragging a stick along a picket fence. The Chinese melted into the ground.

"You have such interesting evenings in the infantry," McGraw said vaguely. "Is it always like this, sergeant?"

Joe didn't like the high note in McGraw's voice; the officer was hit pretty bad—you could see that from the way his eyes had retreated into his head.

"Let me have a look at that leg of yours while we've got a minute," Joe said, and left the gun.

"What's with the rest of everybody?" McGraw mumbled, stumbling over his words. "We here on Jubilee alone?"

"Looks that way," Joe told him. "Take it easy."

The leg was bad and McGraw wouldn't leave here under his own power, Joe saw grimly. No time to worry over that now, though, because the Chinks were coming on again. He could see them skulking through the scrub and he could hear the eerie "beep" of shepherds' pipes as they signaled. The heavy .30 took up its sharp, stuttering racket again. McGraw, propped against the wall, fed belts until he passed out, and after that Joe worked the gun alone. Then a bullet punctured the water jacket and the gun jammed as its barrel glowed red-hot. Chinese were swarming over Jubilee like angry hornets as Joe moved to the bunker door and methodically began to pitch grenades.

"We could sure use some of your artillery right now, lieutenant," he said—not that he thought that McGraw could hear.

McGraw did hear. "Had a signal pistol somewhere," he mumbled vaguely. "Shoot flare . . . call for VT fire."

Joe knew what VT fire was. Artillery shells, proximity-fused, would shower down an iron hail on Jubilee. Hot metal would sweep the knob clean; it could be that Joe and McGraw would get clobbered, too, despite the bunker. Joe didn't care; he wanted the Chinks. He searched on hands and knees and found the pistol. Got back to the door.

"Here goes nothing," he said, and fired.

On Harry's Hat, the artillery FO saw the flare, spoke cryptic words into his radio and presently the VT—proximity fused—fire came down on Jubilee. Joe heard its iron patter on the bunker's roof; beyond the door he could see dust dance beneath its flail. Screams and a confused yelling mingled with the dull "varoooooom" of the explosions. When the yelling stopped, Joe crawled back to the door; he looked out and fired a second flare and, after a little, the fire lifted.

"We got to get out of here," he said thoughtfully.

McGraw answered, slurring his words, "No good, sergeant. You go. Leave me here. That's an order."

"I'm deaf," Joe told him dispassionately.

He got McGraw out of the bunker and onto his shoulders. Chinese artillery fire was falling in the saddle between Harry's Hat and Jubilee now. No help for it, Joe thought; they'd take their chances. He started back with the shell bursts opening like evil flowers ahead and on either side of him.

He was halfway through the saddle when three Chinese rose out of the ruined communications trench to fire at him with burp guns; Joe heard the zip of the bullets as he fell flat. He killed the three with his carbine and then hoisted McGraw back onto his shoulders and went on once more.

It seemed a long while later before he saw people from Harry's Hat coming to help. And it wasn't until he was in the aid station that Joe found that he had a couple of broken ribs and a bullet through his shoulder in addition to his cheek laid open to the bone. McGraw had been hit again, too, but Joe had brought him in alive.

Joe was in the hospital when the truce came a few weeks later. Then one afternoon McGraw gimped into Joe's ward on crutches and stood with a big grin while a general pinned the Silver Star and Purple Heart to the front of Joe's pajamas. McGraw lingered, sitting on the edge of Joe's bed, after the high brass had gone.

"In my book they don't build medals big enough for guys like you, Joe," he

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said thoughtfully, twisting the West Point ring on his finger. "The odds were a hundred to one against you getting back alive with me riding your back. Why did you do it?"

Joe thought of that, scowling a little. "I guess it's just that a man takes care of his own, lieutenant," he said finally and then grinned. "Hell, you were my loader, weren't you?"

McGraw nodded soberly. "My old man was killed at Salerno, Joe," he said. "He was the best officer I ever saw, and that's what he always used to tell me: 'The mark of a good officer is that he looks after his own.' Have you ever thought about going to West Point, Joe?"

Joe shrugged. "I used to think about it when I was a kid on my old man's fishing boat in San Francisco," he said. "The old man laughed at me. He said West Point was for rich men's kids."

"He was wrong," McGraw said earnestly. "You've still got time—the Army will send you back to West Point prep school to try for an appointment, if you ask. How about it?"

Unconsciously, Joe lifted a hand to touch the bits of metal and enamel on his chest. Then he looked at the ring on a finger of McGraw's left hand and made up his mind. Those kid dreams, that he had discarded, came back with a new shininess now.

"Thanks, lieutenant," he said quietly. "I'll do it."

So, on a blistering July day, Joe Andrade climbed the hill from the West Shore station with a hundred others who would be his classmates, and the gates of West Point opened to take them in.

He sweated plebe year out—was still around after the foundlings—classmates who had failed to make the grade—had marched sorrowfully back down the hill in January and June. He never mentioned his service in Korea, although everyone knew that he had come to West Point from the Army—he'd been wearing the Army's khaki when he'd arrived. His Silver Star and Purple Heart stayed in his locker in the trunk room; no cadet would learn of them from Joe Andrade's lips.

Upper classmen liked Joe because he was a good plebe—cheerful and quick to learn, and a snappy soldier. His classmates liked him because he didn't try to use his previous military experience to bone files—advance himself—at their expense. They called him "Dad" and inquired solicitously after his gray hairs and his rheumatiz and tried to imitate his what-the-hell-boys way of taking things. Not that Joe didn't have his share of troubles. Even in his plebe year he had acquired a reputation for breaking regulations in original and bizarre ways.

At the beginning of his third year at the Point, Joe was made a cadet corporal, but it didn't last long. Just after Thanksgiving of that year he was received into a select company known in cadet parlance as "BA—AB"—short for "busted aristocrat and area bird"—when he ventured forth on a midnight expedition after taps and got caught. The fact that such well-known characters as George Armstrong Custer and one named Ike had been guilty of similar peccadilloes didn't save Joe. He lost his corporal's stripes and was sentenced to walk the area for four months. He accepted his fate cheerfully.

It wasn't until April of his last year that a couple of events came along that really shook Joe. The first was when he met Sue Holly at a hop and fell in love. It was just unfortunate that Stan Holcomb should have been dragging Sue at the time. Stan was a cadet captain—he commanded one of the companies in the other regiment—and he had a pretty good opinion of himself. He'd been pretty stuffy about Joe cutting in at the hop; later, when Sue had taken to coming to the hops with Joe, instead, Stan had taken it as a personal affront.

It wasn't long after that when Joe was summoned to his company orderly room and the roof really fell in on him. Captain Murphy, his Tac—the Regular Army officer in charge of the company—was waiting for him. Joe turned out a snappy salute and said, "Sir, Cadet Andrade reporting as ordered," and wondered what it was all about.

"I have news for you, Mr. Andrade," Captain Murphy said. "The period of penance for your after-taps activities having expired, I am happy to tell you that on Saturday you will be promoted to cadet sergeant. Orders will issue shortly to that effect."

"Thank you, sir," Joe said with a big grin.

"You can wipe that grin off, Mr. Andrade," the Tac said in a flat voice. "You haven't heard all of it yet. Also, effective Saturday, you will be transferred to a corresponding company in the other regiment, that company having a vacancy for a sergeant. As you no doubt know, this company does not have such a vacancy."

For a moment Joe stared back; then a faintly horrified expression settled into his face. "If I've got to be transferred to be a sergeant, I'd rather stay a private, sir," he said stubbornly. "This is my company. I don't want to leave it."

Captain Murphy had been a cadet and he knew how Joe felt. Companies in the Corps are close-knit corporations and it is not an easy thing to leave the associations you have known for almost four years and fare forth among strangers.

"The Army, Mr. Andrade," he said severely, "does not ask a man where he wishes to go—it simply sends him there. On Saturday afternoon you will move to your new company and report yourself for duty to Cadet Captain Holcomb, who commands same. Any questions?"

It wasn't until then that the full extent of the disaster which had befallen him dawned on Joe. *Good grief!* he thought. *Stan, the Military Man's company! Andrade, you're a dead duck!* He made his face wooden as he mentioned something of that to Captain Murphy.

"Sir, if I've got to be transferred, couldn't I go to some other company than

Not Love

By Lucille Schulberg

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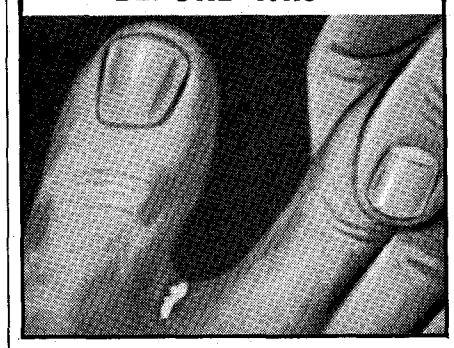

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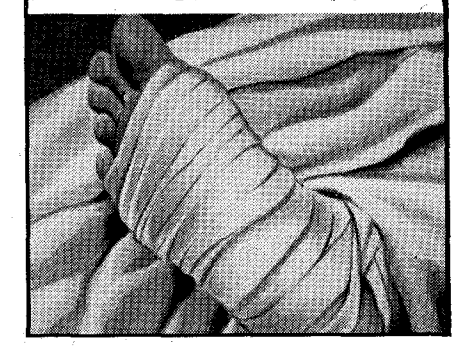

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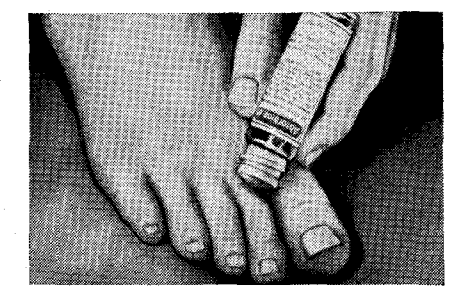

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the one that Cadet Holcomb commands? The captain knows that I've got only twenty-eight demerits left to last me until June. I've just got a feeling that ——"

"Mr. Andrade," Captain Murphy said, "I am familiar with your demerit record—I consider that it took a touch of genius on your part to compile such a record. You do not go in for the lesser crimes such as 'late at chapel formation' or 'dust on rifle at Saturday inspection,' do you, Mr. Andrade?"

"No, sir," Joe said, keeping his face wooden.

"Your lapses from grace," Captain Murphy went on thoughtfully, "are more spectacular—and more expensive in demerits. Last month you were reported for marching a detail to the gym at a Prussian goose step. The month before you were in the glue for some interesting experiments in missile ballistics performed in the Ordnance lab. What I am getting at is that your demerit record—which is disgraceful—is something that you have brought upon yourself. You will have to solve it for yourself if you mean to graduate. I assume you want to graduate?"

"Yes, sir," Joe said soberly now. "I want to graduate."

Captain Murphy was silent for a moment—then he went on in a flat voice. "It could well be that you and Cadet Holcomb will be good for each other, Mr. Andrade. You throw the book away—Mr. Holcomb, I understand, holds the book sacred. You are both partly right and partly wrong. I hope that the two of you will make some important readjustments between now and June. That is all, Mr. Andrade."

The order appointing him a sergeant in the Corps of Cadets was published on Friday, and on Saturday afternoon Joe moved to his new barracks. He was arranging his gear in his locker—talking with Chubby King, one of his new roommates—when Stan Holcomb walked into the room. The latter was a slim, good-looking cadet, but arrogance gave his face a faintly sulky expression, and his eyes were unfriendly.

"So you've moved in, Andrade," he said abruptly to Joe. "You should have reported to me first—or didn't they teach you military courtesy when you used to be in the Army?"

Joe went on stowing clothes in his locker, but his eyes narrowed a little. That was a pretty thinly disguised crack to remind him that he'd once been an enlisted man, he thought. Stan Holcomb had gotten his pre-West Point training in an expensive military prep school and he didn't intend that Joe should forget that he was a big wheel around here. *Whoa up, Joe. Take it easy. You've got to live with this guy for the next couple of months and you've only got twenty-eight demerits left. Remember?* He shrugged and turned.

"Shucks, I was just a yardbird when I was in the Army," he said mildly. "Nobody told me anything, pal."

Holcomb looked down his nose. "I can believe that," he said in an unpleasant voice. "We may as well understand each other, Andrade. I'm responsible for this company. I don't intend to have some stranger come in here and foul it up—get me in the glue. You step out of line and I'll report you. Is that quite clear?"

"Don't beat on me, cap," Joe murmured. "I'll be good."

A flush crept up into Holcomb's face. "I won't tell you again, Andrade. Just watch your step!"

"I'll tippy-toe," Joe said, hanging onto his temper. "Now, suppose you get the hell out of here and let me brood."

Holcomb went, and for a moment Joe stared thoughtfully after him. Then he turned back to where Chubby King was slouched in a chair, his feet on the table. Chubby was first sergeant of the company—a happy-go-lucky character from Texas.

"He always like that?" Joe wanted to know.

"Yup," King grunted, unmoved. "He's military. Veddy, veddy military. You want to watch out for him. Especially as it seems as how there's a rumor around that you up and stole his gal."

"I didn't steal her," Joe growled. "She came down on a blind date from school and drew him—is it my fault if Sue prefers a warm, friendly ex-enlisted type to a noble captain type who stands around waiting to be admired? His blood's on his own shirt front."

"Just be careful none of that blood don't get rubbed off on you, dear," King said, grinning. "Our Stanton Melrose Holcomb can be an awful fast man with a pencil and a quill pad."

Joe found that out. On Sunday, Holcomb reported him for shoes not properly shined, talking in ranks and unmilitary bearing at chapel formation.

One day in his new company and his demerit margin had already started to melt away at an alarming rate, Joe thought grimly that night. It was pretty plain that he had better drive with a tight rein from here on in if he didn't want four years of sweat—and his dreams of a lieutenant's bars—to go down the drain.

Joe came up to the last Saturday before June Week with just six demerits left—he'd been hoarding them like diamonds and pearls, and he should make it now, he was thinking as he stood in the area in the May sunshine waiting for the company to be dismissed. Inspection was over and the freedom of the weekend lay ahead. Already the nearness of graduation had started a heady excitement running here among the gray cloisters on the plain above the Hudson.

Joe could feel that excitement—a good feeling as he looked toward the east sally port out of the corners of his eyes. A knot of visitors waited there—cadets' girls with their dresses making a bright splash of color in the afternoon. Sue had come down for the hop, and Joe's pulses jumped a little as he saw her, standing a little apart from the rest. She was tiny, with a piquant face and laughing eyes, and Joe had made very special plans for this afternoon. They'd go down Flirtation Walk to a shady spot close to the river ——

Stan Holcomb's cold voice cut into Joe's thoughts with its irritating authority. "Andrade, report to me in my room as soon as the company is dismissed. First sergeant, dismiss the company!"

There was the clash of bolts as the company executed inspection arms and then Chubby King said, "Dismissed!" in his lazy Texas voice, and the ranks melted into noisy groups streaming toward the barracks steps. Chubby fell into step beside Joe.

"What's with Stan, the Military Man now, Joe?" he asked, not bothering to keep his voice down. "You done something to him or he just mad because the beauteous Suzy waitin' for you?"

Joe shrugged. "Probably just wants to chew on me a little to keep his teeth in shape," he murmured. "He didn't skin me at inspection—I've got nothing to worry about."

Joe was worried, though. He didn't kid himself—if anything should happen to put him over in demerits he wouldn't graduate, period.

Stan's two roommates were hurriedly changing into dress gray when Joe reached the room; he sat on a corner of a table and smoked a cigarette and talked idly while he waited for Holcomb to come. The two left and another ten minutes ticked by and Joe thought impatiently of Sue waiting for him down there by the sally port.

Holcomb came then. He moved across the room and stood behind his study table with no apology for his lateness. Joe put a rein on his temper as he looked back at the other through the smoke of his cigarette.

"What's on your mind, Stan?" he asked shortly.

Holcomb took his time about putting his full-dress hat down, taking off his white gloves. Then he opened the drawer of the table and lifted out a stack of papers, took a single sheet from the top and flipped it across to Joe. Joe knew what it was.

Each first classman in the company had been directed to submit a statement as to what he considered the essentials of troop leadership to be. Joe had handed his own paper in this morning, beating the deadline (*Continued on Page 116*)

"How about changing sides for a while."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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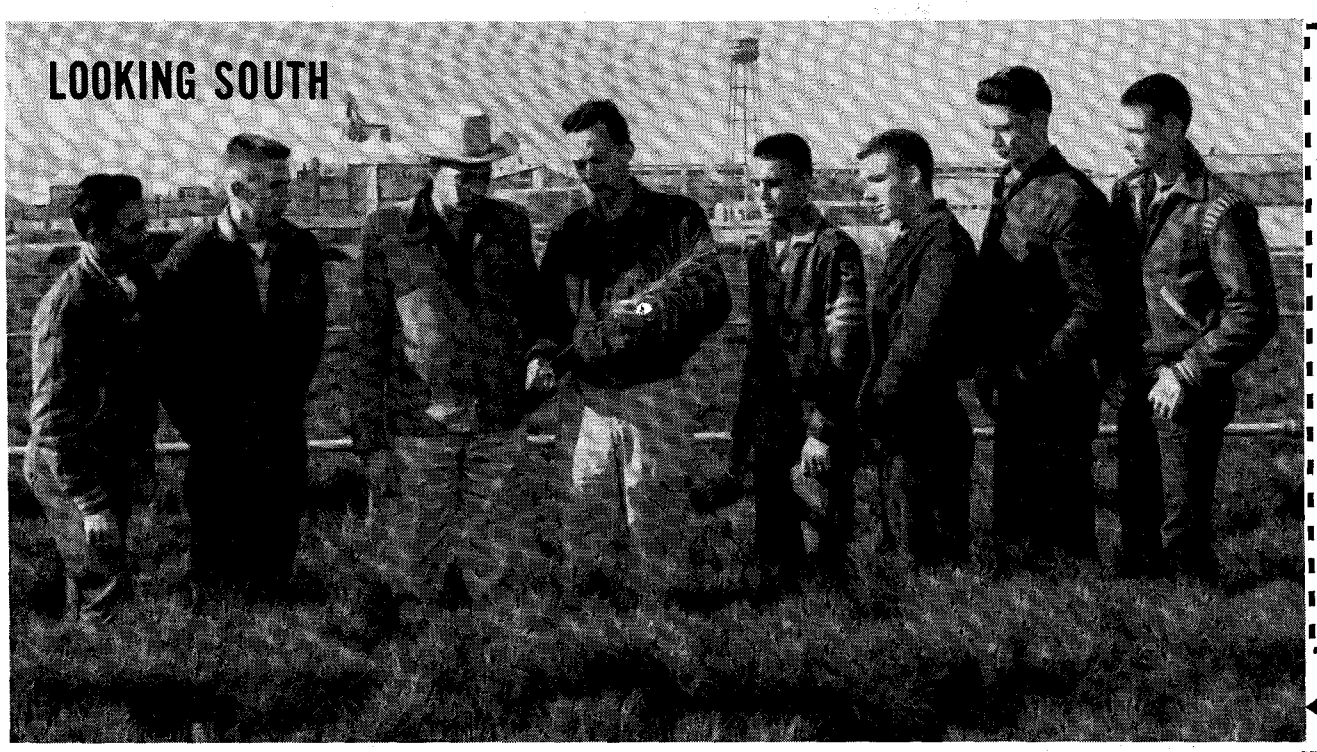

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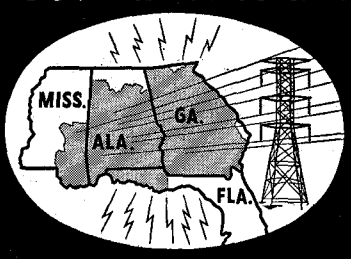

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(*Continued from Page 114*) by minutes. His views had been terse and to the point—a single sentence scrawled across the paper bearing his name.

You take care of your men.

Holcomb said coldly now, "This paper is unsatisfactory. Do it over. You've got until evening chow to turn a proper paper in to me here. Do you understand?"

"What's wrong with this one, Holcomb?" Joe asked softly.

He saw the familiar flush creep up into Holcomb's face—he was one who couldn't tolerate having his judgment questioned. Joe had found that out long ago. Holcomb picked up the stack that the other papers made and thrust it out angrily.

"Everything's wrong with it!" he snapped. "Everybody but you wrote at least two pages—you wrote one line! I'm responsible that Major Wilson's orders are carried out in this company. If you think I'm going to turn that feeble effort of yours in to him on Monday morning, you've got another think coming! I'm not going to take the rap because you either don't know what leadership means or, if you do know, you're too lazy to put it down!"

"What's wrong with it, Stan?" he said again.

Holcomb grabbed the paper and shook it. His voice was hoarse and angry as he said, "It means nothing! Do it over! It doesn't mean a damned thing!"

"It means everything," Joe said quietly.

He wheeled and went out, and Holcomb's voice followed him down the hall to his room. "If you haven't turned a new paper in here by evening chow, you'll be reported for direct disobedience of orders. That's final!"

Joe made no answer. Holcomb had his neck stuck out good this time, he decided grimly. He might be company commander, but he had no authority to order Joe to change an official paper and, if he reported Joe for insubordination, it wouldn't be Andrade that got hurt this time. There'd be an investigation and, when the smoke had cleared away, it would be Stan Holcomb who would be doing the bleeding.

So Joe's thoughts ran as he changed into dress gray. It served the guy right, he decided vindictively; but he knew that it was no good. *A part of it is your fault, Joe,* the back of his mind kept saying. *Even if it wasn't, you can't just stand by and watch him cut his own throat to get even.*

He remembered what McGraw had said that afternoon, sitting on the bed in the ward as he'd spoken of his father. *A good officer looks after his own.* Joe had never forgotten that. It had inspired the line he'd written on the offending paper. And now he was abandoning his own creed. Nope, it wouldn't wash. Maybe he hated Stan's guts, but you didn't watch a classmate reaching for a booby trap and just stand by while it blew up in his face.

An optimist is a man who gives his wife ten dollars cash for shopping so she won't have to use her charge account.

HAL CHADWICK

Chubby King came in as Joe was getting his blouse on. "So what did the great Holcomb want?" Chubby asked.

Joe shrugged and put on his cap. "He was unhappy with my leadership paper," he said with a wry grin. "I am to turn in a new one—at least two pages of same—before evening chow. That shoots the afternoon. I've got to go tell Sue now."

"Holcomb's got no right to do that, Joe," King said violently. "Why don't you tell him to go to hell. Major Wilson would countermand that order in a minute if he knew about it."

"Forget it," Joe said, and gave the explanation that would be the easiest for others to understand. "Just say that I don't want to gamble an afternoon with Sue against my last six demerits, Chub. Sue will understand—she and I are going to have a lot of afternoons together after graduation rolls around."

He went on out and down the stairs, the sound of his footsteps carrying to the room where Stan Holcomb sat with his mouth tight and angry. After a moment Holcomb got out of his chair and went to the window that looked down on the area. He watched Joe crossing to where Sue waited in the sally port; then he returned to his table and deliberately got out a pen and paper. He had written: "Subject: Direct Disobedience of Orders," when King entered the room.

"Writin', Stan?" King asked softly. "I think maybe you'd ought to do a little readin' first. Read on this!"

He slid a stiff sheet across the table's top and Holcomb let it lie, not looking at it as he stared coldly up at King. "I can't think of anything that you could have that I'd care to read, King," he said. "Now get out of here. I'm busy."

"Stole that there out of Joe's desk," King said blandly. "He don't know I know about it, but there ain't much gets by ole Chub King. You read it, boy. It tells why they gave Sergeant Joe Andrade the Silver Star in Korea. Purple Heart goes with it too."

Shocked disbelief suddenly came into Holcomb's eyes as he pulled the paper toward him. The words seemed to dance a little as he read. ". . . for gallantry in action . . . near Woeny'ong-ri, Korea, while a member of Company D . . ." Holcomb finished finally, and all of the starch had gone out of him.

"So he was in Korea," he said slowly. "He fought there. I thought he'd just been in a training camp."

"You've got a lot to learn," King said crisply as he reached for the citation. "Not much time to do it in either."

It was late afternoon when Joe had finally sweated through his two pages on leadership—written words did not come easy for him. He'd merely repeated his original theme in a dozen different ways, he thought glumly.

Sue had been disappointed at the loss of the afternoon, he knew, but Sue was a good guy. She hadn't griped and he'd make it up to her at the hop tonight. Tomorrow he'd tell her the very special things that he'd meant to say this afternoon.

Joe shrugged the thought away now—gathered up his papers and went down the hall. Stan Holcomb was sitting at his table, looking at Joe's original paper, as Joe slapped his new effort down.

"Two pages!" he said shortly. "You can start tearing up that report for insubordination now, Holcomb!"

Holcomb gestured toward a crumpled wad in front of him. "I already have, Joe," he said in a sober voice. "I guess I've been a pretty big heel. I'm sorry about your new paper—the first one said all there is to say. I can see that now."

"Huh?" Joe demanded in a startled voice.

Holcomb met his eyes squarely. "I know about your Silver Star, Joe," he said slowly. "Why didn't you just tell me to go to hell when I told you to rewrite that paper? You'd have made a dead duck out of me if you had."

For a moment Joe stared down at the other—then his homely face broke into its easy grin. "Shucks, I had to keep you around, pal," he said. "Who'd I have to stand guard over those last six demerits, if I didn't? I was just being practical."

Holcomb thought that over—then put out a hand. "Thanks, Joe," he said quietly. "I've just learned that gallantry doesn't have to be confined to action. I'd like to shake hands—if you don't mind shaking with a damned fool."

"I'm the hand-shaking type," Joe told him, grinning.

Sudden Affair (Continued from Page 43)

a drink and talk over the time when Black ran off at Stowe."

"That was me," said William, stupefied. "I mean, Miss Denzil wasn't ——" His voice was engulfed in the general roar.

Davis found an angle of wall and two drinks, and arranged himself with his back to the room where no one could cut Harriet off from him. "Not very kind," he said, "but suffering purifies. What's your first name?"

"Harriet."

"How nice. Mine is Dion. Dion the Track, they call me in Pontypridd. They think I will."

"Is that where you come from?"

"It's where I was born. What do you do?"

"I work for an archaeologist."

"What? Dig things up, do you mean?"

"Help dig things up, help put them together, take notes, type lectures, make appointments, keep an eye on the petrol gauge, look up trains and retrieve gold-mounted umbrellas from all the Lost Property Offices in Britain."

"Ah, an absent-minded genius. Look, let's go and have dinner somewhere. Parties are intolerable, I can't think how I got into this one."

"But William ——"

"Oh, curse William. I'll go and tell him."

In the taxi, Dion sat moodily on the edge of the seat. He said, "I hate being driven."

"Was William cross?"

"He wasn't exactly pleased, but he was too polite to show it. Anyway, he promised to bring you down to Goodwood on Saturday."

"What on earth for?"

"To see me race."

"Suppose," said Harriet carefully, "I have an engagement on Saturday? Suppose I don't want to watch motor racing? Suppose I loathe the sight of it?"

"Do you?"

"I've never seen it. Which implies I can't be very keen."

"All it implies is, you don't know what you're talking about." Dion turned toward her; his eyes shone anxiously in the moving lights. He said, "Do come. I like you very much. You calm me down."

"Do you need calming down?"

"Except when I'm racing."

Even after Goodwood, Harriet was not sure whether she liked it or not. It was something quite different; it repelled and fascinated. She drove down with William, who owned a small and noisy red sports car some years past its prime, not because he couldn't afford a new one, but because he was one of those who consider nobody can make real motorcars these days. He was torn between despair about Harriet and elation at being asked to the meeting by the great Davis, an achievement about which he would be able to boast to all his car-minded friends for months to come.

On the way down, despair won; Harriet's curling hair, dark red-brown and cut short, blew distractingly in the gale; her normally pale cheeks were stung to carnation-pink.

Passing a van and changing into top gear, he said darkly, "You don't want to get mixed up with these racing boys, you know. If motorcars were banned, they'd shrivel up like leeches and die. You'd never be more than a shoulder to lean on, between Syracuse and Le Mans."

"I thought you liked it."

"Oh, I'm a spectator. I like driving, I like motorcars, but I haven't got a throttle growing out of my right foot. They're not human."

"He seems to me quite human, in a sort of way."

"Didn't he? Where did you go?"

"Some obscure little pub round the back somewhere, because he doesn't like taxis. It was nice, though; the food was heavenly." Remembering her qualms about whether Dion's idea of going out to dinner would be Claridge's or the Savoy, and how far Claridge's or the Savoy would raise their eyebrows at her three-year-old taffeta dress, she smiled. William saw and misinterpreted the smile. Closing his lips on another question, he drove gloomily and too fast round the next bend.

It was a clear day; white clouds rolled high above the downs. Harriet's impressions afterward were not clear at all, for she understood little of what was going on. She carried back a memory of crowds and noise and colors, and how small and menacing and brilliant the cars looked; and how she must keep in mind the green one, No. 9, which was Dion's. But soon she became confused.

"What's happening?" she said to William, who was gripping the rail.

"He's taken the Ferraris."

"He's winning, do you mean?"

"O Lord, girl, nobody's winning. They've only done ten."

Loudly, malevolently, the cars passed and repassed. After a time, Harriet said, "William, why is he so good?"

William tore himself from the track and looked at her. He said, "It isn't easy to explain, if you don't know about driving. It's just an art and he's just a master of it."

"He drives as if he were asleep."

"Yes; relaxed. The others, you see, are men in cars; he's a car and a man in one piece."

After the race, there was a great crowd and a great deal of confusion. Harriet stood hemmed in by people, wondering how to retrieve William, who had got separated from her. After some time, a stir and scuffle in the crowd materialized into Davis, who fought his way through disregarded back slaps to her side. He had taken his helmet off; his face was dark with (*Continued on Page 118*)

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(*Continued from Page 116*) grime except for two lighter ovals round his eyes, which made him look no longer half asleep, as when he was driving, but like a very alert owl.

He said, "Just let me get clear of this lot. I'll drive you back to London."

"But William ——" said Harriet. *Whenever I see him*, she thought, *I say that. It's got to stop*. She said, "No."

"I've got a nice girl for William, all lined up. William will love her."

"No."

"Look, if you must be so strong-minded, we'll meet them for dinner, blast it! Will that do? Tell him you want to see life on the road with Dion the Track. I'll be twenty minutes. Will you wait here?"

"I don't know," said Harriet, but he had gone.

Buffeted by the crowd, she stood conscious of several layers of exasperated thoughts. *I don't know*, she said to herself. *I don't know how to cope with it; he makes me the sort of person I am not. But then, if I really didn't want to go, I wouldn't stay here. If I do want to go, it must be subconscious; I hate the thought of it. William drives fast enough, and goodness knows what —— Anyway, it isn't fair to William. If he got furious, it wouldn't be so bad, but he is too nice and he won't.*

She was still standing there, frowning, hands in pockets, when William came on her. His blond, rather monkeyish face was screwed up as if against the light.

He said, "Well, it was a nice drive."

"You've seen him?"

"He saw me."

"William, why do you put up with it?" said Harriet, suddenly angry.

"What else can I do?"

"If I were you, I think I'd knock him down and slap my face."

"That would be crude," said William. "Besides, you want to go. Best get it out of the system, I tell myself."

"I'm not sure I do want to go."

"I think you do, really, Harriet. After all, he hasn't got a gun."

"No, but he behaves as if he had."

"Well, they are very tiring, those types," said William hopefully.

"I don't deserve you."

Being driven back to London by Dion turned out to be not, in every way, what Harriet had expected. He kept her waiting half an hour, which she and William and the girl lined up for William spent drinking cardboard cups of tea and talking with a kind of cautious impersonal animation about motor racing. The girl ("William will love her") proved to have green eyes and a black crew cut and tough but expensive clothes, and seemed to understand compression ratios. Harriet relaxed a little. William liked green eyes, and appeared, though slightly wistful, not dissatisfied. He went off, when Dion turned up, quite happily with the crew cut, who looked well able to take all the fresh air she was certainly going to get; Dion had shown sense in not finding him an orchid.

Harriet also was prepared for fresh air and something about two feet high with a number painted on the side, and was surprised at being led to a small sports saloon in darkest olive green, thoroughbred and of classically orthodox design.

"Did you expect a Maserati?" said Dion, seeing her face as he got in.

He started off and apparently relapsed into a coma; soon they turned into a lane climbing the downs, away from the stream of cars.

"Does this go to London?" said Harriet mildly.

"It's the way I go to London. There's always a better route than the main road."

"I only wondered."

"You needn't. I said we'd meet them for dinner."

"'We'll meet them for dinner, blast it,' you said; and you seem a pretty unscrupulous type to me; that's why I wondered."

Harriet, always—she now realized—slightly edgy in a car with William, had a feeling of such rocklike security with Dion driving that she could give her whole attention to talk; they seemed to progress with leisured smoothness. When she glanced at the speedometer she didn't believe what she saw.

"Do I?" said Dion. Passive in the seat beside her, his head tilted to one side, he nevertheless sounded a note of injured astonishment. "Do you mean William?" he said. "Can't William look after his own interests? And after all, if you want to be with William instead of me, you have only to say so."

"I keep saying I ought to go with William. You never take any notice."

"I kidnap you, do you mean, when you ought to go with William, because you have a conscience, but not the strength of mind to walk off?"

"Not exactly that; I know it's mostly my fault. Only William has a nice character and you do take advantage of it."

"That's William's lookout and yours. You don't have to come with me when I ask you."

"It's very difficult saying no, the way you go about it."

She glanced at Dion and was alarmed to see him turn perceptibly paler. He raised his eyes automatically to the driving mirror and drew off the lane and switched off the engine.

He said, "Perhaps that makes this easier, if it's true. I can't say it while I'm driving. How would you feel about marrying me?"

The silence, in the pause that followed, seemed to increase till it was unbearable.

"You must be mad," Harriet said.

"So you can say no. Or is that no or just shock? You don't have to answer, if you want to think." He sat half turned toward her, his eyes on her face. He said, "I know I rush at things—things like this, I mean. I'm sorry. I have to."

Harriet said almost under her breath, "Why?"

"Why do I want to marry you?"

"Why do you have to rush at things?"

"I suppose, in case there isn't much time. When I'm there, when I'm racing, I feel I'm indestructible, nothing can touch me, but afterward I wonder. I've seen people die in front of me through no fault of their own; anything can happen. When there is something you need, you feel the pressure behind you. I said, you don't have to answer now. Or if you can, and it's no, tell me."

"It's—how can I tell you? I don't even know you. It's fantastic."

"Look, Harriet, it may sound fantastic from your side. Perhaps it does, but not to me. I have a feeling of absolute certainty about you. That it has to be you, I mean, or nobody. I knew it from the start. It would be an odd sort of marriage, are you thinking?"

"A shoulder to lean on," Harriet said half to herself, "between Syracuse and Le Mans."

"As well as having a nice character," said Dion, "William is perceptive."

"Oh."

"You can't, surely, have imagined I'd take that as one of your remarks? So he's been warning you about me?"

"Not about you in particular. He just told me not to get mixed up with racing boys. They aren't human, William thinks."

"What do you think?" Dion asked.

He had not touched her and had not even moved; yet he seemed disconcertingly close. He returned her gaze with no expression but a serious concentration; she saw him as a confusion of minute details, a dilated pupil in a shining brown iris, an edge of thick short lashes, the smooth curve of cheek from cheekbone, all magnified into some kind of yet-ungrasped significance.

"I don't know," she said. "I must think."

"Very well," said Dion. He kept his eyes on her for a moment, and then, still without touching her, pressed the starter and drove on.

At half-past ten, William's car, with William and Harriet in it, stopped outside Harriet's flat. It was a bright clear night, and still warm enough to have the top down; traffic passed along the distant King's Road, but the small street where they sat under a lamp was deserted. Dion had not offered to take her home; this, it seemed, was to be William's privilege. They had dined, all four of them, at a place chosen by Dion, which turned out to be a small Russian restaurant hidden somewhere off St. Martin's Lane.

"It's one of the countries we don't yet race in; it makes a change of food. Also," he said, "Russian food is romantic, I think. They have a genius with beetroot."

Harriet admitted that the Russians did things with beetroot and with sour cream and other odd ingredients that the English did not, and with unexpectedly pleasing results; she saw as well that the restaurant was quiet and that few people seemed to recognize Dion, and after the last part of the drive to London, when heads had turned in traffic queues or from the pavement, she wondered if this was another reason for his choice.

Considering the whole situation, the dinner had not been unsuccessful. William and the crew cut, whose name was Nicolette, had begun by discussing racing, and Dion had headed them off. On other subjects the talk had been lively and intelligent, and Harriet, though with a dreamlike feeling of unreality—especially when she looked covertly at Dion or raised her eyes from her plate to find his gaze austerely fixed on her—took part and enjoyed herself. Now, sitting in the aging little red car outside her flat, she could see trouble ahead. Relations with William, though not far advanced, had a directness which she valued; and he was, as Dion said, perceptive.

"Well," he said, "you seem to be putting a face on a state of blankness. What happened? Why am I allowed to drive you home? Did Davis," he added lightly, as Harriet did not answer, "make an attempt on your honor?"

"On the contrary," said Harriet. "He didn't even hold my hand."

"How very extraordinary," said William, taking hers in a warm clasp, but with the air of one who feels everything is not yet clear. "What did he do instead?"

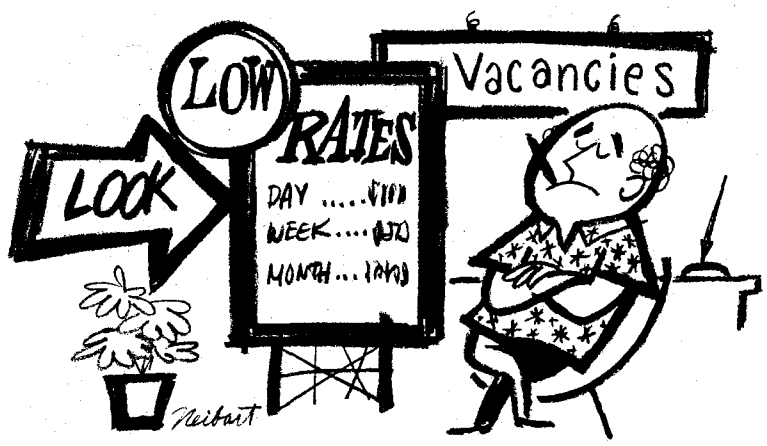
"He asked me to marry him."

After a silence, still not letting go of her hand, William said, "You don't say."

Harriet looked at him mutely, with sudden depression—the whole thing loomed over her, but seemed absurd. "Are you going to?" he said.

"Oh, how on earth do I know? I've hardly taken it in."

(*Continued on Page 120*)



You be the Judge

By FLORENCE K. PALMER

Thaddeus, a law-abiding motel operator, complied promptly with a new roadside beautification law banning rate signs outside motels. He ingeniously arranged his signs inside his office, where they were plainly visible through a glass door. The county thereupon sued to make him take them down entirely.

"The signs are still an eyesore the way Thaddeus has placed them," the county attorney argued. "They're so huge that anybody can clearly see them from the road. Thus, they frustrate the aim of the law. Public welfare requires their complete removal."

"Nobody is compelled to look into my doorway," Thaddeus replied. "The signs don't violate the law. They are inside my building, not outside, cluttering up our beautiful Florida landscape."

If you were the judge, would you make Thaddeus hide his signs?

• •

Thaddeus won. The court said that while it would be "both ugly and confusing to the public . . . to permit the unrestrained display of signs outside every motel," the ban did not regulate signs within buildings.

Based upon a 1957 Florida decision.

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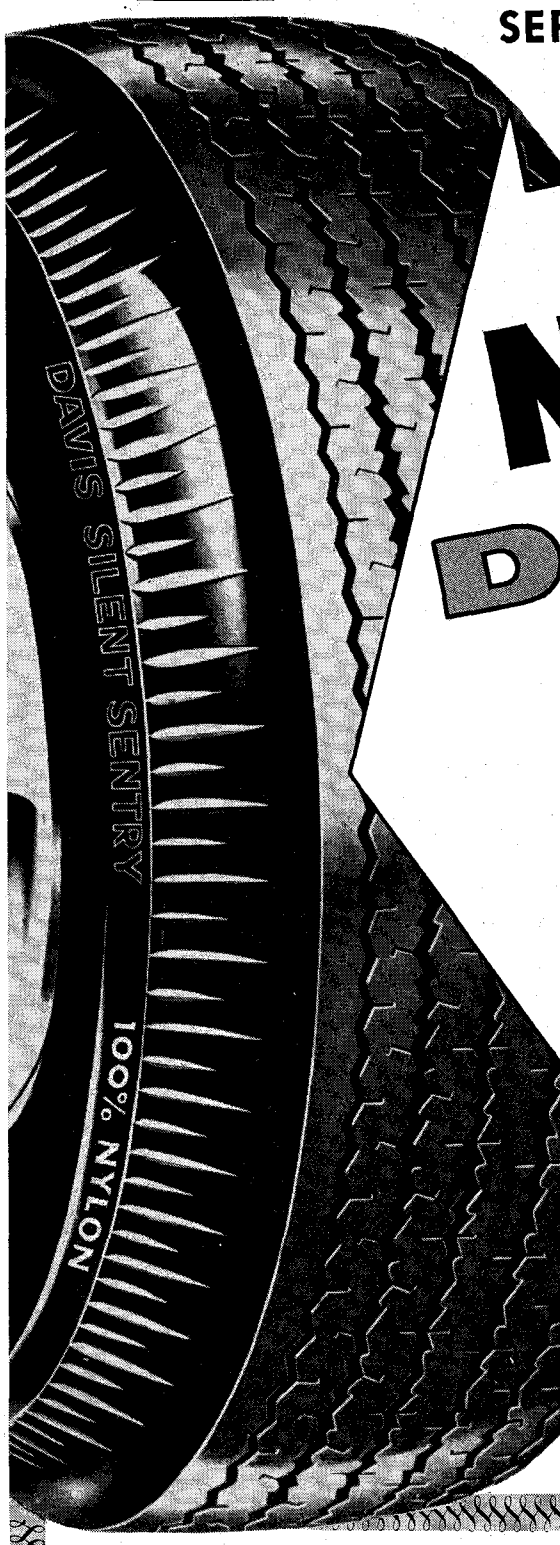

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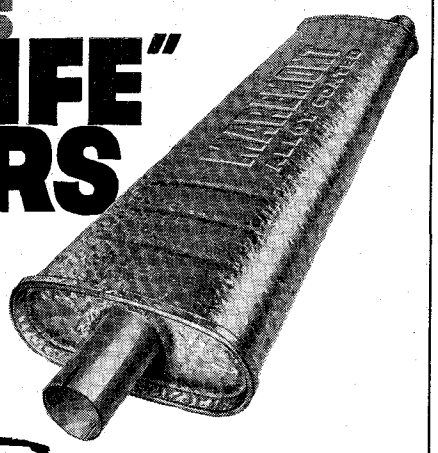

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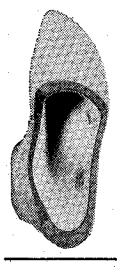

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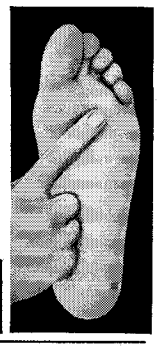

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(*Continued from Page 118*) "At least you didn't turn him down flat. It's like driving off with him, isn't it? You say you don't want to, but you do it."

"I don't mean to; I've never behaved like this before. It isn't as if I'm in love with him. It just happens, somehow."

"Oh, he's a compelling personality, all right," said William drearily. "And in a tortuous way, maddening as it is, he's rather a nice one too. You might be good for him. But it's you I was thinking of."

The previous afternoon a seventeen-year-old Welsh boy, in a remote field on his father's farm, had been digging a hole in a stony earth bank for a new gatepost, and turned up several objects that he examined for a moment and then threw aside. It was a warm day and his mind was on other things, and it was not till he stopped to cool off and was sitting on the bank beside his collie and drinking lemonade out of a beer bottle, that one of these objects caught his eye and started him wondering. He wondered why an old bedspring should be buried on a steep hillside a mile from the nearest house. He picked the bedspring up and had another look at it; after that he collected the other objects and put them in his haversack with the empty beer bottle and went back to his digging. At half past five he returned to the farm, washed, took out his bicycle and rode down to the village to see the schoolmaster.

The schoolmaster scraped some caked mud off the bedspring and saw a fleck of rich pale gold. He put all the objects in a paper bag and carried them round to the minister's house. The minister had to go to a meeting in Aberystwyth the next day, and when he saw the bag's contents he left in the morning instead of in the afternoon. Within a few hours of his arrival the telephone rang in a study in Cheyne Walk, where the acknowledged expert on early Celtic art lived who happened to be Harriet's professor; and twenty-four hours later Harriet found herself being driven out of London again—this time by the professor and on the road to Wales.

Dion rang up before she left. "I thought we might meet tonight or tomorrow," he said despondently. "The day after that I have to go to France, and then Italy."

"I can't get out of it. It's one of those finds-of-the-century things, from the sound of it; I had a job talking him out of leaving at dawn. Probably it won't take long; it's only a reconnaissance."

"Well, if you have to think, Wales is a good place. Quiet like," he said, suddenly relapsing into purest Pontypridd. "I'll be back by the middle of next week. Shall I telephone then?"

"Yes. I will try to think, in Wales."

"And William," said Dion. "Has William thought already?"

"How do you know I have told William?"

"William doesn't need telling. What did he say?"

"For heaven's sake," said Harriet, exasperated, "I'm not engaged to William. Does it matter what he said?"

"It matters to me. William is my rival and a nice character and perceptive; I respect his judgment."

"He said you were a nice character, too, if you must know."

"And?"

"He thought I might be good for you."

"He's right enough there; it's you he worries about. It's his strength as a rival that he is so kind to me. But don't listen to William, or to me, or to anyone. I'll see you when I get back."

Harriet had been working with the professor for nearly three years, and in that time she had traveled in his four-year-old car over most of Britain, an indifferently acquiescing passenger. It was not until they were leaving London on the way to Wales that she realized how much one drive with Dion had subconsciously taught her. "It's just an art," William had said; "he's just a master of it; he's a car and a man in one piece." Harriet had only half understood, but she now saw that the professor and his car, far from being in one piece, were so remote from each other that it was a miracle either of them or herself had up till then survived.

The only thing that Dion and the professor had in common was that both seemed to drive in a trance; the professor's trance, however, was in no way connected with driving. After Beaconsfield, he unwrapped his thoughts from early Celtic art, blew his nose—his catarrh was in full bloom—and said politely, "Did you have a pleasant weekend?"

"It was interesting. I went to watch motor racing."

"Really? And did you enjoy it?"

"I'm not sure."

"It must be very fascinating," said the professor, "if you like that sort of thing. I'm told it's widely followed. The appeal, I imagine," he said, snuffling gently and accelerating up to thirty-three miles an hour to cut in between a lorry and an ap-

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I love you all dearly . . . but don't press your luck!"

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proaching Aston Martin with an inch to spare, "is that it's so dangerous."

Harriet was in Wales for four days, and there were moments, though not many of them, when she had time to think, but thinking is not so straightforward. She caught herself brooding over Dion while she was taking notes in a museum, because the profile of an assistant reminded her that Dion was a Celt too. Later, sitting on an earth bank while the professor delicately prodded the hillside, in remote peace, ideal for thinking, her mind stayed on what had been found by accident in that earth, ornaments so assured, important and beautiful that Dion did not seem to matter.

Then again in the primitive village inn, as she lay on a lumpy bed listening to the cries of sheep on the hillside, Dion came between her and sleep till the early hours of the morning. What would it be like, she thought, crowds and cameras and always traveling or waiting? She could not imagine herself marrying him, and yet sometimes it seemed as if not marrying him would be nearly as unbearable as the alternative. *It's crazy*, she said. *I don't love him, but there's never been anything like this before. I don't know what to do.*

When they returned to London at the end of the week, Dion was still abroad. A letter from him was waiting at the flat. His writing was black and angular; the style was not flowery: "There is a hot wind blowing dust about and it's intolerable here—all the people and the details and the flap. I can only get away when I'm driving. I wish I could have come to Wales and sat on a hill without a car in sight. Will that ever happen? Have you had time to think?"

Too much time, thought Harriet. She rang up William and said, "I'm thinking too much."

"That's bad; you know what happened to Cassius. Shall we go out tonight?"

"I'd love to, if it's all right with you."

"Dinner and dancing or a nice leg show to take the mind off?"

"No, I'd like to see a madly good film. Preferably French, and depressing."

After the film, they had supper. Harriet said, "It does put life into perspective. When I watch a piece like that, nothing real seems so important."

"I know, Harriet, but you can't spend your married life in Continental cinemas. There aren't enough good French films, to begin with."

"I didn't say anything about married life."

"Don't be defensive. Are you going to marry him?"

"I don't know. I can't visualize what it would be like."

"Well, it wouldn't be curling up in a cottage and growing peas, would it? Cameras, pressmen, aeroplanes; Rheims, Aintree, Argentina, Le Mans, Monaco—disruptive, but a chance to travel. And watching—would you want to watch him race?"

"I wouldn't have to."

"Or not watching—waiting at home or in a hotel—wouldn't that be as bad?"

"You said he was so good, no one drives as he does. I don't think I should worry about that."

"Perhaps if you fell in love with him," said William gently, "you might find you worried, after all." When she looked at her plate without answering, he added, "Or do you love him?"

"No," she said. "But I can't get him out of my mind."

"He's that sort," said William. "Nor can I."

Dion telephoned two days later. "Back," he said. "The usual perishing rush. I've got to go down to Silverstone tomorrow. Can I see you tonight?"

"Yes."

"Or sooner? Why aren't you digging things up today?"

"He's gone off to see another prof about torques—he's in a kind of early Celtic daze. I tidied his papers up this morning and I'm not wanted any more."

"That's what you think. Can I come and fetch you now?"

"Yes."

He arrived twenty minutes later in the dark-green sports saloon. Uncertain of his plans—whether he was contemplating tea at Fortnum's, a drive to Hampton Court or a soul-to-soul conversation in her flat—Harriet wondered what to wear. She looked through her inadequate wardrobe and decided a gray suit and a white blouse would do for any emergency. In case it should be Fortnum's, though this seemed unlikely, she put a string of pearls in her pocket, brushed her hair hard, and went down when she heard his ring. Instead of getting out, he leaned over and opened the near-side door.

"Where are we going?" she said.

"Wales."

Harriet was speechless.

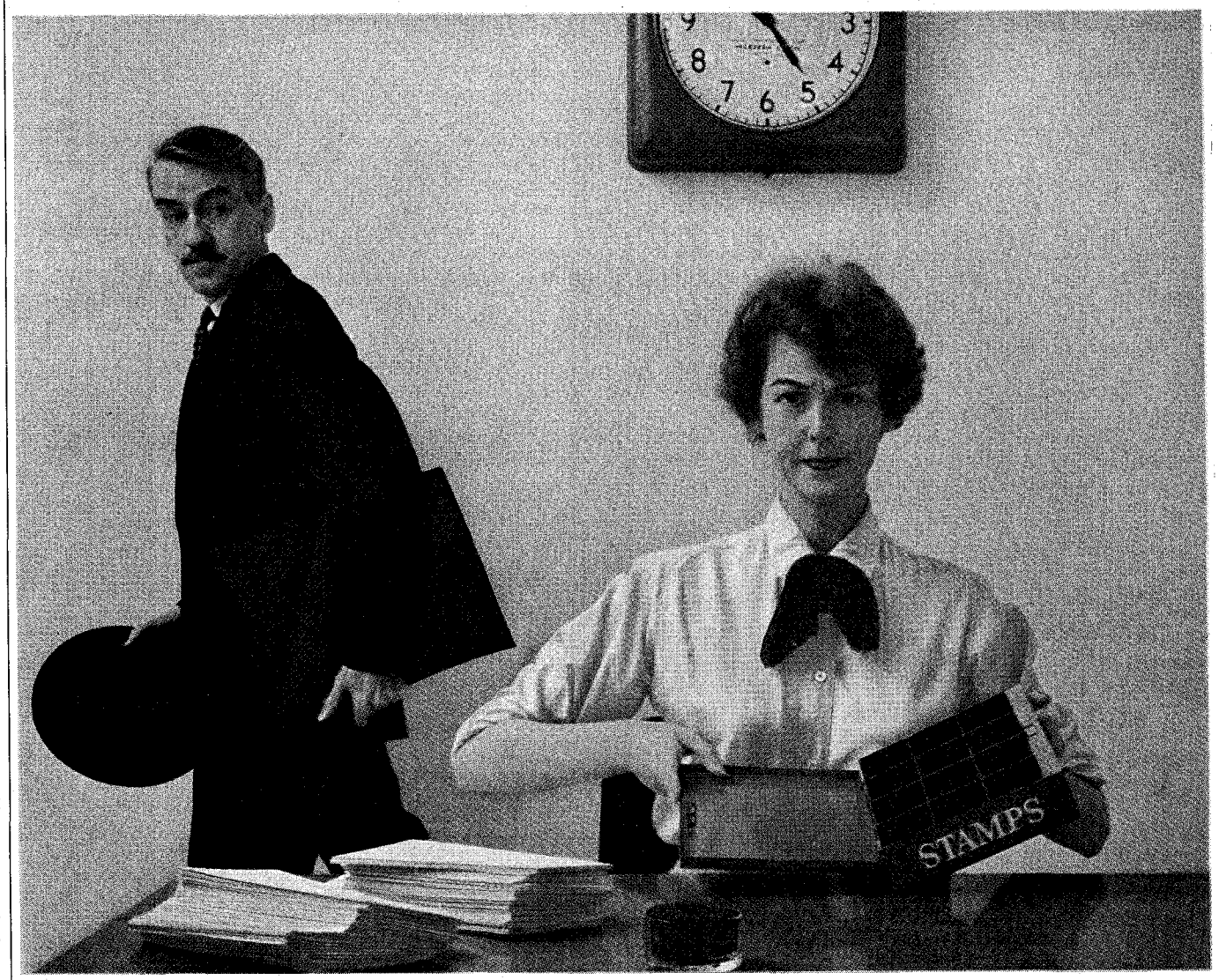
"Do you mind?" said Dion.

"No, but I haven't ——"

"You'll be back tonight."

It took the professor five hours to get from Chelsea to the border. Finding herself speeding apparently gently along a dual carriageway at the moment when the professor would have been negotiating Hammersmith Broadway, Harriet revised her timetable and sat back.

She said, "Do you never get tired of driving?"



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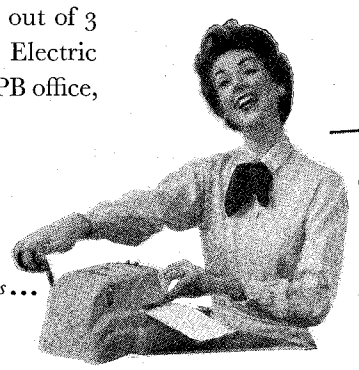

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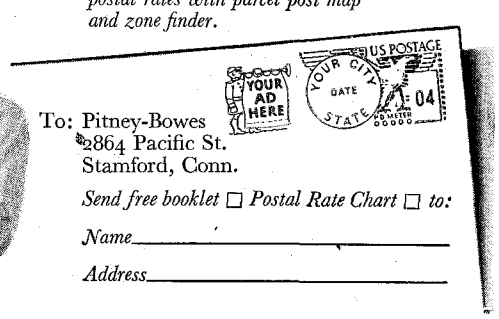

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"Never. If I did, I'd hire a helicopter; I'd still want to go to Wales with you."

"Why?" she said.

"Partly because I didn't think I wanted to go back, but I do. Partly because I want to see where a boy dug up a bracelet, and then you sat on a hillside wondering whether to marry me or not."

"Is that where we're going?"

"You will have to tell me the way."

By six o'clock, in the warm sun of early evening, they were sitting on the hill above the farm. The opposite slope was in shadow, veined with bluebells in the thin grass; sheep moved on the sky line, a pair of buzzards wheeled into the light. Dion took off his jacket and lay down on the turf.

"Dion," said Harriet, "you look exhausted."

"I can't sleep in aeroplanes. Do you know that's the first time you've called me by my name?"

"Go to sleep now."

"This is better than sleep. What happened when you sat here and wondered?"

"When I sat here I was thinking mostly about the things the boy found."

"Were they very good?"

"They were lovely. But I did think about you as well. I didn't come to any conclusion."

"Never mind." He put an arm over his eyes and went to sleep. Harriet sat clasping her knees, watching the buzzards leaning and circling in air clear as water. She listened to the sheep, the distant fall of a stream, the sound of Dion's breathing beside her. The sun touched the hilltop; she turned and met his eyes.

He said, "I'm sorry I slept. I thought it might be easier, talking about it here."

"I suppose it might," she said. "I'm glad you did sleep. It's wonderful getting away from things. But it would hardly ever be like this, would it?"

"Not often. It's a hell of a life really; I wish I were good at something else. But I have to do it."

"I know that. There would never be any question."

"We have one great advantage; we don't try to persuade each other. Harriet, if I took your hand I should be persuading you, and I shouldn't stop at that, either. I should persuade you till you hadn't any breath to say no. You'll say no to me of your own free will. Or yes, whatever it is. Let's walk down to the pub and have a beer."

Crossing the stile, Harriet was conscious of something bulky in her pocket. She could not help laughing, producing, like a conjuror, a string of pearls that swung ludicrously in the solitude of the evening.

She said, "Shall I tell you why these were there?"

"Because you don't trust me. You've got your diamonds in your stocking tops, I expect. Why?"

"I never have the right sort of clothes, and I thought you might want to take me to tea at Fortnum's."

From the other side of the stile Dion looked at her; he was smiling, but very pale. He said, "If you thought that, Harriet, you do need more time."

"I forgot you were famous."

"That's a lousy remark too."

"I'm sorry. It's not the way I meant it."

"No, I see that now—only it touches me off. Look, will you tell me, one way or the other, on Saturday? Tell me after the race at Silverstone; I don't want to know before I drive. William will bring you down."

"All right. But do you think William will want to, if you take me back again?"

"William likes racing. And at least he'll know his fate."

It seemed a long cold afternoon, with a drizzle of rain falling, the track flat and shining and the crowd muffled and more colorless than before. Where William and Harriet sat in the stand a loud-speaker was very close to them and they had to raise their voices. It was so loud that Harriet could not take in what was happening; she listened for a name.

"What did he say?" she asked William, and William answered, "He's in the lead," and later, "Half a lap clear." He looked down at her short damp hair and the way she watched, not the cars passing but the distant track down which they approached.

"How much longer?" she said.

"About twenty-five minutes. Shall we go and walk about behind the stand?"

"All right, for a bit; my feet are cold."

The drizzle had stopped, but the grass in the field was rough and wet. They wandered among ropes and litter, behind the wall of people lining the track, around the scaffolding underneath the stand.

She said, "It's endless. Why do they have to go on so long?"

"Harriet," said William, "I told you he was a master. You weren't going to worry about that. Is it different already?"

"I don't know; it's different today. Perhaps I'm not used to watching it."

"Perhaps you're not, but if you feel like that about it, it won't get easier. It's today you're going to tell him, isn't it?"

"Yes," she said. From where they stood, the loud-speaker was more distant and easier to hear.

"Davis," it said, and as she was about to speak, she stopped and listened. "Davis should be coming down the straight. I can't see him. Davis should be in sight by now; he's overdue. Davis is overdue, with the race in his pocket."

William took hold of her wrists as she put her hands over her ears.

"Listen," he said. "Listen, will you? It could be anything. It could be gearbox, or throttle linkage, or a valve, or brakes, or a tire. Anything, do you hear?"

Against his shoulder he felt her shake her head. They stood in the damp grass by the girders, with the stand between them and the column of smoke that rose, thin and distant, from the far end of the track.

Aku-Aku: The Riddle of the Stone Giants (Continued from Page 41)

"Have you heard how the great *moai* were carried about in old times?" I asked.

"*Si, Señor*," she said. "They went of themselves." And she began to tell a long story about an old witch who lived at Rano Raraku when the sculptors made the great figures. It was her magic which breathed life into the stone giants and made them walk. But one day the sculptors ate a big lobster without giving any to the witch. She was so angry that she made all the statues fall flat on their noses, and they have never moved since. I found that all the natives still accepted this easy solution to the mystery. Magic? Why, even today the island was swarming with invisible spirits called *aku-akus*.

Meanwhile, picks and spades were beginning to expose things which had not been seen on Easter Island for hundreds of years. The natives interpreted with superstition what was happening. How could a foreigner know that old things lay hidden under the turf, unless with the help of *mana*, or supernatural power? One or two asked me if I was not really a local native myself. My light skin and fair hair satisfied them, for some of their ancestors had been white and red-haired. The more the archaeologists discovered under the turf, the more evident it was to the natives that there was something queer about *Señor* Kon-Tiki.

It began with the excavation team headed by Prof. William Mulloy, of the University of Wyoming. Bill was the first archaeologist to work on the most famous ruin on Easter Island, the great *ahu*, or temple platform, at Vinapu. All who have seen this piece of stonemason's work have been struck by its resemblance to the grand mural constructions of the Inca Empire. Could the master masons from Peru have been busy here too? The evidence spoke for it.

Bill worked at Vinapu for four months with twenty men. He established that the central wall at Vinapu, with the classical stonemasonry, belonged to the very oldest building period of Easter Island. The *ahu* had twice been rebuilt and added to by far less capable architects. Ed Ferdon, of the Museum of New Mexico, and Dr. Carlyle Smith, of the University of Kansas, who had been working separately on other *ahus* rebuilt in antiquity, came to the same conclusion as Bill Mulloy.

It was discovered that there were three clearly separated epochs in Easter Island's history. First, a people of highly specialized culture, with the typical South American kind of masonry technique, had been at work. Our carbon-14 datings testified that these earliest discoverers of the island had arrived more than 1000 years before the ancestors of the present Polynesian population. Their classical buildings had no parallel in the later history of the island.

In the second epoch, most of these early structures had been partially pulled down and altered. A paved slope had been built up against the inland wall, and giant figures in human form had been brought from Rano Raraku and erected on the top of these rebuilt edifices, which now often contained burial chambers.

It was while this task was at its height in the second epoch that a wave of war and cannibalism swept over the island. This was around A.D. 1600—not much more than a century before the first Europeans came in 1722. When the Polynesians arrived, all cultural life came to an abrupt end. Now the tragic third phase of Easter Island's history began. The statues were pulled down. Boulders and shapeless blocks were flung together to make funeral mounds along the walls of the *ahus*, and the fallen statues often were used as improvised roofs for new burial vaults. The work was makeshift and clumsy. As the archaeologists dug and scraped, the history of Easter Island was for the first time beginning to have depth.

Natives came in crowds to look at the excavations at Vinapu, where Bill uncovered the back wall of the *ahu* so that the stratification of all three epochs was clear to everyone. While all this was going on, Bill ran across an unusual stone behind the excavation ground. It was a long, brick-red stone shaped like a four-sided column, and only a small bit protruded from the turf. Unlike the famous statues either in shape or substance, it recalled some of the pre-Inca red-column statues in the Andes. I had copied the bearded head on the sail of the Kon-Tiki raft from just such a four-sided column representing a man; it, too, had been hewn from a red stone.

"Bill," I said, "we must dig. I've seen columns like that in South America, on the shore of Lake Titicaca."

We dug a deep trench all round the stone and worked our way slowly inward with trowels. A hand appeared. An arm came to light too. In the end we had a statue of a type hitherto unknown on Easter Island. Unfortunately, the head had been knocked off and a hole bored in the chest where the heart ought to be.

We raised the red statue with lifting tackle and twenty men to pull. The natives who struggled with the ropes were astonished. How could we foreigners have known of the statue's existence?

This was only the beginning. Soon afterward Ed Ferdon dug up a curious smiling figure from a hitherto unknown temple he had uncovered near Orongo, the old cult center on the top of the volcano Rano Kao. Father Sebastian, and Arnaldo Curti, who governed the island for Chile, made a pilgrimage up there to see it. And where another team was working at the quarry in Rano Raraku, under the direction of the Norwegian archaeologist, Arne Skjölsvold, other peculiar things came to light. The most impressive was a bulky giant with a figure as foreign to Easter Island as the red statue at Vinapu. This statue was sculptured in a kneeling position with a fat backside resting on its heels, and its hands placed on its knees. The head was round, with a goatee.

It took us a week to raise this giant with the help of the jeep and all our tackle and multitudes of sailors and mystified natives. But one day it was there, in its kneeling position, staring dreamily up to the sky. An old native named Pakomio suggested that it was now time to give the island a new name. Everything was changed, he said.

"Now we don't remember all that we see round (*Continued on Page 124*)

Oyster Farm

By Elizabeth Landeweer

These acres ripple in the sun—
This farm is blue and flowing,
And all the contours of it run
The way the tide is going;
Though fields are always dripping wet,
There's little cause for worry,
The farmer mends a fishing net,
Or dozes in a dory,
And near a bank of oyster shells
Some idle gulls are lazing,
While underneath the waves and swells,
The flooded flock is grazing.

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(*Continued from Page 122*) us," said Pakomio, "and so it isn't Easter Island any longer."

"Then you can call the island the World's Navel—*Te Pito o te Henua*," I said.

The natives laughed as they recognized the name. "That's what they called our island in old times," said the mayor. "So you knew that!"

"Why, everyone knows that," I said.

"Everyone doesn't, but you're a *kanaka*." This from an old man who was standing behind the statue, nodding slyly.

The natives had never seen anything like this new giant, but it was almost an old friend to me and to Gonzalo Figueroa, who had joined our expedition as official representative of Chile. We had both been at Tiahuanaco, the oldest pre-Inca cult center by Lake Titicaca, and there we had seen similar kneeling stone giants which could have been cut by the same master. They had knelt at Tiahuanaco for more than 1000 years, along with the bearded red figure and other four-sided columns depicting mysterious men, surrounded by the most enormous and best-cut blocks of masonry which the whole Inca realm can offer. The Incas say that these were lying there ownerless when the first Inca came to power. At that time, they say, the master sculptors had already migrated into the open Pacific, and left the mainland to the primitive tribes of the Uro and Aymara Indians.

One of the mysterious things about the Easter Island statues had been that all were of the same type; and all were characteristic of Easter Island and nowhere else. But now statues of different types were beginning to appear in the soil of Easter Island. We had discovered that the men who had built the beautiful South American type of walls in the first period had made statues unlike the stone giants which had made Easter Island so renowned. The red-pillar statue at Vinapu, and the large kneeling one which lay buried at the foot of Rano Raraku, belonged to this early period.

Then came another epoch in which local sculptors had invented a style of their own, and bulky colossi with red topknots were carved and carried to the top of the rebuilt walls. As the sculptors gained experience, the colossi steadily increased in size. Then the catastrophe came which halted the advance of the marching stone giants, and they were all flung flat on the ground. All because the witch did not get her lobster, the people of the island believe today. But the fight was probably for stronger meat, for the march of the stone giants ended just when the third epoch began, and the cannibals suddenly took the stage.

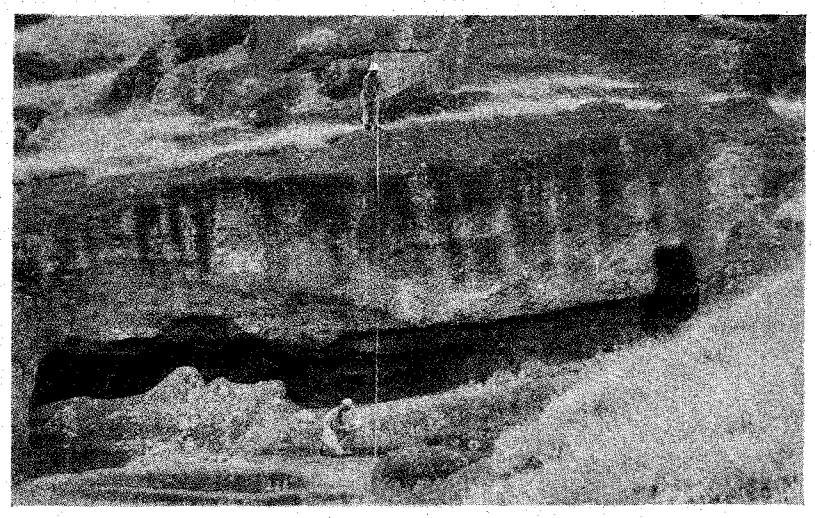
The population of the island today is sprung from the victorious warrior tribe of the third epoch. It was no peaceful affair when their Polynesian ancestors arrived from the palm islands to westward. Of the battles which followed their arrival, of the statues which fell, we were soon to hear stories from the living population of the island.

One day, driving through Hangaroa, the native village, I stopped at Father Sebastian's little whitewashed house. He said he wanted me to start excavating at a special place which figured in the traditions of the natives. I heard for the twentieth time the legend of Iko's ditch, or the long-ears' earth oven. The natives had shown me the marks in the earth where the ditch had once been.

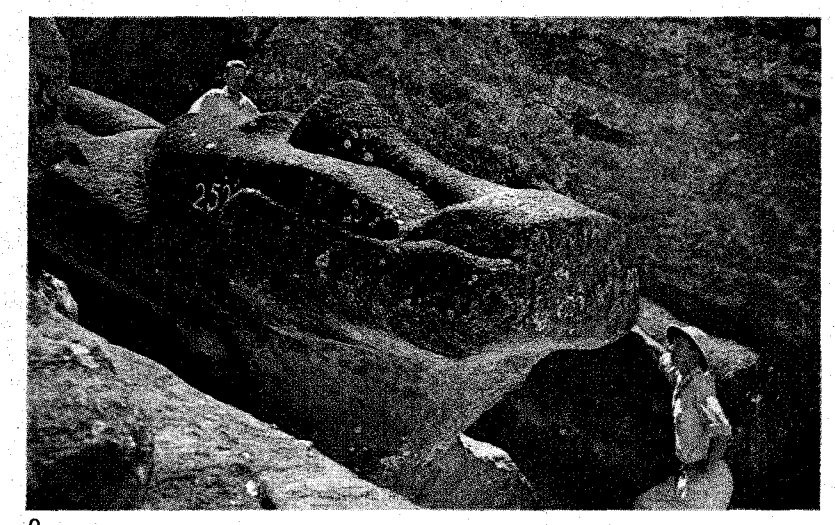
"I believe in the legend," Father Sebastian said. "I know that science has claimed that the ditch is natural, but scientists can make mistakes."

The story of the long-ears' defense ditch begins far back in the legends of the

HOW THE EASTER ISLAND GIANTS WERE CARVED

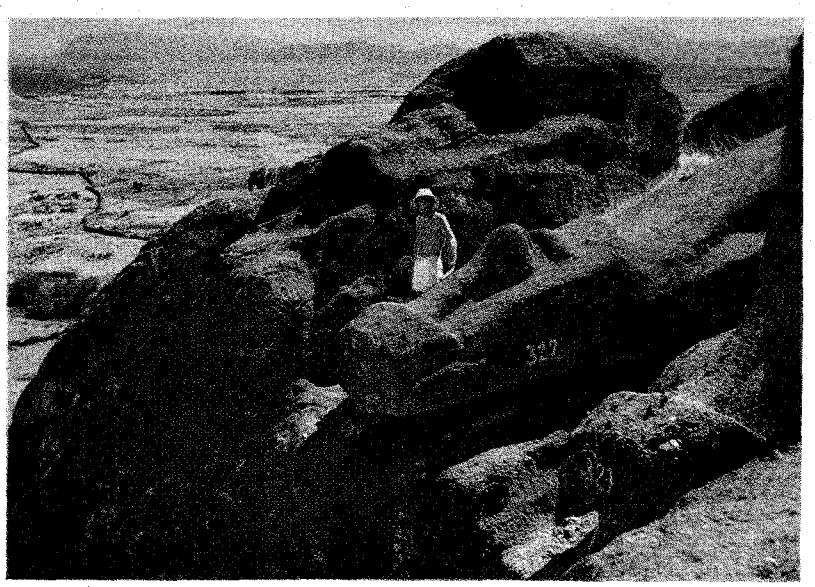


1. With crude picks, the statue's face and front were hewn from a stone wall.



2. Then the figure's sides and back were cut in, leaving only a keel-like support.

3. Finally, the support was chipped away and the final touches were added.



4. The statues were moved on wooden sledges, sometimes as far as 10 miles away.

present population. It describes the catastrophe which put an end to Easter Island's golden age.

There had been two peoples on the island, living side by side. One of these peoples pierced their ears and put heavy weights into the lobes, till the ears were lengthened right down to the shoulders. They were called *Hanau eepe*, "long-ears." The other people were the *Hanau momoko*, "short-ears."

The long-ears were energetic, and the short-ears had to toil to help them make walls and statues. Further, it was the long-ears' idea to clear Easter Island of superfluous stone, so that all the earth could be cultivated. This work was begun on the Poike plateau, the easternmost part of the island. The short-ears had to carry every loose stone to the cliff and fling it into the sea. This is why there are no loose stones on the grassy peninsula of Poike today, while the rest of the island is thick with scree and lava blocks.

The short-ears, tired of carrying stones for the long-ears, decided on war. The long-ears fled to the Poike Peninsula. Under the command of their chief, Iko, they dug a trench nearly two miles long to separate the Poike plateau from the rest of the island. This trench they filled with branches and trunks of trees till it was like a gigantic pyre, ready to be set on fire if the short-ears on the plain below tried to storm the slope. Poike was like a huge fortress, with a sheer drop of 600 feet all around the coast; the long-ears felt secure.

But one of the long-ears had a short-eared wife. Her name was Moko Pingei, and she was living on Poike with her husband. Ready for treason, she had arranged a signal with the short-ears down on the plain. When they saw her plaiting a large basket, the short-ears were to steal in a long file past the place where she sat.

One night the short-ears' spies saw Moko Pingei plaiting a basket at one end of Iko's ditch. The short-ears stole past, at the edge of the cliff, and sneaked along till they had surrounded Poike. Another army of short-ears marched openly toward the ditch. The unsuspecting long-ears lined up to face them and lighted the whole pyre. Then the other short-ears rushed from their ambush, and in the fight which followed almost all the long-ears were burned in their own ditch.

Only three succeeded in escaping in the direction of Anakena. One of them was called Ororoina and another Vai, but the name of the third is forgotten. They were found hiding in a cave, and two of them were stabbed to death with sharp stakes. The third, Ororoina, was allowed to remain alive as the only surviving long-ear. Ororoina eventually married a short-ear of the Haoa family and had many descendants, the last generation of whom are still living among the short-ears on the island.

I knew that two expeditions before ours had inspected the remains of the ditch. Mrs. Katherine Routledge of England, leading a 1914 expedition, was inclined to think that the ditch was merely a natural geological depression, which the long-ears might have used in self-defense. Métraux, a French investigator, agreed in part, but went further; he thought the story of war and tragedy was pure romance.

The natives stuck to their story; this was Iko's defense ditch, the long-ears' earth oven. And Father Sebastian believed their version.

"It means something to me if you will dig there," he said.

It was decided that Dr. Carlyle Smith would direct the excavation. We jolted off next day with (*Continued on Page 126*)

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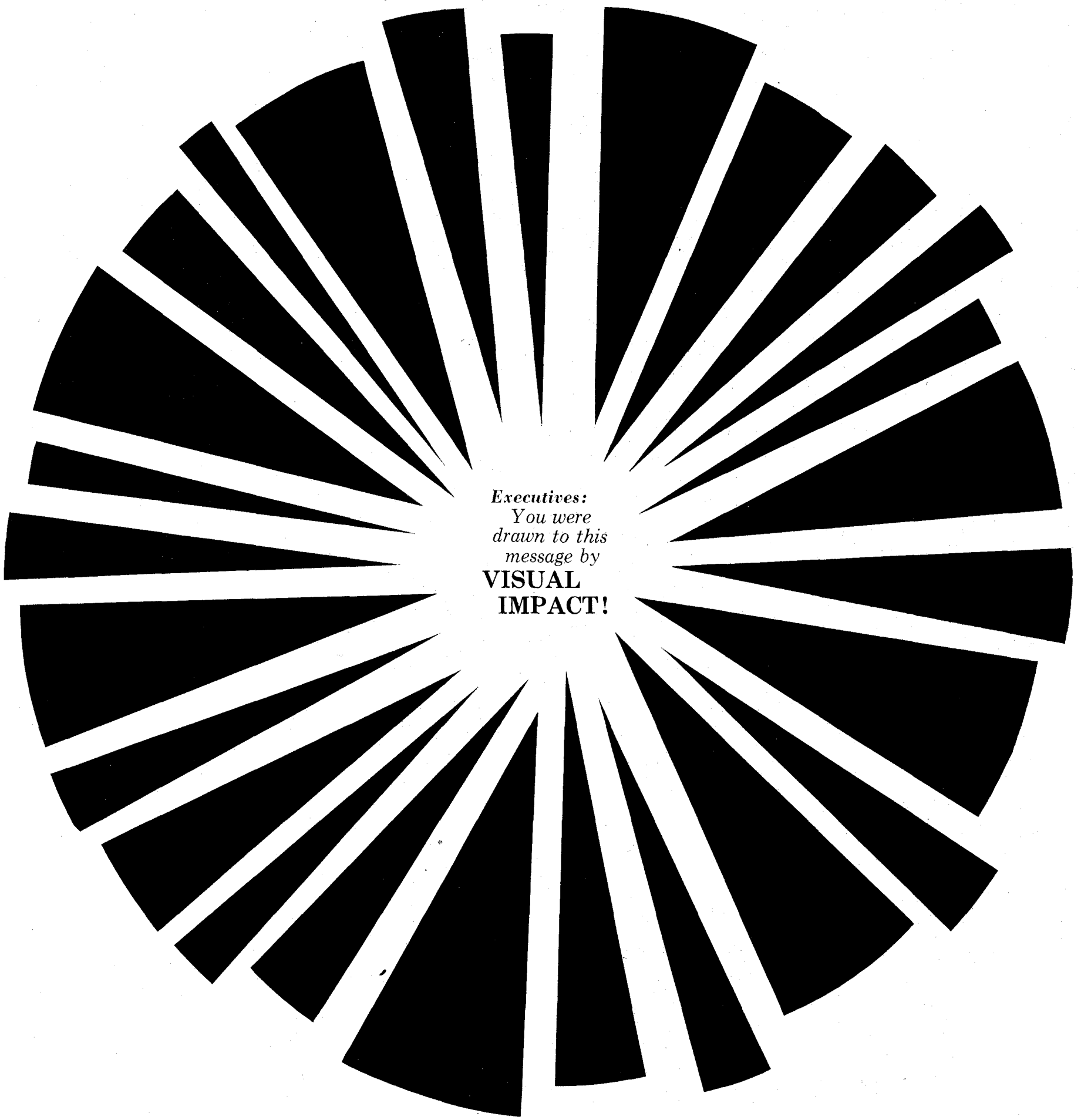

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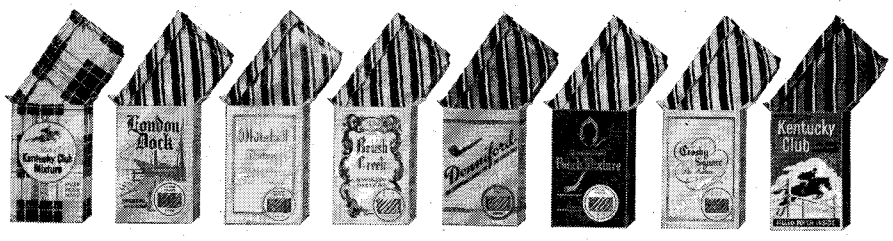

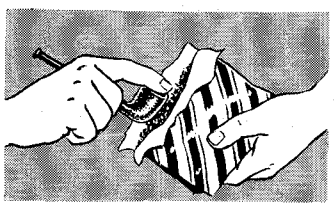

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KENTUCKY CLUB

A BLEND FOR EVERY TASTE

(*Continued from Page 124*) five natives in the jeep, along a track at the foot of Poike. All along the hillside from north to south we saw a faint depression. This was *Ko te Ava o Iko*, Iko's ditch, sometimes called *Ko te Umu o te Hanau eepe*, the long-ears' earth oven.

Carl wanted to test the ground before we began to dig in earnest. We strolled along the depression and stationed each of the five natives at intervals, telling them to dig holes straight down through the soil. As no damage could be done, we went for a short turn along the plateau. When we came back, the old fellow digging at the first test hole was six feet down. In the mustard-yellow earth wall around him we saw a broad red-and-black horizontal stripe. Charcoal and ashes in thick layers! There had once been a great fire down here.

Carl and I hurried to look into the next hole. The village sexton, Josef, stuck his smiling face up out of the earth. He had found the same remains of a fire and showed us a handful of carbonized wood. We ran on to the next hole, and the next. Everywhere we were met by the same sight, the flaming red band of ashes surrounded by carbonized remains.

In the days that followed, Carl's excavations revealed the whole secret of the ditch. The topmost part of the depression was, indeed, merely the work of nature. But deeper down men had hewn their way into the rock and constructed a defense ditch twelve feet deep, about forty feet wide and nearly two miles long. And great quantities of wood had been burned in it.

One of the easiest things for a modern archaeologist to put a date to is charcoal from an old fire. Its age is fixed within certain limits by measuring its radioactivity, which diminishes at a known rate from year to year. Tests showed that the great fire in the long-ears' earth oven had burned about 300 years before our time. But the whole elaborate defense works in the ditch had been built long before, for the ditch was half filled with sand when the defense pyre was laid. There were remains of fires farther down, and the original makers of the ditch had dumped rubble over a hearth which dated from about 400 A.D. This was the oldest date which had been established so far in any part of Polynesia. Now there seemed to be more meaning to the giant statues with their long, beaglelike ears.

One evening I strolled among the long-eared statues at the foot of Rano Raraku. I felt again the magnitude of the long-ears' project. Why not start an experiment? The last of the long-ears had living descendants in the village. Work could be started in the old quarry again.

Next morning I saddled my horse and galloped to the village. Father Sebastian smiled when I told him what I had in mind. Knowing that he had published a genealogy of Easter Island, I told him that I was looking for natives who were descended from the last long-ear.

"There's only one family left which is descended in a direct line from Ororoina," said Father Sebastian. "It's a family which chose the surname Adam when Christianity was introduced in the last century. Or "Atan," as the natives pronounce it. You know the eldest of the brothers—he's Pedro Atan, the mayor."

"But he doesn't look like a native," I said. "His narrow sharp nose, his light skin ——"

"He's of pure blood," said Father Sebastian. "And there are only eighty or ninety of the native population we can guarantee as of pure blood today. Not only that, but he's a genuine long-ear in direct descent on his father's side."

I rode up the rough village road to the mayor's white-painted cabin, which lay half hidden among bushes and trees. He was working at a pretty set of chessmen which took the form of bird-men and other Easter Island subjects.

"You're an artist, Mayor Don Pedro," I said.

"Yes, the best on the island," was the glib reply.

"Is it true that you're a long-ear too?"

"Yes, *Señor*," said the mayor. He jumped up and stood at attention like a soldier. "I'm a long-ear, a genuine long-ear, and I'm proud of it," he said, striking himself on the chest.

"Who made the great statues?"

"The long-ears, *Señor*."

"I've heard some of the other natives say it was the short-ears."

"That's a lie, *Señor*. You don't think the short-ears made statues of long-ears? The statues are in memory of the long-ears' own chiefs."

"I believe that it was the long-ears who made the statues," I said. "Now I myself want a statue made, and I will only have long-ears to do the work. Can you do it?"

The mayor drew himself up. "It shall be done, *Señor*. How long is the statue to be?"

"Oh, medium size, fifteen to twenty feet long."

"Then there must be six of us. We are only four brothers, but there are several others who are long-ears on their mothers' side. Will that be all right?"

The day before the work was to begin I had been asked to keep a little food ready for the long-ears at our camp. I had ordered the statue and I must give the food—that is old custom. The day passed, but no one had collected the rations. One after another our people began to go to bed. Only Gonzalo, Carl Smith and I sat in the mess tent, waiting.

Then we heard a faint humming, right in the camp. A rhythmic thumping on the grass began. We went out into the darkness. The photographer was just coming out of his tent in pajamas, and the lanterns were lighted in one tent after another.

We saw a group of humped figures sitting in an open space and striking the ground with carved war clubs, dancing paddles and stone picks. Each of them wore a crown of leaves, and two small figures had paper masks drawn over their heads to represent bird-men with huge beaks. They bowed and nodded while the others swayed and sang and beat time with their feet. The tune was hypnotic. It was a direct greeting from a vanished world.

When the singing was over I fetched a dish of sausages. The performers took it and retreated into the darkness. We now saw that the masked bird-men were children. The mayor came back with the empty dish, profoundly serious. I complimented him on the performance.

"It is a very ancient ceremony; it is the old song of the stonecutters," he said gravely. "They sang it to their most important god, Atua, to pray for good fortune in the work they were about to begin." He said that the singing had been "a bit serious," because it was an old song to God. "Our ancestors knew no better," he continued. "They thought God was called Atua."

Next morning we went up to the quarry in Rano Raraku. There we found the mayor and five of his long-ears collecting old stone picks, which lay on the ledges in hundreds. Each man had a calabash of water standing beside him. The mayor took measurements along the rock face, now by means of outstretched arms, now by spreading out his fingers.

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The long-ears held their picks like daggers, and at a sign from the mayor they burst into the stonecutters' song, each man striking the rock face in time with the rhythm of the tune. Stroke followed stroke, clink-clink, clink, clink-clink-clink.

Not much of a mark was made by any one blow, hardly more than a gray patch of dust, but with another blow, and one more, and still another, something was gained. And at intervals the men splashed water on the rock face to soften it and to prevent splinters from flying in their eyes.

Next day, and the day after, the work went on. On the third day the contours of the giant were visible on the rock wall.

After the third day the tempo of the work slowed down. The long-ears said that they were indeed wood carvers who worked with adz and chisel all day long, but they were not trained *moai* men, statue sculptors; therefore they could not keep the pace going week after week as their ancestors had done. The mayor estimated that it would take twelve months to complete a medium-sized statue, with two teams working all day in shifts.

That evening I took little Anette on my shoulders and, with my wife, went over to the cave across the Anakena Valley, where the long-ears were encamped. They were singing a song about Hotu Matua, the legendary discoverer of Easter Island. It was an ancient song with a catchy tune, well known on the island. Even Anette, only three years old, knew the tune and all the Polynesian words. She sang and danced with two little Polynesian children, while Yvonne and I sat on a reed mat beside the long-ears.

It was beginning to grow dark. An old woman produced a can with a dent in the bottom. In the dent were sheep's fat and a homemade wick, and this imitation of an old-fashioned stone lamp gave a surprisingly good light. A thin old man said that their ancestors used no light at night for fear that they would be seen by the enemy.

"They didn't eat much in those days," said the old man. "They were afraid of growing fat. They always had to be ready to fight in the time we call *Huri-moai*, or the 'Statue-overthrowing' time."

"It's called so because that's when the warriors threw down the statues," said another.

"Why did they, when the long-ears had been burned already?" I asked.

"The short-ears did it against each other," the mayor told me. "Those who had statues on their land were proud of them. When they went to war, one family pulled down the statues on another's land. We long-ears are not so warlike."

"How can you be sure that you're a long-ear?" I asked.

The mayor began to count on his fingers.

"Because my father Jose Abraham Atan was son of Tuputahi who was a long-ear because he was the son of Hare Kai Hiva who was son of Aongatu, son of Uhi, son of Motuha, son of Pea, son of Inaki who was son of Ororoina, the only long-ear left alive after the war at Iko's ditch."

"That's ten generations," I said.

"Then I've left one out, for I'm Number Eleven," said the mayor, and he began to count on his fingers again.

"I'm the eleventh generation too," said a man lying back in the cave. "But I'm only a younger son. Pedro is the eldest, that's why he's head of our family."

A few days later I was standing with the mayor looking at the row of fallen statues on the temple square in front of our camp.

"You're a long-ear, mayor. Don't you know how these giants were raised?"

"Yes, *Señor*. There's nothing to it."

"Nothing to it? It's one of the greatest mysteries of Easter Island!"

"But I know it. I can raise a *moai*."

"Who taught you?"

"*Señor*, when I was a very little boy, my grandfather and his old brother-in-law Porotu taught me many things."

The mayor seemed sincere, but I did not know what to believe. After all, he had a lively imagination.

I coolly offered him $100 on the day when the biggest statue at Anakena stood in its place on the temple wall. I knew there was not a single statue standing on its old *ahu* in all Easter Island.

"It's a deal, *Señor*," the mayor said quickly. "If I go to Chile with the next

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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warship, I shall need dollars." The warship from Chile calls once a year.

Soon afterward the mayor's red-haired son came from the village to see me. Juan said his father wanted me to talk to Governor Curti and arrange that he and eleven other men should be allowed to camp in Hotu Matua's cave at Anakena to raise the largest statue. I rode in to see the governor. Both he and Father Sebastian said that it was just empty brag. But Don Pedro, the mayor, stood before us hat in hand, I held to my bargain, and the governor gave his blessing on a piece of paper.

Then the mayor came with two of his brothers and nine other relatives who were all long-ears on their mothers' side. The steward served out rations, and they moved into Hotu Matua's cave again. Just before sunset the mayor dug a deep hole in the ground between our tents. Then he disappeared. When it was dark and the camp was quiet, uncanny music began.

All the men had decked themselves with leaves and boughs. Some of them swayed and danced and stamped as if in ecstasy. One of the mayor's brothers, Juan, stood in the newly dug hole, in which a container had been placed with a stone slab over it. Juan was stamping rhythmically with bare feet to produce a hollow drumming noise. Meanwhile the singing and dancing went on. We understood only the refrain, which was about a *moai* which was to be erected at Kon-Tiki's command on an *ahu* at Anakena.

The next morning the twelve long-ears came to look at the problem that faced them. The largest statue at Anakena lay face down beside my tent. He was nearly ten feet wide across the shoulders and weighed between twenty-five and thirty tons.

Olsen, chief engineer of our expedition ship, shook his head. "Well, if the mayor can manage that devil, he'll be a helluva fellow."

In the first place, the giant lay with his head far down a slope. His base was four yards from the great slab on which he had originally stood. But the mayor began to organize the work as calmly as if he had never done anything else. His only tools were long wooden poles and a quantity of stones which his men had collected in the vicinity.

The figure had its face buried deep in the earth, but the men got the tips of their poles underneath it, and while three or four men heaved at the end of each pole, the mayor lay on his stomach and pushed small stones under the huge face. Occasionally we saw a faint suggestion of movement in the giant when the eleven men got in an extra good heave, but otherwise nothing happened except that the mayor lay there grubbing about with his stones. But the hours passed, and the stones he shoved in became larger and larger. When evening came, the giant's head had been lifted a good three feet from the ground.

On the ninth day the huge figure lay stretched on its stomach on the top of a pile of stones, the highest side being nearly twelve feet above the slope. It was uncanny to see this giant of nearly thirty tons lying up there, above our heads. The men could no longer reach the poles on which they hauled—they just hung dangling from ropes which were made fast to the ends.

This looked dangerous. Anette was no longer allowed to push her doll buggy up to the statue with pebbles for the mayor. Now only the strongest men came staggering along barefoot, with heavy boulders in their arms. The weight of the colossus was so great that some of the stones cracked under the pressure.

On the tenth day the statue lay at its highest. Inch by inch, the long-ears began to jerk it toward the *ahu* on which it was to stand. On the eleventh day they began to raise the giant toward a standing position by building the stones up higher under the face and chest.

On the seventeenth day a shriveled old woman suddenly appeared among the long-ears. Together with the mayor she laid a semicircle of stones as large as eggs on the great slab toward which the giant was beginning to fumble for a foothold. This was preventive magic. The statue was leaning at a sharp angle, and there was danger of its slipping forward and rolling down the steep wall of the *ahu*. The mayor tied ropes round the giant's forehead, and made them fast to stakes in the ground on four sides.

Then the eighteenth working day came. While some hauled on one rope and others held fast to another rope twisted round a post, the last cautious jerks with a wooden pole began. Suddenly the giant began to move.

"Hold on! Hold on!"

The giant rose in all his might and began to tilt, a rumbling and sliding of stones began, and great blocks came crashing down in a cloud of dust. But the colossus came quietly to rest in an upright position.

There it stood, stiff and broad-shouldered, so huge that the whole landscape was changed. The broad back was a landmark which could be seen far out to sea. When we moved about in the camp that night, the burly ogre seemed to come rolling forward out of the starry sky, ready to strike.

For the first time in hundreds of years one of the Easter Island giants stood in his place on top of an *ahu*. Everyone who could leave the village came to Anakena to see the mayor's work, including the governor, the priest, and the nuns from the leper colony. The mayor basked in praise. He had known that he could provide the answer to one of Easter Island's oldest riddles. Had anyone expected anything less of him, Don Pedro Atan, mayor of the island and senior long-ear? If he were paid for it, he would put up every statue in every *ahu* on the whole island, and everything would be as in the good old days.

"Don Pedro, Mayor," I said, "now perhaps you can tell me how your ancestors moved the figures about on the island."

"They walked," the mayor replied.

"Rubbish."

"I believe that they walked, and we must respect our forefathers who have said so. But the forefathers who told me that had not seen it with their own eyes, so who knows if their forefathers did not use a *miro manga erua?*"

"What's that?"

The mayor explained that it was a sledge made from a forked tree trunk. "At any rate, they used those to drag the big blocks for the wall," he said. "I can make you a specimen."

A few paces from the camp one of the archaeologists had just dug out a statue which had been hidden in the sand. I pointed to it.

"Can you draw that *moai* across the plain with your men?"

"The other people in the village would have to help."

The statue was not very large. I had an idea. The mayor helped me to get hold of two oxen. They were slaughtered, and placed by the long-ears between hot stones in a large earth oven. We issued invitations to a great feast, and soon the whole plain was swarming with people from the village.

Men and women sat all over the grass, with their hands full of steaming meat, while the long-ears served out heaps of sweet potatoes, corn on the cob and pumpkins, which had all been baked in a pit with the oxen. Guitars were produced, and there was hula dancing on the temple square.

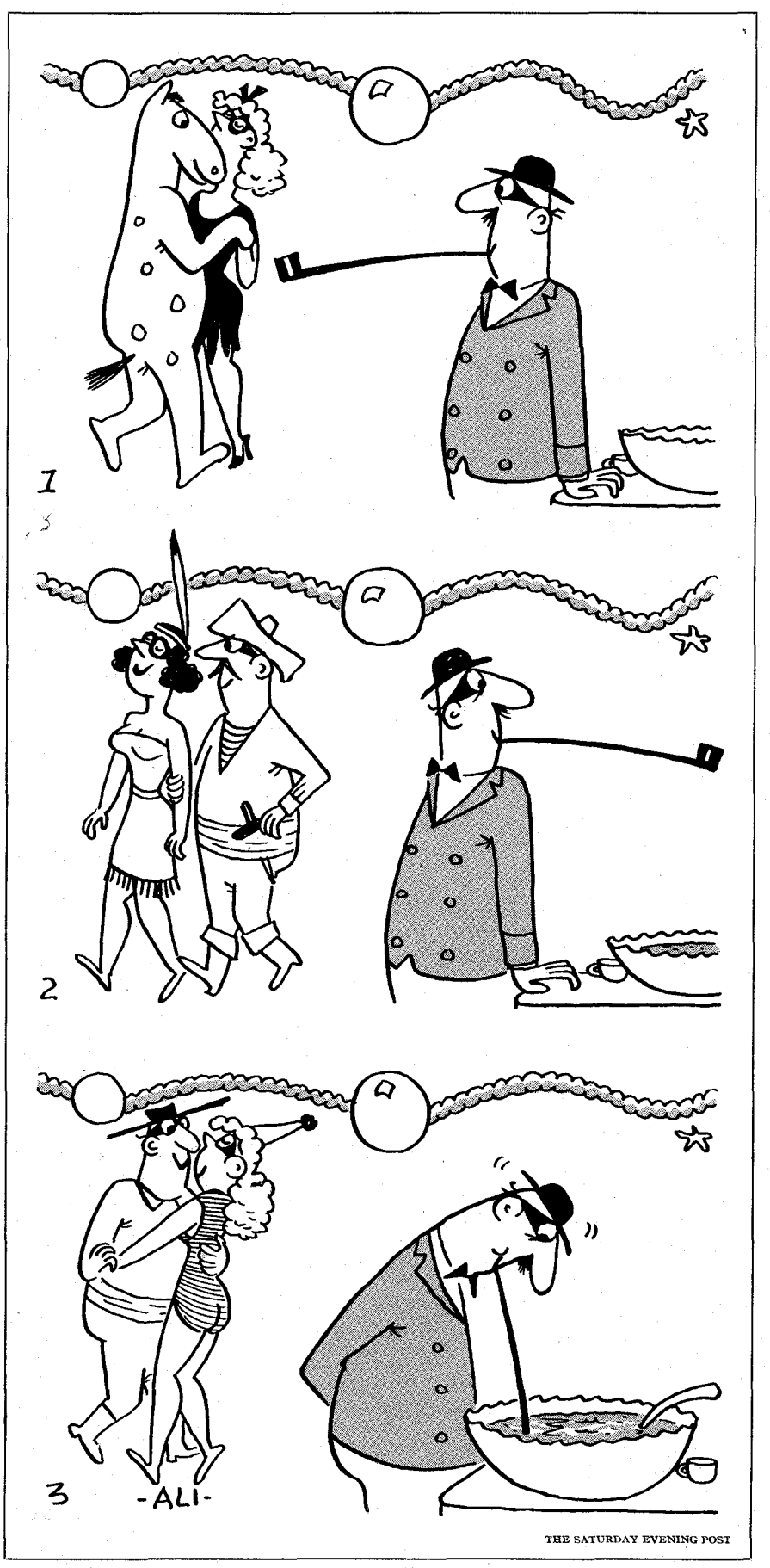
Meanwhile the long-ears had made preparations for the moving of the statue. One hundred and eighty natives, sated and jubilant, took their places on a long rope which was fastened around the statue's neck. The mayor, wearing a new white shirt and striped tie, was in great form.

"One, two, three! One, two, three!"

Pang! The rope broke, and there was wild laughter as men and vahines rolled on the ground. The mayor ordered the rope to be doubled and made fast again. Now the giant began to move—first in short jerks, but then steadily. We stopped them a little way out on the plain. It was enough, for we had established that 180 natives with full stomachs could draw a twelve-ton statue across the plain. With wooden runners and many more people we could have drawn a much larger figure.

At last we had seen how water and stone picks could gnaw the statues out of the solid rock, given time; we had seen how ropes and wooden runners could move the giants from place to place if there were enough hands to pull; we had seen how the colossi could be lifted to the tops of walls if only one applied the right technique. But a new Easter Island mystery had begun to develop. It interfered with the whole of our program, diverting our minds from the great statues.

Editors' Note—Next week, in the third of four articles, Mr. Heyerdahl reveals the treasures of the caves.



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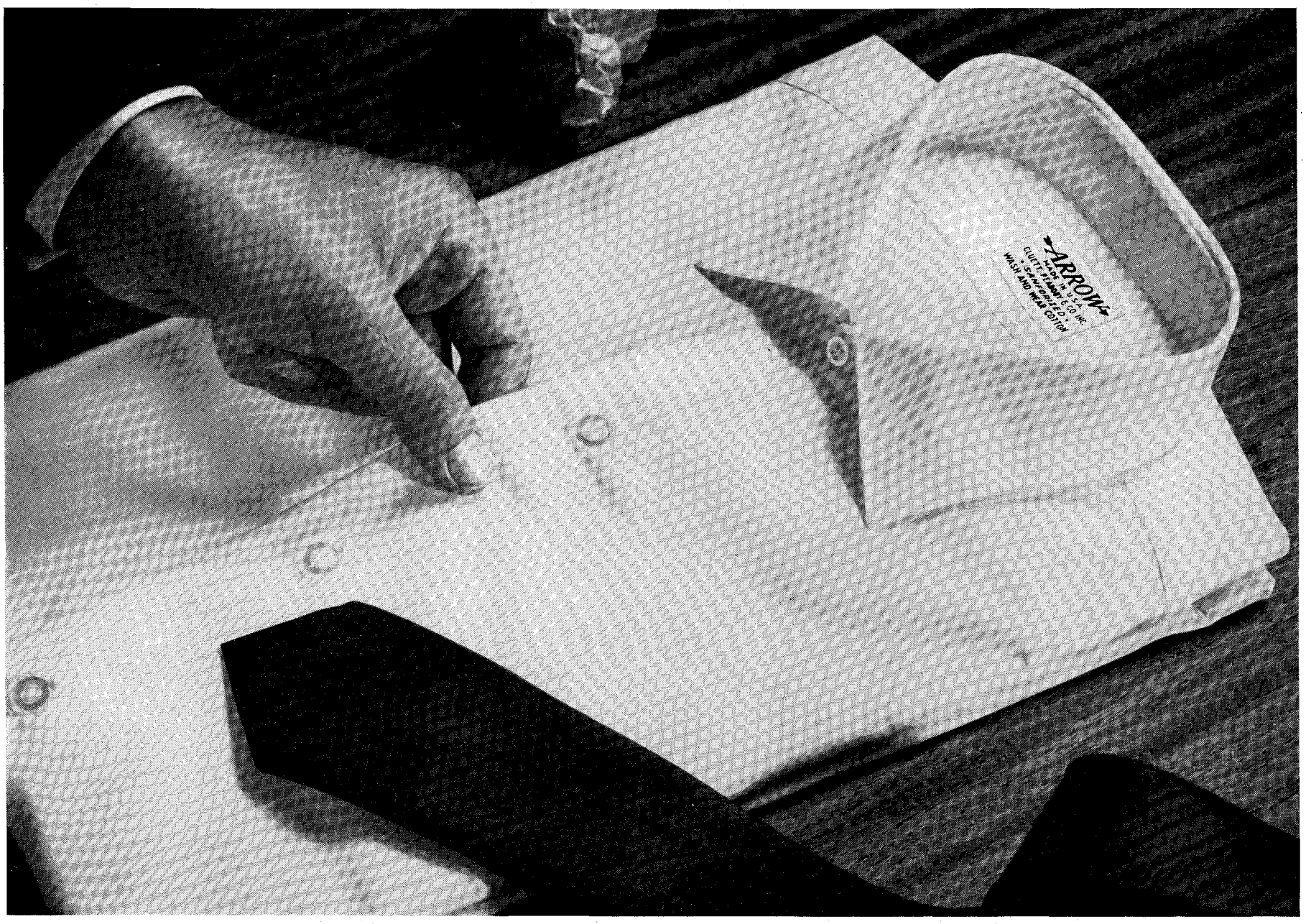

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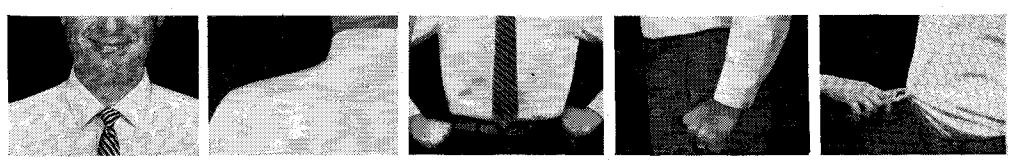

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The Uses of Vinegar and Herbs

(Continued from Page 36)

So Johnson made it his mission to educate American taste buds, which he considers in need of sharpening. In fact, Johnson is apt to start whetting the taste buds of anyone who calls on him in his plant. Here the balding, sixty-five-year-old epicure sits solemnly in the slot of an angled desk piled with a jumble of bottles of herbs and vinegars, canisters of tea, jars of soup stock, samples of relishes or spices or other palate teasers. From time to time he feels the urge to try a spoonful of tarragon vinegar or perhaps a dab of granulated essence of beef, a taste of vanilla nectar or a pinch of curry powder. Johnson's callers are expected to go right along with him, taste for taste.

"I hope this doesn't ruin your appetite," he apologizes. "It just makes me more hungry. I'm always hungry."

Picking up the phone, Johnson may say, "Bring me a head of lettuce and some oil. I want to show Mr. Doe the proper way to toss salad."

Clearing a space on his desk, Johnson fastidiously breaks the lettuce leaves into a bowl, explaining that lettuce should never, never be guillotined with a knife. Pouring in a teaspoon of olive oil, he shakes in some salt and a dash of salad herbs, and begins tossing lettuce ceremoniously with a wooden spoon and fork. When the leaves are coated with oil he adds a few drops of his favorite vinegar, does some more tossing, tastes a bit of lettuce, frowns, adds more oil or vinegar, repeats the exercise until satisfied. Then he hands a plate of lettuce and a fork to Doe, who may or may not crave lettuce at that particular hour. But, captivated by the aroma and the way Johnson is smacking his lips, Doe invariably eats the salad.

About this time an assistant announces, "We are ready," and Johnson says cheerfully, "I trust you brought along your appetite."

The party then adjourns to the testing kitchen, where three or four members of the staff have gathered to savor the delicacies simmering on the various burners and in the oven of a range over which Mrs. Louise Driggs presides. Mrs. Driggs is a cook with degrees from three universities—bachelor of science in home economics from Kansas State, bachelor of science in journalism from the University of Missouri, master of science in home economics from New York University—and her skill is whipping into tasty dishes the recipes conjured up by Johnson or sent in by fans, plus some she herself invents.

After a swallow of milk, to neutralize the taste buds, everybody tries a ground round steak smothered with a seasoning sauce that is Johnson's fervor at the moment. "Could be better," he opines, which means that the recipe needs some tinkering. Then, after swigs of milk, come ground clams with spaghetti, a new kind of old-fashioned Boston beans, spareribs cooked with a barbecue sauce, a vanilla ice cream with orchid seeds in it.

At this point the tasters call a recess until noon, when Johnson, with another relay of staffers, will sample more recipes that Mrs. Driggs has turned into foods. By midafternoon she is ready for still another relay, always led by Johnson. These samplings, which take place three days a week, fail to dull Johnson's appetite, and he invariably goes home "hungry as a bear." A dinner steak usually assuages the pangs of hunger, but at midnight Johnson may knock out a chili rarebit, particularly if guests are still around.

"I never tire of tasting, nor of eating," explains Johnson, who weighed 190 when he started the business and tipped the scales at 240 recently when he launched a determined drive to lose pounds. "I know instantly when tastes are right. My palate is my fortune."

Although Johnson's livelihood is selling savorings, his constant admonition is to "be light-handed—beware of overseasoning." He has plastered stores and markets with "take it easy with seasonings" warnings. He repeats the caution in 3,000,000 recipe leaflets which he distributes yearly in his crusade to uplift American palates.

Every year more embryo gourmets who read his warnings have their curiosity piqued about the herbs and spices and vinegars he cautions them to use so sparingly. Last year this curiosity led them to pay $4,000,000 at retail for Johnson's products. Half a dozen competitors have greater volume, but Johnson sells in more states and more countries. He also has more items to delight gourmets, about 200 in all. His prices are about double those of most of his competitors because, as Johnson says, "A gourmet doesn't care what he pays as long as he gets the true flavor."

When Johnson first decided to peddle his surplus wine vinegar, back in 1941, he filled some small but attractive bottles, stuck on the Spice Islands label he had designed, and toted samples of his wares around to San Francisco's more exclusive stores.

"I don't know if you'll like this vinegar or not," he told buyers, "but I wish you would take a bottle home and try it."

Pointing to the label, Johnson would say dubiously, "I doubt if Spice Islands is a good brand name. What do you think?"

Buyers invariably argued for keeping the name, while Johnson belittled it, although he would have sacrificed an eye or an arm before giving up the Spice Islands name, which he had hit upon years before. Almost everyone assumed that Johnson was dreaming of romantic South Seas Spice Islands, but he says he was thinking of islands in food stores stocked with seasonings bearing his label, a vision that has since come true.

"The buyers didn't forget the label and they didn't forget the vinegar, once they had tasted it," recalls Johnson happily.

Despite this ambiguity about the spice islands, Johnson is an artful peddler of romance as well as taste. His ambition is to check personally every storied source of savorings on the globe. He aims to gather nutmegs in the Banda Islands, cloves in Zanzibar, cinnamon in Ceylon, pepper in Indonesia, tea in Darjeeling. Though he has been too busy in the vinegar works to cover the fabled Spice Islands of the Far Pacific, he has a fund of spice lore derived largely from the wall of books behind his desk. Johnson has book dealers in a score of cities on the watch for rare old cookbooks, volumes by or about great chefs, works on spice or herb growing. He reads cookbooks the way most people read Westerns or whodunits before dropping off to sleep at night.

So far, Johnson's pilgrimages to the sources of seasonings have been to the spice-growing islands of the West Indies, to which early British, Dutch and French explorers introduced many of the spice flora of the East Indies, and to Mexico, Central America and the Mediterranean countries.

One such journey was to Murcia, in Spain. Murcia is the fabled home of Don Quixote, the jouster, and of saffron, which is the most expensive seasoning Johnson has bought, costing around sixty dollars per pound at times. Saffron is also grown in Southern France and India, but gourmets demand the saffron of Murcia to give just that proper taste touch to their cakes, buns and curries. In the Murcia area, the stigmas of an autumn-blooming crocus, grown on small family farms, are picked tediously by hand, dried slowly in clay ovens in pans with netting bottoms, then cured in heavy chests before packaging in airtight cans for shipping. Johnson uses about 800 pounds of saffron each year.

One facet of Johnson's self-appointed mission is to correct popular fallacies about spices. Take allspice, for example. Many people think this is a mixture of all kinds of spices. Actually it is a little dried berry that grows on a tall tree which thrives in Jamaica, Honduras and Mexico. To get the berries, the natives fell the matured trees, and when they fail to plant more trees, the result is an allspice famine.

Nutmeg also grows on a tall tree—a cousin of the laurel—mainly in Grenada, in the West Indies, to which it was introduced from the Banda Islands, in the East Indies, long ago. But the nutmeg tree opens its orange pods, permitting the seeds to fall to the ground. Native workers gather them up and peel off the wrapping, which is ground up to make mace, another seasoning almost as popular as the pulverized nutmeg seed itself.

Currently Johnson is plugging vanilla, which now comes mainly from Mexico. He says flavoring with vanilla is a lost art, which he is trying to revive by selling the beans, packaged in slender bottles. The beans are grown on a vine which Johnson says is an orchid. Each bean is filled with countless black seeds as fine as specks of dust, and it is the seeds that carry the aroma. Johnson rates this as one of the great taste-bud treats, and thinks every kitchen should have a cluster of vanilla beans aging in brandy, for use in cakes and ice cream.

While in Jamaica, Johnson tracked down what he considers the best source of ginger (*Continued on Page 132*)

Spices Add the Exotic Touch

Gold Coast French Toast

1 egg
1 cup evaporated milk
1 tablespoon sugar
1 teaspoon cinnamon
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
¼ teaspoon salt
6 slices bread

Mix ingredients well, dip bread on both sides and brown on well-greased griddle. Serve with soft butter and maple syrup.

Vinegar Pie

Serves 6

Line seven-inch pie tin with pastry, bake in 450-degree oven eight to ten minutes.

FILLING:

½ cup sugar
1¾ tablespoons arrowroot
1 teaspoon cinnamon
¼ teaspoon cloves
¼ teaspoon allspice
⅛ teaspoon salt
1 large egg—room temperature
1 cup water
2¾ tablespoons white wine vinegar
2 tablespoons butter

Mix dry ingredients, add water and vinegar and cook until thick. Beat egg slightly; add small amount of custard, then put this mix into custard. Cook one minute. Stir in butter. Cool until lukewarm, put in pie shell, cover with meringue. Be sure that meringue reaches outer edge of crust. Return to oven. Bake until meringue is golden.

MERINGUE:

2 egg whites (large eggs)
4 tablespoons granulated sugar
⅔ teaspoon arrowroot
1½ teaspoons white wine vinegar

Beat egg whites until peaks form. Mix arrowroot, sugar, add 2 tablespoons at a time to egg whites, blending thoroughly after each addition. Stir in vinegar.

Lobster Bisque

Serves 6 to 8

2 6½-oz. cans lobster or 1 lb. fresh or frozen lobster meat
2 tablespoons olive oil
2 tablespoons instant minced onions soaked in 2 tablespoons water
½ cup thinly sliced carrots
¼ cup thinly sliced celery
2 cups water
2 tablespoons chicken stock base
1½ cups dry white wine
1/32 teaspoon saffron
½ teaspoon paprika
¼ teaspoon curry powder
1 cup light cream
¼ teaspoon dill weed
¼ teaspoon chervil or shredded parsley

Separate lobster into bite-size chunks. Cook onions gently in olive oil until golden. Add carrots, celery, water, chicken stock base and wine. Add saffron, paprika and curry powder and simmer until vegetables are done. Add lobster meat and cream, and heat just to boiling. Sprinkle with dill weed and chervil or parsley and serve at once in soup plates or bowls with toasted French bread.

Barbecue Marinade

3½ Cups

Good for steaks, chops or game. It's equally good to use for broiling as well as barbecuing. This recipe transforms a blade cut pot roast into a rare delicacy.

3 teaspoons Beau Monde seasoning
2 teaspoons sugar
¼ teaspoon garlic powder
1 teaspoon Java cracked black pepper
3 or 4 cloves
1 bay leaf
1 tablespoon instant minced onion
1 medium-size carrot, scraped and thinly sliced
2 teaspoons whole parsley
½ cup red wine vinegar
1½ cups Burgundy wine

Combine seasoning salt, sugar, garlic powder, pepper, cloves, bay leaf, minced white onion, thinly sliced carrot and whole parsley. Pour in vinegar and wine; stir well. Pour marinade over meat in large pottery, glass or enamelware bowl or pan. Let stand in marinade 8 to 12 hours, turning several times. When time to barbecue or broil, lift meat out of marinade and place on grill or on broiler pan. Barbecue or broil slowly to preferred doneness.

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LOVE'S SWEET UNIVERSE—PHOTOGRAPH BY DONALD MACK

Bright wonder...in your world of love *To the sweet, small universe of two in love, earth sends enchanted envoys . . . fresh-faced blossoms to bid you dream . . . a bright engagement diamond to honor your happiness. And in your widening world of family and responsibilities, this wondrous gem will stay full-shining. Reflecting each facet of your life and love, it will treasure their meaning, always . . . for you, and endless generations.*

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Color, cutting and clarity, as well as carat weight, contribute to a diamond's beauty and value. A trusted jeweler is your best adviser. Divided payments can usually be arranged.

A DIAMOND IS FOREVER

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(*Continued from Page 130*) root, which the British carried from China to the West Indies in early colonial days. Johnson is finicky about ginger and insists on grinding the dried root in his own plant so that the fibers can be carefully sifted out of the ginger powder. This gives it not only better taste but a light lemon color. Since he packs all his products in clear glass jars, Johnson is a stickler for color. Sometimes he goes to almost absurd lengths to get the right shade in a seasoning.

Occasionally Johnson's journeys to the sources of glamorous tastes are disillusioning. A few years back, he was in the Mediterranean area, chasing down a source of juniper berries for certain fussy gourmets who can't be happy with chicken or kidneys unless they have that juniper tang. Johnson visited several herb farms and was aghast at the haphazard way the European growers harvested and dried such crops as thyme, sage, rosemary, orégano, marjoram, tarragon and dill.

In Johnson's book, the leafy herbs are delicacies which must be harvested almost to the hour to catch them when their numerous minuscule cells of aromatic oils are at their best. This goes particularly for thyme, a six-inch-high plant whose top three inches yield the purest flavoring; and for sage, which guards its oils with millions of follicles, like the fuzz on peaches. (Johnson barbers these off with a special machine.) Dill, marjoram, and chervil, which is a kind of sweet parsley, he harvests just as the plants are about to burst into bud, and not a day sooner nor a day later.

His years as a mechanical engineer stood Johnson in good stead in designing machinery to glean these herb crops. In the dry Sacramento Valley, he can time harvesting to the hour to get the maximum of seasoning per leaf, bud or seed. This attention to detail has had an unexpected pay-off. Johnson is now shipping herbs and herb-seasoned vinegars to Europe, which once had a monopoly of this end of the seasoning business.

"It's our version of shipping coals to Newcastle," says Johnson, who is now somewhat astonished to find himself consigning tea to Hong Kong too.

The tea business grew out of a splinter hobby. Johnson's palate demands a morning cup of coffee to get the day's show on the road, but after this eye opener, he drinks tea. He thinks tea has become too much of a woman's drink, with overemphasis on jasmine and other perfumes. Some years ago he set out on a search for full-bodied "man's tea," entering into correspondence with tea brokers, growers and dealers in Ceylon, Darjeeling, Assam, Formosa and Japan.

Johnson finally found his man's tea in Formosa. It was Lapsang-Souchong, a fancy variety of tea specially smoked to order for the late J. P. Morgan, Sr., who gave canisters of it to his friends for Christmas. Johnson decided to do likewise, not only with Lapsang-Souchong but with other full-bodied teas, and soon found himself packaging teas for movie stars, businessmen and various connoisseurs who liked to send their friends something unusual for Yuletide. Three years ago he added a tea wing to the spice-and-vinegar works in South San Francisco and was in the tea business.

Johnson is as fastidious about teas as he is about herbs and insists upon brewing tea the old-fashioned way, bringing the water to a raging boil, then pouring it over the tea leaves and ticking off four minutes for the leaves to swell and yield their aroma and caffeine before he gives them a stir.

Johnson's favorite tea now is a delicate silver-tipped oolong, which comes from Formosa, where the first young shoots are gathered in a special harvest. The same early harvest in Japan yields young hyson, a similar delicate green tea. In Ceylon, Johnson has his agents buy tea from one side of the mountain in the spring, from the other side in the autumn, because the moisture-bearing monsoon winds blow northeast part of the year, southwest later in the season, and an overdose of moisture results in the tea leaves' growing too fast, with too little taste. Similarly, in Darjeeling and Assam, where the British introduced tea from China, he bids on tea only when the season is right.

This fussiness about tea recently brought Johnson an accolade that pleased him more than dollars and almost as much as a well-tossed salad. Some weeks previously, he had brewed a pot of his "man's tea" for some critical British travelers visiting San Francisco en route to the Orient. They hadn't liked it. He'd tried silver-tipped oolong, with no better results. He'd given them Darjeeling from the Himalayas, and they had remained critical.

"We'll send you some real tea from the Orient," they'd promised.

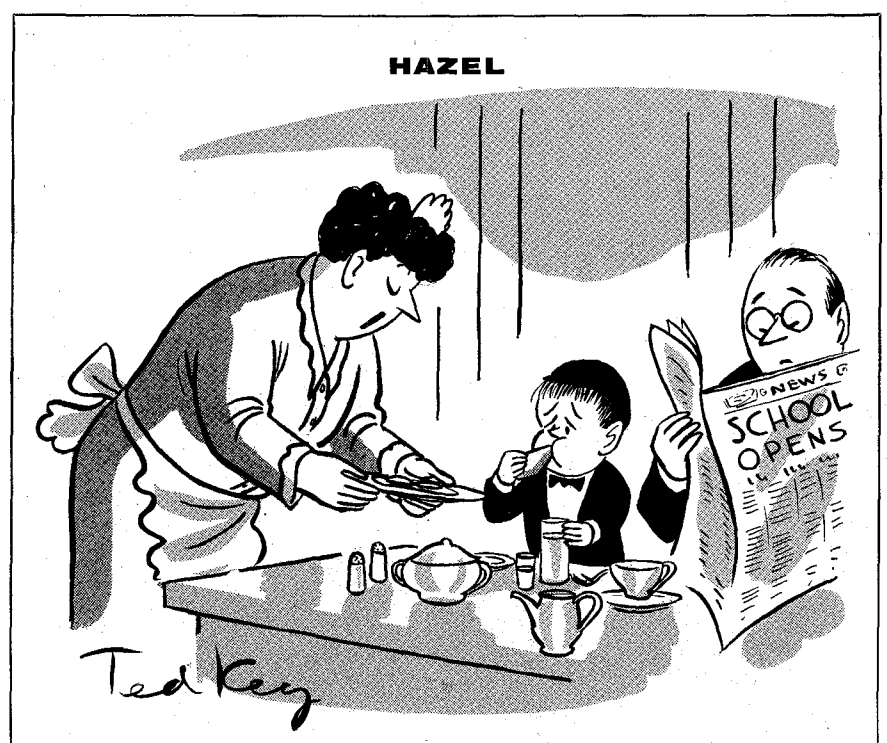
A month later they were drinking tea in Hong Kong. "This is the tea to send Johnson," one of them said. "What kind is it?"

Their host clapped for a boy, who brought the tea container. It bore the Spice Islands label. The British, being good sports, promptly reported the incident to Johnson.

Before entering the spice business, Johnson had prospered first as an engineer and later as a securities broker, and had semiretired when he was practically wiped out by the depression. In 1938, when he was forty-six, he decided that he wasn't making much money selling stocks and bonds and might as well spend his time doing what he wanted to do. After unloading his seat on the San Francisco Stock Exchange, Johnson had only a rambling old twenty-room house at Los Gatos, a sizable barn, a carriage house which the previous owner had converted into an eight-car garage, and four acres of orchard and garden. The Johnson family, consisting of Johnson's aged father, his wife Pauline and three teen-age children—son Fred, Jr., and daughters Sally and Arian—found themselves genteel hillbillies.

Johnson hails from Minnesota, where his family was noted for groaning tables of good food. He had fiddled with foods since he was a youngster, often to the annoyance of his wife, who seldom had a kitchen she could call her own.

Johnson's idea of a good time was to invite old cronies down for the weekend and use them as testing committees for the recipes he liked to try, by way of demonstrating his culinary prowess. The males sallied forth on sampling expeditions to nearby wineries, where they helped Johnson select wines for his vinegar making. They returned from these jaunts bursting with joviality. Johnson and his pals would crowd into the kitchen, where he tossed salad which they tasted merrily. Then the party adjourned to the big bay tree, where Johnson barbecued chickens or steaks, savored with his homemade seasonings. All this was a little rough on his wife, Johnson now admits.



"The prisoner ate a hearty breakfast."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"You couldn't blame her for being a little upset," says Johnson. "I was curing eschalots and garlic and sage and other herbs I grew in the garden. The whole house reeked, and the family didn't go for it at all."

For a time, Mrs. Johnson thought the depression would be a disguised blessing. Her husband might have to go back to the office and give up his vinegar making and herb curing. It didn't work that way. Johnson kept on making vinegar, lovingly aging and testing each barrel of the stuff until it reached its prime in eight to nine months. More ominous, cases of bottled vinegar, carefully labeled, piled up in the garage. Gradually it dawned on her that her single-minded husband was determined to turn their home into a vinegar works. Her suspicions were confirmed on the morning when he loaded the family car with bottles of vinegar and headed for San Francisco.

Johnson's sales that first year, 1941, brought in $6500. The following year he took in $37,000, and was able to move his growing business out of the Los Gatos house, which he later sold, and into the basement of an old building in San Francisco, where his office was in the boiler room. Later he expanded into a loft building, and in 1954 built a model vinegar works and herb-curing plant in South San Francisco. It is here that Johnson sits behind his sprawling desk, stacked with condiments—his own and competitors'—and savors to his palate's content. In 1957 the Spice Islands Company was merged with the neighboring and noncompetitive Leslie Salt Company. An old-timer in the San Francisco area, Leslie had more money than it could use in the salt works; Spice Islands had more business than Johnson could finance. He continues to run Spice Islands, now a wholly owned subsidiary of Leslie Salt, virtually as a separate entity.

During the days when his office was in the boiler room, Mrs. Jeanne Owen, secretary of the Wine and Food Society, called on Johnson one day and urged him to bring the vinegars and seasonings to New York and demonstrate them. Johnson didn't have the money to finance the trip at the time. His banker didn't consider the fledgling business a good-enough risk for a loan. Friends who found his enthusiasm contagious chipped in for a grubstake.

Carrying heavy suitcases packed with vinegars and spices, Johnson caught a train for the East. Mrs. Owen organized a series of gourmet dinners, inviting food writers and buyers to partake at Johnson's expense. As course followed course, Johnson began to visualize the bill at the end of the meal, and wondered whether it would be better to make some excuse and fade away or to wait and be bounced from his own party. He decided to wait.

"With the tip, it took every dollar I had," he recalls. "I had to walk back to my hotel, where I wired my friends for more money."

The money arrived in time for the next dinner, but Johnson didn't need it. When he asked for the check, the beaming restaurateur waved a sheaf of newspaper clippings and exulted, "No bill, sir; look at all the publicity."

The gourmet dinners in New York and other cities inspired so many orders that Johnson promptly bounced out of the red and has stayed out ever since. Although the business has grown steadily, Johnson still finds time to do his own buying, either directly from growers of herbs, spices and teas, or through brokers. He sells through brokers, but has his own servicemen who check his products in stores in metropolitan areas. They have orders to return to the plant any vinegars or seasonings that are not moving off the shelves.

"We don't want any dusty bottles or soiled labels in the stores or markets," explains Johnson. "If it doesn't sell, we take it back."

One of Johnson's joys is the stream of letters trickling in from gourmets all over the world. These include a justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, movie and TV stars, European royalty, VIP's who have him put up special teas or seasonings for gifts, or just run-of-the-mill good eaters who want such information as Johnson's recipe for vinegar pie, his favorite dessert, which is made with wine vinegar, arrowroot, egg, sugar, cinnamon, allspice and pie crust.

Johnson urges good eaters to kick off the day with a tasty breakfast, by way of arousing their palates for the day. His idea of a breakfast is fruit or juice and French toast with cinnamon and nutmeg savoring. Or he will settle for pancakes or waffles with bacon and maple syrup. Or omelet seasoned with dried onion or bell-pepper flakes and hickory-smoked salt.

Recently one of Johnson's fans sent him a personal seal done in Chinese characters. It was an exotic and eye-catching seal, and Johnson decided to use it on his stationery. Then it occurred to him that he had better find out what the characters meant. Back from Chinatown came the literal translation, "Fragrant Ingredient Island Merchant." THE END

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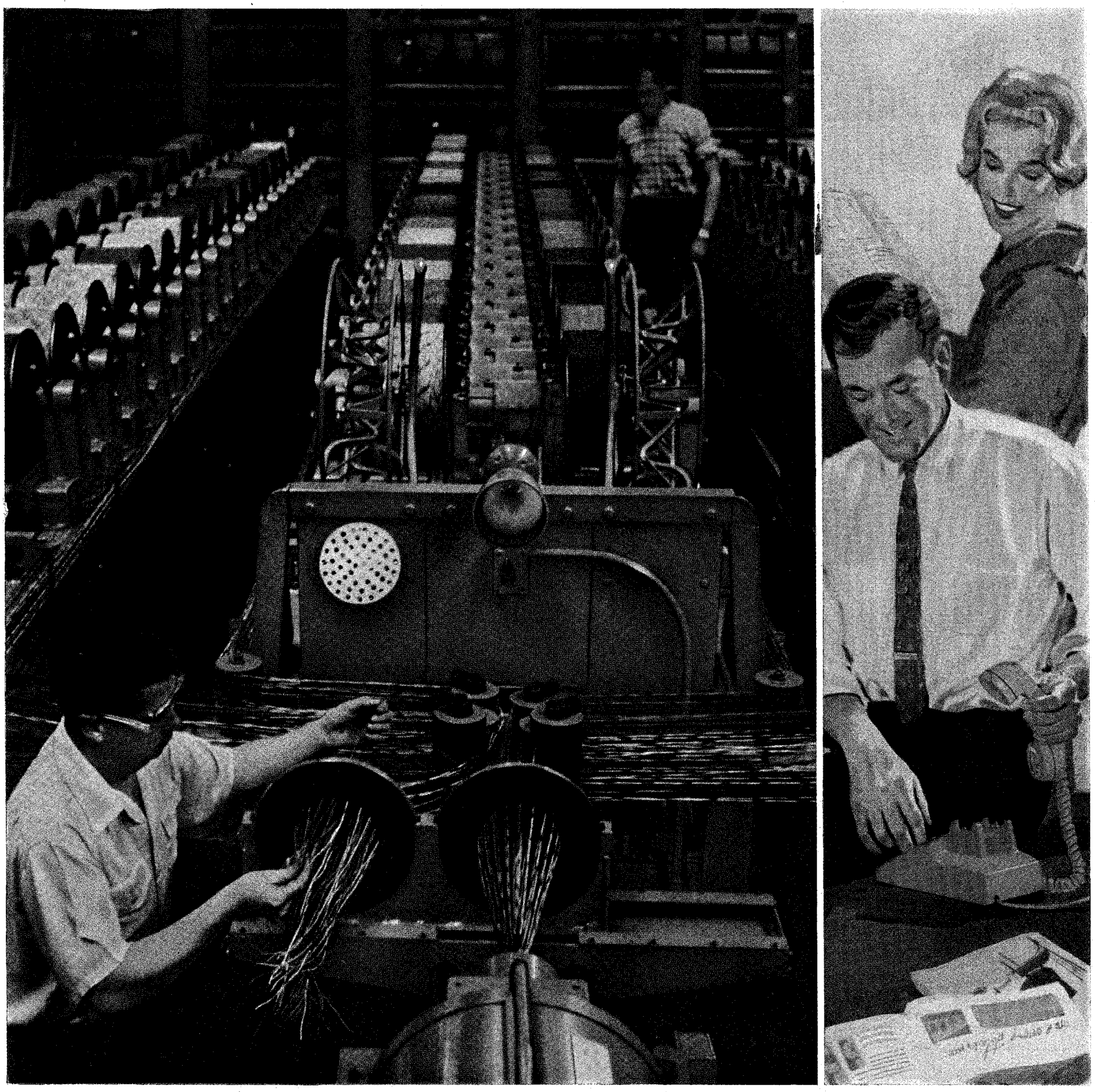

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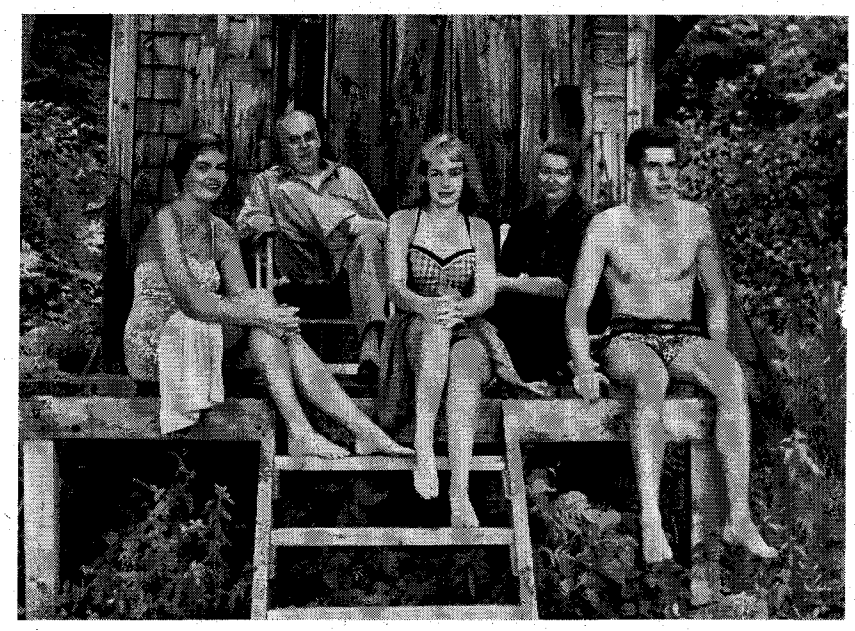
Keeping Posted

Campaigning Cartoonist

Nearly everybody agreed with cartoonist **Frank Dahl** of the Boston Herald when he launched a campaign for removal of a goofy-looking log-cabin information booth which had been erected on Boston Common. But when city officials finally surrendered and put the structure in the Zoo, Bostonians were very sad because they had come to love the cabin as a cartoon character, and now it was dead. Dahl, whom art editor Ken Stuart describes as a perceptive and hilarious commentator on human affairs, has created many a beloved picture-legend, including his "typical" Bostonian with the rolled umbrella and the electric auto. And now his newest creation is the Greenwood family (page 54), whose very human tribulations began in the Aug. 30 Post. By the way, that isn't the Boston cabin in the picture; Dahl posed his family at the pump house near a summer cottage, for some reason.

Dahl says, with his habitual air of sadness, "I'm a commuter (Newton, Mass., to Boston) who foresees the eventual disappearance of his railroad and expects to have a toll highway cut through his bedroom. I'll hate to pay toll to go to bed." Dahl's education terminated in "my being enthusiastically bounced out of high school," and in 1930 "the Herald decided I'd never amount to anything anyway and let me go to work as a cartoonist." Dahl often sits down to a blank drawing board as late as 8 at night, but he always comes up with a cartoon before the 10 P.M. deadline. He is now campaigning to have restaurants everywhere serve New England clam chowder and oust the Manhattan type, which contains tomatoes. "My own chowder contains mostly clams and milk with a pinch of mud."



Cartoonist Frank Dahl and his family.

Tales of the Authors

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Ingells.

Douglas Ingells, who became a friend of airplane inventor Orville Wright while writing aviation news for Dayton, O., papers, says that Wright had a favorite anecdote relating to his early airplane tests at Fort Myer (page 48). Long after the tests, Gov. James M. Cox, the 1920 presidential candidate, gave a fervent speech at a banquet honoring the Wrights; he described his close association with them and declared, "I dare say I'm the only one here who saw Orville fly at Fort Myer." Gen. Benjamin Foulois, who at one time was chief of the Air Service, tugged Cox's sleeve and said, "I was there." "And where *were* you?" asked the governor. "In the plane," said Foulois.

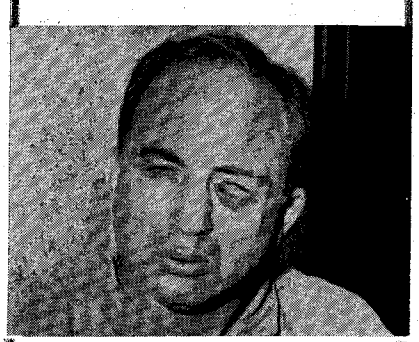
Ross Annett brings you the 65th of his Babe and Little Joe stories on page 37; so this is a good time to report that a lot of people got mad at a contributor to our July 19 Letters department who defined those stories as "repulsive." Letters rushed in from all directions lambasting the critic as narrow-minded, embittered with life, a cranky old fogey, a person who must have a screw loose some place, and one letter began, "I am so shaken I can hardly write." In Wellesley, Mass., a group of readers held a neighborhood indignation meeting. And not one letter, so far, has sided with the critic. Exclaims one proponent, "Long live Babe, the two Joes, Annett, illustrator Sewell, and the Post!" Amos Sewell certainly rates a share of the laudation—he has illustrated all 65 of the stories.

William Chamberlain is currently having fun observing work of his appear in two mediums: a new story on page 30, and M-G-M's new movie Imitation General (from the Nov. 17, '56 Post), starring Glenn Ford, Red Buttons and Taina Elg.

Margaret Bonham, page 42, and her sociologist husband live in England not far from Stratford-on-Avon, and there are four children and four cats. "The children," says Mrs. Bonham, "are English, but the cats are Siamese, Burmese, Abyssinian and brown tabby."

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"Mickey Cohen: The Private Life of a Hood"



The amazing story of a killer, gambling racketeer and ex-con who lives in luxury, appears on TV, and gives his autograph to delighted youngsters.

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